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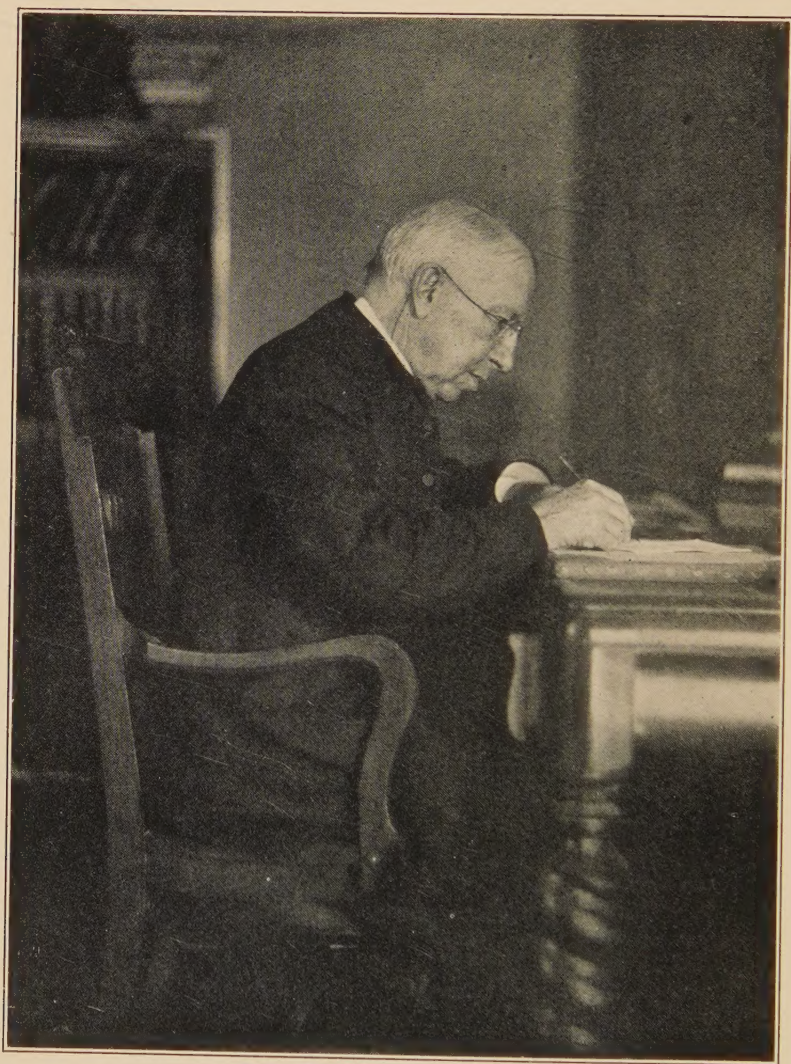
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Some Hymns and Hymn Writers

*Representing all who profess and call
themselves Christians*

Short Studies in the Hymnal of
the Episcopal Church



BY

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D.D., Princeton

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Philadelphia



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WILLIAM BUDD BODINE, JR.
WILLIAM
WILLIAM

To my Bishop,
The Rt. Rev. Dr. William Whitaker, D.D.,
"Whom I love in the truth";

To the members of the committee on the
Men's Missionary Thank-Offering of 1907:
THE RT. REV. DAVID HUMMELL GREER, D.D.,
MR. GEORGE CLIFFORD THOMAS,
MR. GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER,
"whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the Churches,"
To each one of whom I have strong reasons for a strong attachment;

To my companions of many years
In religious services and in pleasant friendships:
(In the summer)

MR. HARRIS C. FAHNESTOCK,
DR. ANDREW H. SMITH,
MR. AUGUSTUS VAN HORNE STUYVESANT,

(In the spring, fall and winter)

MR. JAMES W. PAUL, JR.,
MR. MAHLON N. KLINE,

(All the year round)

MRS. GEORGE T. LEWIS,
MISS NINA F. LEWIS;

And to the memory of
MISS MARY M. WHITE,
MRS. J. EDGAR THOMSON,
MR. ANTHONY J. DREXEL,
MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS,
MR. THOMAS RUTTER,
MR. EDWARD S. SCRANTON,
GEN. WAGER SWAYNE,
REV. DR. WILLIAM W. FARR,
REV. DR. WILLIAM S. LANGFORD,
REV. DR. JOHN FULTON,

This book is inscribed with gratitude and affection.



O Day of Rest and Gladness

PREFACE

There are many quotations in this volume. They have come unbidden, though not unwelcome. It is believed that they add greatly to the value of the book. Cordial acknowledgment is gladly made.

I wish particularly to express my thanks to the Reverend Doctor Hosea W. Jones and to the Reverend Doctor Louis F. Benson, who have graciously responded to my request for aid; and also to the Reverend George Rogers, who has made successful quest for second-hand books and engravings not easy to procure. I owe, too, most gratefully my obligation to the Reverend Frederic M. Bird, who has read the book in "proof," and brought to bear upon it the light of his clear intelligence and vast and fruitful study.

Of books, there are many to which I owe, probably, more than I know. Of these there is one that towers high above all others, the Dictionary of Hymnology, by the Reverend Doctor John Julian and a capable corps of contributors. A new edition of this truly monumental work has just been issued. In its special field of knowledge it is impossible to recognize too warmly its exceeding worth.

For all that has to do with the material making of the book, everything is due to my friend and parishioner, Mr. Charles H. Clarke. He has been my "true yoke-fellow." I cannot thank him enough.

W. B. B.

MOUNT POCONO, PENNSYLVANIA,

September, A. D. 1907.

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Thomas Ken



I.

Thomas Ken

Weary and worn, and bent with years and pain,
A pale form kneels upon that altar-stair;
Long years have flown since from his pastoral chair,—
Hot thoughts, low sobs, half-choking protest vain,—
He stepped, nor thought within that glorious fane
Once more to tread, and breathe the words of prayer,
Or hear sweet anthems floating on the air:
Then was it hard to balance loss and gain,
Now all is clear, and from his Pisgah height
He sees the dawning of a brighter day,
And led, through clouds and darkness, on to light,
Joins in the praise that shall not pass away.
"Glory to God; from Him all Blessings Flow!"
'One sows; another reaps'—yea, Lord, e'en so, e'en so.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

I.

THOMAS KEN.

In one of the deeply interesting familiar letters of that remarkable man, the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, these words may be found:

"I will tell you of a want I am beginning to experience very distinctly. I perceive more than ever the necessity of devotional reading. I mean the works of eminently holy persons, whose tone was not merely uprightness of character and high-mindedness, but communion—a strong sense of personal and ever-living communion—with God besides. I recollect how far more peaceful my mind used to be when I was in the regular habit of reading daily, with scrupulous adherence to a plan, works of this description."

The writers of the Bible were "eminently holy persons," even as St. Peter declares, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Those who gave shape to our "Book of Common Prayer" must have been "eminently holy persons," for the stamp of pre-eminent sanctity imperishably remains upon their work.

So with the authors of our hymnal. As a class the writers of hymns, more than the theologians, more even than the missionaries of the Gospel, have been men who, in quiet communion, walked with God. They may have been less able intellectually, and less heroic, but they have been more saintly. For the Christian disciple the best books for special study are (1), the Bible, (2), the Book of Common Prayer, (3), the Hymnal.

Henry Ward Beecher has well said:

"Hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church. They are crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church has worn; the pearls, the diamonds and precious stones formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness

than the most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart.

"There are Crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truths upon the Oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below and ten thousand palm leaves whispered and kept time above. Other hymns fulfilling the promise of God, that His saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

"One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children, with sweet voices, have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth by which one may so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of a hymn and the notes of a tune. And if the angels that Jacob saw sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladder which he beheld was but the scale of divine music let down from heaven to earth."

It is the purpose of the author of the following pages to try, in a simple way, to tell some of his fellow Christians and fellow Churchmen the story of some of our well-known hymns, and of the men and women who wrote them. He confines himself to the hymns contained in the hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, not because he believes that to be the only book of hymns worthy of his attention, or necessarily even the best book, but because it is the book which has received the sanction of the Church to which he himself, through strong conviction and long association, is most deeply attached, and its hymns are most largely familiar.

Let us begin with the hymns and the life story of a man who, for his day and time, has often been called the saintliest soul in England, concerning whom the poet Montgomery has well said, "Bishop Ken has laid the Church of Christ under abiding obligations by his three hymns, Morning, Evening and Midnight. Had he endowed three hospitals he might have been less a benefactor to humanity."

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

How many millions of men and women have sung those words, and have been spiritually strengthened thereby!

And so with these other words, even more familiar:

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

And then, too, that wonderful doxology which follows, dear to many generations of the faithful:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I had rather have written those words than anything else ever written by man, composed only of four brief lines. They seem fitting words to be sung by the myriad hosts of the redeemed, when in the great day of final reward they shall stand before the throne with palms in their hands and boundless rejoicing in their souls.

THOMAS KEN, their author, was born in Hertfordshire in the year 1637. His mother died when he was four years old, his father in his boyhood. Fortunately, his elder sister had married, before his father's death, the famous Izaak Walton, a Christian gentleman of rarely exalted spirit, who stamped him

with his own love of nature and retirement, and whose companionship was of the largest value. At the age of thirteen he was sent to "the ancient and famous school of Winchester," founded by William of Wykeham. From thence he passed on to Oxford for his university training. Those were troublous times. The strong hand of Puritanism had been laid upon the churches. Their choristers had ceased to sing; their organs made mute appeal to heaven. Nevertheless, Ken was true to the teachings of those devout Churchmen by whom, in early life, he had been surrounded.

His first parochial charge, after his ordination, was in little Easton in Essex; from thence, after two years, he passed back to Winchester as a chaplain to Bishop Morley, where, for fourteen years, he lived the life of a useful and holy man. Enlargement came to him through a year of foreign travel. Then came a year at the Hague as chaplain to the Princess Mary, a year during which the staunchest fidelity and courage were required. By this fidelity he incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Orange; but what mattered that? He was looking for the approval of the King of kings. Returning to England, he soon became chaplain to the King. One of his noted experiences in this position is very characteristic. A country palace was being erected for Charles near Winchester. The royal visits brought with them crowds of courtiers. I give the story in the words of Dean Plumptre, the best of Ken's biographers:

"The King could not separate himself from the two mistresses who were then highest in his favor—the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn—and they had to be provided for. The official known as the 'harbinger,' to whose function it belonged to assign lodgings for the several members of the court, fixed on Ken's prebendal house for the last-named personage. It was probably assumed that one who had been recently appointed as a court chaplain would be subservient after the manner of his kind. With Ken, as we might expect, it was quite otherwise. He met the message with an indignant refusal. 'A woman of ill-repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, least of all in that of the King's chaplain. Not for his kingdom' would he comply with the King's demands. A

local tradition relates that he took a practical way of settling the matter by putting his house into the builder's hands for repairs and having it unroofed. Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn was, however, at last provided for. The Dean was found more compliant than the Prebendary. A room was built for her at the south end of the Deanery, and was known familiarly by her name till it was destroyed by Dean Rennell, perhaps as perpetuating an unsavory association, about 1835."

Dean Plumptre continues: "In the common calculations as to court favor, Ken risked his chance of future promotion by this act of boldness. As it was he rose in Charles' esteem. The King had not yet lost, in the midst of all his profligacy, the power of recognizing goodness. The bold faithfulness of Ken as a preacher at Whitehall had led the King to say, in words which were remembered afterwards, as he was on his way to the royal closet, 'I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults.' The courage which the Chaplain now showed led the way, contrary to the expectations of all courtiers, to a fresh step onwards to the 'great things' which Ken did not seek, but which were to be thrust upon him."

"Who shall have Bath and Wells," said King Charles, entirely of his own motion, "but the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?"

And so, at the age of forty-eight, he was consecrated a bishop in the Church of God. His own words express his feeling:

Among the herdsmen I, a common swain,
Lived, pleased with my low cottage on the plain,
Till up, like Amos, on a sudden caught,
I to the pastoral chair was trembling brought.

Eight days after his consecration he was summoned, with other bishops, to the death-bed of his sovereign. His spiritual pre-eminence was recognized, so that he was called to take the lead in sacred ministrations. "Ken," says Burnet, "applied himself much to the awaking of the King's conscience. He spoke with a great elevation, both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those who were present told me. He

resumed the matter often, and pronounced many short ejaculations and prayers." The wrongs done to the Queen were so effectively stated that the King begged her forgiveness, as he said, "with all his heart."

Surely, here was a man of God, ministering not with eye-service as a man-pleaser, but as a servant of the Great Ruler above!

Monmouth's invasion followed—his defeat and sentence of death. Ken was with him in his last hours, faithful to him as to his King.

Then came years of busy diocesan labor, and of continuing Christlike charity. But sterner duties were at hand. The sympathy of King James with the Church of Rome became strongly manifested. A first "indulgence" was declared, and then a second. Possibly quiet might have been maintained, had there not gone forth an order that this second declaration should be publicly read in the churches. Certain bishops then met to determine the course they should pursue. A petition being drawn up, Ken with a few others took it to the King, who declared it to be the lifting of the standard of rebellion. "We have two duties to perform," answered Ken: "our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honor you, but we fear God." "You are trumpeters of sedition," was the King's reply. "What do you here? Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed." "God's will be done," said Ken; and White, of Peterborough, echoed his words.

The seven bishops were imprisoned in the Tower, and after a manner tried; but the voice of the people was roaring so loudly that soon a verdict of acquittal came.

Then followed the landing of William and the flight of James. In Parliament Ken voted against conferring the crown on William and Mary; but the Protestant sentiment of the country had been so thoroughly stirred that a regency was voted down, and William was declared to be King.

Not unnaturally Ken's conscience was troubled. He would have welcomed William and Mary readily enough for a temporary cleansing of the land, and for much needed works of righteousness, but he could not take the oath of allegiance when a previous oath to James stood immediately confronting him.

One of his biographers states the case thus: "He found himself in a strait between opposing difficulties. No doubt the late King had violated his coronation oath, that he would maintain unimpaired the Church of England—to Ken the most sacred of all things upon earth. On the faith of that oath he, and all the clergy, had sworn allegiance to him. Had not James broken this mutual compact? Ken himself had joined in thanks to the Prince as the instrument of their deliverance from Popery; the estates of the realm had declared the crown to be forfeited by the one, and their decree had already placed the other in possession. Could he set up his own sense of their respective rights against the voice of the nation, making himself judge in the difficult points of casuistry, involved in the claims of a King *de facto* and a King *de jure*, with the other political questions that followed in their train? Again, the refusal of the new oath would involve him in an unequal contest with the temporal power, separate him from his flock, deprive him of all influence in preserving true doctrine throughout his extensive diocese. It would, perhaps, expose him to persecution and imprisonment, certainly reduce him to poverty, above all lead to a schism in the Church. Here were his love of peace, the law of obedience, long-cherished friendships, his own personal safety and interests, and especially the cause of unity, prompting him to submit. These, in their several degrees, had induced the majority of the bishops and the great mass of the clergy to yield acquiescence.

"One single fact, however, to his mind, outweighed them all. If he should forfeit his oath of fidelity to James, by transferring an allegiance which he conscientiously believed to be irrevocable, he would peril his own soul. His plighted faith was not his own to barter away at any price; the awful words 'so help me God' sealed on the holy Evangelists, were registered in heaven, beyond the dispensing power of man. All, therefore, was as dust in the balance against the solemn sense of his duty, and of his account hereafter to be rendered. No interests could swerve him—no terrors shake him—no persuasions seduce him to do evil that good might come. There was a moral compulsion that bound him indissolubly."

"There are men," says Dean Plumptre, "not without a certain measure of honesty—men who would not consciously descend to baseness for the sake of gain and honor, and who rise to the high places of the earth in Church and State amid the plaudits of their fellows, who seem to act on the rule given to inexperienced whist-players, 'When in doubt, take the trick.' Most of Ken's contemporaries belonged to this class. They passed from régime to régime, from one form of worship to another, unconscious of reproach. They took oaths, from that of the League and Covenant, under the Long Parliament, to that of abjuration under Queen Anne, with a facility which reminds one of Talleyrand's 'aside,' when he swore allegiance to Louis Philippe: 'It is the thirteenth; Heaven grant it may be the last!' With Ken and his fellows it was just the opposite of this. The rule on which they appear to have acted was, 'When in doubt, take the losing side.' Follow the path which leads, not to wealth and honor, but to loss, privation, contumely. We can think of them as giving thanks, as Mr. Maurice did in the later years of his life, that they had always been on the side of the minority."

Twenty years followed with their varying experiences. When Queen Anne came into power, Ken's old see was offered to him, so that he might have died in actual service as Bishop of Bath and Wells. But the advancing years had brought more and more a love of quiet; and so he declined the gracious offer, urging his friend Hooper to take the place. Day by day, unlike some of the nonjuring bishops, he followed the things that make for peace, so that his very presence seemed a benediction of God.

In his seventy-fourth year, after much physical suffering, the summons came for him to die. Realizing that the time of his departure was at hand, he put on his shroud, gave his blessing to his friends who stood by his bedside, and passed away calmly "as sinks the sun behind the western hills." He was buried, by his own direction, "in the churchyard of the nearest parish within his diocese, under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrising, without any pomp or ceremony besides that of the Order for Burial in the Liturgy of the Church of England."

For his tomb he had himself written this inscription: "May the here interred Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells, and uncanonically Deprived for not transferring his Allegiance, have a perfect consumation of Blisse, both in body and soul, at the great Day, of which God keep me always mindfull."

One sentence of his will has been very often quoted:

"As for my religion I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith, professed by the whole Church, before the disunion of East and West; more particularly I die in the *Communion of the Church of England*, as it stands distinguished from all Papall and Puritan Innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross."

The words which follow are equally worthy of quotation:

"I beg pardon of all whom I have any way offended; and I entirely forgive all those who have any ways offended me. I acknowledge myself a very great and miserable Sinner; but dye in humble confidence, that, on my repentance, I shall be accepted in the Beloved."

Many have thought that Dryden's lines concerning the Good Parson were suggested by the saintly life and character of Bishop Ken. The elements of the description meet in Ken. They do not meet in any other noted man amongst his contemporaries.

Some will be interested, I think, in reading a part of what Dryden has so beautifully said:

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
An awful, reverend, and religious man;
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face:
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
(As God had clothed His own Ambassador
For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer bore),
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived to fast:
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe;
But such a face as promised him sincere,
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity:

Mild was his accent and his accents free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was armed,
 Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed;
 For, letting down the golden chain on high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky;
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charmed their ears
 (A music more melodious than the spheres);
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre; and, after him, he sang the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
 He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
 And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
 But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
 He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,
 And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.

* * * * *

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house:
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the rich, to succor the distressed,
 Tempting on foot, alone, without affright
 The dangers of a dark, tempestuous night.

* * * * *

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 A living sermon of the truths he taught.

* * * * *

The prelate for his holy life he prized,
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
 Nor was His Kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of Church and Churchmen he designed,
 And living, taught, and dying, left behind.

* * * * *

Such was the Saint who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
 God saw His image lively was expressed,
 And His own work, as in creation, blessed.

* * * * *

Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretched,
And, like a primitive Apostle, preached:
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call,
By many followed, loved by most, admired by all.

* * * * *

With what he begged his brethren he relieved
And gave the charities himself received;
Gave while he taught, and edified the more
Because he shewed by proof 'twas easy to be poor.

In this connection one brief passage from Macaulay is worth quotation. He is writing of a time when the jails of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were filled with thousands of captives, and says: "The chief friend and protector of these unhappy men in their extremity was one who abhorred their religious and political opinions, one whose Order they hated, and to whom they had done unprovoked wrong—Bishop Ken. That good prelate used all his influence to soften the jailers, and retrenched from his own Episcopal State that he might be able to make some addition to the coarse and scanty fare of those who had defaced his beloved Cathedral. His conduct on this occasion was of a piece with his whole life. His intellect was indeed darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue."

There is space remaining for a final word concerning those three hymns, two of which have been sung for two centuries and may be sung for centuries yet to come. They were first printed (with their author's approval) in that Devout Manual for Winchester Scholars, which has not yet lost its charm or power. Following Dean Plumptre, I give the three hymns in full from the edition of the Winchester Manual of 1697, noting in italics the various readings of that of 1712.

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily stage of Duty run;
Shake off dull Sloth, and early [*joyful*] rise,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
T'improve thy Talent take due care,
Gainst the great Day thy self prepare.
[*Thy precious Time mis-spent, redeem;
Each present Day thy last esteem;
Improve thy Talent with due care,
For the Great Day thy self prepare.*]

Let all thy Converse [*In Conversation*] be sincere,
Thy [*Keep*] Conscience as the Noon-day [*Noon-tide*] clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret Thoughts surveys.

Influenc'd by [*By influence of*] the Light Divine,
Let thy own Light in good Works [*to others*] shine:
Reflect all Heaven's propitious ways [*Rays*],
In ardent Love, and chearful Praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory [*High Praise*] to the Eternal King.

Awake, awake, [*I wake, I wake*],* ye Heavenly Choire,
May your Devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my Age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's Will;
O may I never more do ill!

* This is a later variation.

Had I your Wings, to Heaven I'd flie,
But God shall that defect supply,
And my Soul wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heav'n aspire.

Glory [*All Praise*] to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresht me whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless Light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heav'n itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in Hymns to be imploy'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart;
For to my Soul 'tis Hell to be,
But for one moment without [*void of*] Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as Morning dew,
Guard my first springs of Thought, and Will,
And with Thy self my Spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my Powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above, y' Angelick [*ye Heavenly*] Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Glory [*All Praise*] to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the Blessings of the Light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under [*Beneath*] Thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the World, my self, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
[*To die, that this vile Body may
Rise glorious at the Awful Day.*]

O may my Soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine [*my*] Eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My Soul with Heavenly Thoughts supply;
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

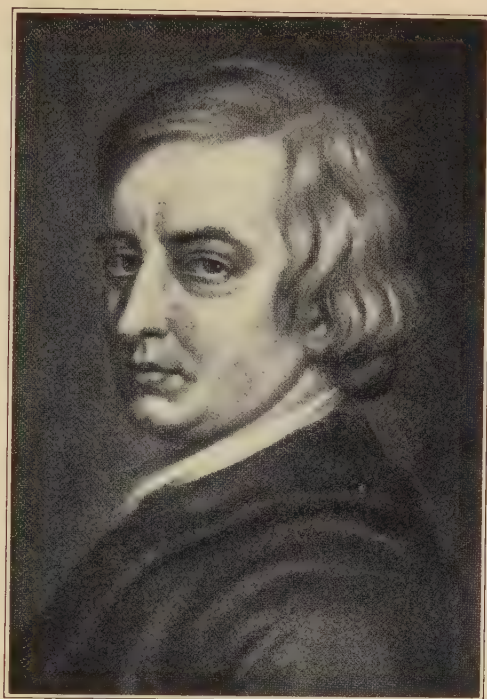
Dull sleep of Sense me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive;
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord, are griev'd
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

But [*Yet*] though sleep o'r my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains,
And now and then let loose my Heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the sense doth bind, [*the senses binds*],
The more unfetter'd is the Mind; [*are our Minds;*]
O may my Soul from matter free,
Thy unvail'd Goodness waking see!
[*Thy Loveliness unclouded see.*]

O, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And endless praise with th' Heavenly Choir
[*And Hymns with the Supernal Choir*]
Incessant sing, and never tire?

You, my blest Guardian, [*O may my Guardian,*] whilst I sleep,
Close to my Bed your [*his*] Vigils keep,
Divine Love into me [*His Love angelical*] instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill;



John Dryden



Thought to thought with my Soul converse,
Celestial joys to me rehearse,
[*May he Celestial joy rehearse,*
And thought to thought with me converse.]
And [*Or*] in my stead all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful Song.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above y' Angelick [*ye Heavenly*] Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

Lord, now my Sleep does me forsake,
[*My God, now I from Sleep awake,*]
The sole possession of me take;
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure desire intrude.
[*From midnight Terrors me secure,*
And guard my Heart from Thoughts impure.]

Blest Angels! while we silent lie,
Your Hallelujahs sing on high,
You, ever wakeful near the Throne,
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.
[*You joyful hymn the ever Bless'd,*
Before the Throne, and never rest.]

I now, awake, do with you joyn,
To praise our God in Hymns Divine:
[*I with yon Choir celestial join*
In offering up a Hymn divine.]
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

My Soul, when I shake off this dust
Lord, in Thy Arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some heav'nly Mansion me [*Some Mansion for my Soul*]
prepare.

Give me a place at Thy Saints' feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoyce,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Glory [*All Praise*] to Thee in light arraid,
Who light Thy dwelling place hast made,
An immense [*A boundless*] Ocean of bright beams,
From Thy All-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun, in its Meridian height,
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My Soul, O lighten, and enflame,
With Thought and Love of Thy great name.

Blest Jesu, Thou, on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent,
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of ante-dating Heav'n [*Bliss*] below,
In sacred Hymns, and Divine [*Heavenly*] Love,
Which will Eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart;
One ray of Thy All-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the Tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own Sacrifice,
All loose, all idle Thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above y' Angelick [*ye Heavenly*] Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ken's pure and exalted life suggests the words of one of our Prayer Book Collects: "Almighty and Everliving God, we yield unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all thy Saints who have been the choice vessels of Thy grace, and the lights of the world in their several generations."

Standing by his grave each one of us may well sing, with
Lord Houghton:

Let other thoughts, where'er I roam
Ne'er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome,
That lies behind the chancel:
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of ozier,
And shapes above that represent
A mitre and a crozier.

These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken;
These iron bars a heart declare,
Hard bent, but never broken:
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

There, with the churchyard's common dust,
He loved his own to mingle:
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single.
Yet lay he to the sacred wall
As close as he was able;
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

Who was this father of the Church
So secret in his glory?
In vain might antiquarians search
For record of his story:
But precious tradition keeps
The fame of holy men:
So there the Christian smiles or weeps
For love of Bishop Ken.

A name his country once forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the Church's book
And martyr in the Spirit's!
That dared with royal power to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
To conquer unresisting.

II.
Charles Wesley

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

* * * * *

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love?

* * * * *

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Nothing like our old hymns. * * * I hope the Committee [on Revision of the Hymn-book, then in session] will spare those dear old hymns on doctrine and experience that the Wesleys gave us. * * * Those little songs about "Sweet by and by," and "Shall we know each other there?" and the like, may all be very nice, but don't you let any of them be sung at my funeral. —*John B. McFerrin, the "Great Commoner of Southern Methodism," on his death-bed.*

II.

CHARLES WESLEY.

We come next to the story of CHARLES WESLEY and his hymns. The story is an interesting one, and important, for it brings before us one of the most remarkable religious movements in the history of the Church.

It is said that the poet Southey thought Mr. Wesley's hymn, "Stand the Omnipotent Decree," to be the finest hymn in the English language, and that Dr. Isaac Watts did not hesitate to say that he considered that stirring poem, "Wrestling Jacob," to be of greater value than all the hymns he himself had written. Archbishop Trench, too, wrote of this same poem in most exalted terms.

By one hymn, however, is Charles Wesley better known than by all the rest, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Concerning this great hymn Henry Ward Beecher has well said:

"I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He *is* dead, and does not know it. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts. What will there be to speak of him? What will he have done that will stop trouble, or encourage hope? His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. It is like a stream divided and growing narrower by division. And they will die, and it will go to their heirs. In three or four generations everything comes to the ground again for redistribution. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

As to the origin of this hymn Dr. Charles S. Robinson says truly:

“Several accounts are given. Some say that a meeting of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a spring-house. There the poem was written with a piece of lead hammered into a pencil. So it is declared that it was an effusion of gratitude because of their providential escape. Others say that the poet was one time sitting at an open casement when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in and took refuge in the bosom of his garment. Caught by a suggestion so spiritual, the author gave the incident this memorial in sacred song. Biographers state that neither of these stories can find proof.”

A competent authority says as to its rank:

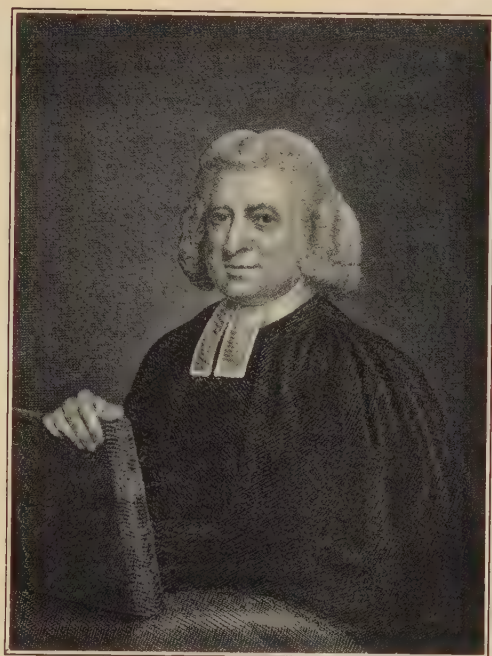
“Charles Wesley wrote hymns for almost every scene and circumstance of life; but, like Watts, Cowper, and Toplady, he had his masterpiece. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is ‘Rock of Ages,’ and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper’s ‘God Moves in a Mysterious Way,’ and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther’s ‘God is our Refuge,’ then it may be said that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song, ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul.’ ”

The Wesleys, John and Charles, were great men; and they came of a noble Christian ancestry. Their great grandfather, Bartholomew Wesley, and their grandfather, John Wesley, were clergymen of the Church of England; but in 1662 they followed their consciences and were driven from the ministry of that Church.

Their father, Samuel Wesley, was also a clergyman, and a man of power.

As a boy we are told he was chosen to defend in a public debate the position of the Dissenters against that of the established Church, but upon his study of the subject he concluded that he was on the wrong side, and soon thereafter became a communicant and afterwards a minister of the National Church.

On their mother’s side the Wesleys came of a race of conscientious and heroic men.



Charles Wesley



She was a daughter of the famous Dr. Annesley, a non-conformist minister of eminence and devotion; and she herself was a very extraordinary woman. When she was thirteen years old, but very intelligent and very mature for her years, she carefully investigated the question of dissent versus the established Church, and reached the conclusion that her duty led her away from the faith of her father into the larger room of the Church of the realm. Naturally she and Samuel Wesley had much in common. They were in intellectual agreement; and they were both devotedly religious.

It is a blessed circumstance for the world that they were drawn to each other, that they were married, and that for years they walked together as heirs of the grace of life.

Of all the Wesleys, Mrs. Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, was probably the most remarkable. She had nineteen children; and she marshaled them as children of the Heavenly King. She taught them to read after a method of her own choosing; to cry softly; to obey without a moment's hesitation or delay; to work; and to honor and love their God. And besides all this she was useful, very useful, in the parish over which her husband was settled as rector, the parish at Epworth. The characteristics of the woman come out in a striking way in her answer to a letter written by her husband, touching certain religious gatherings, conducted in his absence, at their home under her authority. Duties in connection with the established convocation of the Church made it necessary that he should be absent in London, sometimes for weeks together. In one of these absences it was said to him that his wife was holding a conventicle, and he was asked to stop her. He essayed to do so, but she replied:

"As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls if it be performed out of the pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence has been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society; as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be Christians.

"I am a woman. So I am also mistress of a large family, and though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you as the head of the family and as their minister, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth; and if I am unfaithful to Him or to you in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto Him when He shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?"

And then she went on to tell of her method of keeping the Lord's day, and of a remarkable spiritual quickening which had come to her through reading the story of certain Danish missionaries. Their heroic devotion refreshed her soul above measure. For several days she could think or speak of little else. "At last," she says, "it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the gospel, yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for His glory, I might do something more than I do."

And so she began to stir up her own children and her neighbors. "Since this," she writes, "our company has increased every night, for I dare deny none who ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred and yet many went away for want of room. * * * I would fain have dismissed them before prayer, but they begged so earnestly to stay I durst not deny them."

And so afterward, "I beseech you, weigh all things in an impartial balance; on the one side the honor of Almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other (if folly, impiety and vanity may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight) the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons laughing at us and censuring us as precise and hypocritical, and when you have duly considered all things let me know your positive determination. * * * If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good

when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The meetings were not stopped. How could they be when the appeal was made to a good man and when there was back of it a woman so masterful in energy, so capable in resources and so thoroughly set upon serving and honoring God?

Three of Samuel Wesley's sons entered the ministry and became clergymen of the established Church.

The eldest, Samuel, was a gifted man and faithful, and served God in humility and zeal all his days. John Wesley was one of the great men of the eighteenth century, great as a preacher, greater still as a leader of men. To-day millions of men and women honor him as one of the great spiritual benefactors of humanity.

It would be pleasant and profitable to study him and his giant work, but our present subject confines us chiefly to Charles Wesley as an immense spiritual force, and as the sweet singer of Methodism. He was five years younger than his brother John and was born in the year 1708. When he was eight years old he was sent to Westminster school, and there placed under the care of his oldest brother. At the age of eighteen he went to Oxford, where, in his early manhood, he became deeply religious. "My first year at college," he tells us, "I lost in diversions; the next I set myself to study. Diligence led me into serious thinking. I went to the weekly sacrament, and persuaded two or three young students to accompany me and to observe the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the university. This gained me the harmless name of Methodist. In half a year after this my brother (John) left his curacy at Epworth and came to our assistance. We then proceeded regularly in our studies and in doing what good we could to the bodies and souls of men."

Charles Wesley, then, was called a Methodist in advance of his brother John. Soon thereafter, in common with their associates, in still greater derision, they were called "The Holy Club," and then their father wrote: "I hear my son John has the honor of, being styled the Father of the Holy Club; if it be so I am sure I must be the grandfather of it, and I need not say that

I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished than to have the title of His Holiness."

Some six years later these brothers set sail for Georgia as laborers in what was then a great missionary field. Charles remained one year. John remained two years and the iron entered into both their souls. Their spiritual experiences were deep and searching and they returned to England filled with spiritual fervor.

One of their companions at Oxford was the famous George Whitefield. Simply as an orator he has probably never been surpassed. In England and America thousands crowded upon his ministry. He was then ready to begin a holy crusade in England, and the Wesleys were soon ready to join him. In many cases the parish churches were denied them, and in almost every place they were too small. Besides, people would gather in the fields who were wont to stay away from churches. So for years these giants were wont to gather five, ten, and in Whitefield's case, sometimes twenty thousand human beings for an audience. And with what power they preached the gospel!

Upon one subject they quarreled and separated—at least John Wesley quarreled with Whitefield—the subject of election. A needless quarrel, certainly, in which all concerned seem to have displayed no little narrowness.

Charles Wesley was married when he was forty years old. John Wesley was married when he was forty-eight. Charles Wesley's marriage was a happy one, though it brought him much bereavement, and it was a great blow to him when his son joined the Church of Rome.

John Wesley's marriage was of a different sort. To speak of it as ill-advised would be a mild way of telling the truth. His first biographer, a warm personal friend, puts the case tersely when he says, "Had Mr. Wesley searched the whole kingdom on purpose he would hardly have found a woman more unsuitable than she whom he married." Separation was a quick result.

Those were the days when there was a great deal of ignorance in England, and a great deal of vice; and when men had not well learned the lesson of religious toleration.

An order of lay preachers grew up, associated with the Methodist Society. One of the first of these, Thomas Maxfield, Mr. Wesley was ready to stop; but his mother said to him, "John, this lay preacher is as truly called of God to preach as you are." He listened to him and became convinced that his gifts were from above. With lay preachers beseeching men to flee from the wrath to come, and with Whitefield and the Wesleys gathering crowds everywhere, the country was in a ferment. And religious persecution was resorted to, in which not only Churchmen but Dissenters joined. These Dissenters were themselves "under the ban." Nevertheless, with the single exception of the Quakers, all classes of religious people so called, as well as of irreligious people, joined in the persecution of these newfangled Methodists. Of course we can understand why strolling players, and all who gained their livelihood through providing amusement for the people, should violently oppose them, for with their preaching the playhouses began to be deserted and "the hope of their gains was gone;" but why should Baptists and Congregationalists and Presbyterians join in this unholy crusade? The spirit of the age sanctioned it. And so it was.

An extract from Charles Wesley's description of one of his own personal experiences will be of interest, showing as it does the characteristics of the man and the life of daily death he was called to lead.

"At seven o'clock I walked quietly to Mrs. Phillips' and began preaching a little before the time appointed. For three quarters of an hour I invited a few listening sinners to Christ. Soon after, Satan's whole army assaulted the house. They brought a hand engine. The constable came, and seizing the spout of the engine carried it off. They hurried off to fetch the larger engine."

Then he goes on to tell how the Mayor was sent for, but he left the town in the sight of the people, giving great encouragement to those who were already wrought up by the Curate, and the gentlemen of the town, particularly Mr. Sutton and Mr. Willy, Dissenters, the two leading men. He adds:

"Thé rioters now began playing the larger engine, which

broke the windows, flooded the rooms and spoiled the goods. We were withdrawn to a small upper room in the back of the house, seeing no way to escape their violence. They first laid hold on the man who kept the Society house, dragged him away and threw him into the horse pond, and it was said broke his back. We gave ourselves unto prayer, believing the Lord would deliver us—how or when we saw not, nor any possible way of escaping. We therefore stood still to see the salvation of God.

* * * In less than an hour, of above a thousand wild beasts, none were left but the guard.

“Upon their revisiting us we stood in jeopardy every moment. Such threatenings, curses and blasphemies I have never heard. They seemed kept out by a continual miracle. I remembered the Roman Senators sitting in the Forum when the Gauls broke in upon them, but thought there was a fitter posture for Christians and told my companions they should take us off our knees. We were kept from all hurry and discomposure of spirit by a Divine power resting upon us.

“They were now close to us on every side, and over our heads untiling the roof. A ruffian cried out, ‘There they are behind the curtain.’ And I said, ‘This is the crisis.’ In that moment Jesus rebuked the winds and the sea and there was a great calm.”

The silence lasted for three quarters of an hour. Mr. Wesley was then promised a safe deliverance, provided he would promise never to preach again in that town. His answer was, “I shall promise no such thing; I cannot come again at this time, but I will not give up my birthright as an Englishman of visiting what place I please of his Majesty’s dominions.”

“The hearts of our adversaries,” he goes on to say, “were turned. Whether pity for us or fear for themselves wrought strongest, God knoweth.”

In such labors Charles Wesley continued with his brother, during most of his remaining years until his death in the year 1788, when he was nearly fourscore years of age. Eight clergymen of the Church of England carried his body to its last resting place. On his tombstone to-day may be read the following lines:

With poverty of spirit blessed,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest!
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven.
Thy labors of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crowned, through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward.

And now as to Charles Wesley's hymns. Our own poet Whittier once wrote, "A good hymn is the best use to which poetry can be devoted." As a religious poet, as a writer of hymns, Wesley is unsurpassed. He wrote them at all hours and upon all occasions; on horseback, and in bed. When he died he left behind him more than six thousand hymns of his own composition, some of them among the best in the English language. When you and I wish to sound the Advent note we cry with Charles Wesley, aided by John Cennick:

39 Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand angel-hosts attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

Or, in other language, we sing with him:

48 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

When we wish to give utterance to our feeling of Christmas joy, it is Charles Wesley who shouts for us:

51 Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

When we wish to lift up our Easter praise, Charles Wesley being dead, yet speaketh, as he says :

- 111 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

From the Mount of the Ascension we are taught by him to say :

- 132 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

It was Charles Wesley, too, who taught the world to sing :

- 330 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

And those other words also, so sweet and uplifting :

- 432 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

It was Charles Wesley who first cried aloud :

- 439 Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.



John Wesley



And also :

- 440 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My blest Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

And then again those strong and stirring words :

- 501 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

And other words which suggest the trumpet's sound :

- 509 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.
- Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

And then those familiar words of eager petition :

- 650 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

And who shall tell the strength and the comfort, brought to
thousands in living and in dying, by his greatest hymn, already

spoken of, sung everywhere, and translated into many languages?

335 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Oh, what power there is, what consolation in these immortal words!

The first lines of other hymns by Charles Wesley, to which a place has been given in our hymnal, are:

83 Weary of wandering from my God.
 128 Hail the day that sees Him rise.
 185 Lord of the harvest, hear.
 229 O Thou, before the world began.
 241 Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise.
 312 Christ, whose glory fills the skies.
 325 Light of those whose dreary dwelling.
 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

- 566 Lamb of God, I look to Thee.
588 Through Him, who all our sickness felt.
639 Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.

George Whitefield was great as a preacher—John Wesley was great as an organizer—Charles Wesley was great as a writer of hymns. Except as a memory of divine oratorical gifts, Whitefield's influence seems to have passed away from earth; but the influence of the Wesleys remains, and is powerful to-day, because one of them founded a great society, and the other provided for that society the only liturgical service it still enjoys. When the Wesleys were living they urged their followers to attend upon the ministrations of the established Church, and to worship God in the use of its liturgy. They were careful to have their preaching services at hours when there was no service appointed in the churches; and they were simply *preaching services*. John Wesley used in these services one or two Collects, the Lord's Prayer, and nothing besides. The place for public prayer was the church. There let all people gather to worship God; such was his direction and desire.

For his American followers he provided a Book of Common Prayer, which, with omissions, was substantially that of the Church of England. Those followers have strayed away from his wise counsels; but still they have something of a liturgy in Charles Wesley's hymns.

For well has Isaac Taylor said:

"It may be affirmed that there is no principal element of Christianity, no main article of belief as professed by Protestant churches; that there is no moral or ethical sentiment, peculiarly characteristic of the Gospel; no height or depth of feeling proper to the spiritual life, that does not find itself emphatically, and pointedly, and clearly conveyed in some stanza of Charles Wesley's hymns."

And then he goes on to describe many of the early Methodist meetings:

"The sermon was indeed a heavy trial of patience and candor to the casual visitor; the prayer was a much heavier trial. But, at the worst, the soul of Charles Wesley, lofty, tender, pure, intense, was there present; present in the hymn, and

like a summer's shower in a time of drought was this hymn sung on such occasions and in such places. The preacher could at least read it. And the hymn book was in almost every hand, and enough of the soul of music was among the people to secure for the congregation the benefits of a liturgical worship, animating, elevating, instructive."

So to Charles Wesley we must assign "the place of honor, as the everywhere present soul of Methodism."

One subject remains to be considered, the differences between these two men—John and Charles Wesley—in their attitude towards separation from the established Church of England.

The Methodists were originally organized as a society within the Church—just as we have missionary societies and temperance organizations, and a St. Andrew's Brotherhood in these days—the purpose of the society being "to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land."

Charles Wesley lived and died a clergyman of the Church of England. And the same is true of John Wesley, also; but, towards the close of his life, he was persuaded to take a step which his brother never ceased to regret. "I can scarcely yet believe it," so wrote Charles Wesley in sadness, "that in his eighty-second year, my brother, my old intimate friend and companion, should have assumed the Episcopal character, ordained elders, consecrated a bishop, and sent him over to ordain lay-preachers in America. I was then in Bristol, at his elbow, yet he never gave me the least hint of his intention. How was he surprised into so rash an action!"

In the Methodist societies, John Wesley had become an autocrat. His will was law. Many of his preachers in England wished to separate from the Church, and to be clothed with ministerial authority. He held them back from this with an iron hand. But he professed to think that the case was different in America—as indeed in several ways it was.

In England there were many bishops, and for those trained as religious teachers, and called of God to the ministry, Ordination could readily be had, and Baptism and the Lord's Supper were frequently administered. But in the United States there

was no bishop. To secure Ordination was difficult and tedious and expensive, and multitudes of Christ's people were left without the Sacraments.

At this juncture Thomas Coke enjoyed the confidence and the favor of Mr. Wesley. He was zealous, a clergyman of the established Church, in prosperous circumstances, and withal "dangerously ambitious." The treasure of the Gospel he carried in an *earthen vessel*; the clay of which it was made was certainly not *fine clay*.

Mr. Wesley concluded to send him to America as his representative, and, by virtue of his Ordination as a presbyter, to sanction the Ordination of American lay preachers by him.

Coke wanted to make use of Wesley's boundless influence among the Methodists in America, and so he secured from Mr. Wesley the laying on of hands, with prayer, before he started on his mission.

He was commissioned as *superintendent*, and at once he began to ordain. Three times he laid his hands upon the leading lay preacher—Francis Asbury—making him first a deacon—second an elder—and third a superintendent.

So there were two *superintendents* of the American Methodists. But the name was cumbersome, or possibly not sufficiently euphonious, so after a while they altered it, and without any authority, excepting their own, they changed the Minutes of Conference and substituted the word "bishop" for "superintendent." Charles Wesley wrote concerning his brother's action:

So easily are bishops made,
By man's or woman's whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid,
But who laid hands on him?

The latest historian of Methodism and the best, Mr. Tyerman, not only says that Coke assumed, what Wesley never gave him, the title of bishop; but, adds that the name "Methodist Episcopal Church" is a name which Wesley never used. He also says, however, that "to reconcile Wesley's practice and profession in this matter during the last seven years of his eventful life, is simply impossible."

The probabilities are that Dr. Francis L. Hawks expresses the right conclusion, in saying that, "With an intellect enfeebled by the weight of fourscore and two years, he was seduced by those who would use his vast influence for purposes of their own, into the adoption of a plan, which the better judgment of his more vigorous understanding had more than once rejected. It is believed to have been the contrivance of a few individuals who took advantage of the infirmities of age to procure from the dying ruler a decree which should transmit the sceptre to themselves. There are others more deserving of censure in this transaction than John Wesley, and this seems to have been the opinion of his brother, and two at least of his biographers. Ambition was gratified at the price of a separation between those who should never have been severed, and of whom it is at least pleasant to indulge the hope that the day may yet come when they shall again be one."

The Methodists belong to our family. Reunion with them would help them greatly, and it would greatly help us also. They need certain of the guiding and conservative qualities which we possess in large measure, and we need the strength of their numbers and their enthusiasm. May God speed the day when they shall be one with us in outward visible fellowship as a step, and a long step, towards the reunion of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

Charles Wesley was thinking of a still greater reunion when he wrote:

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

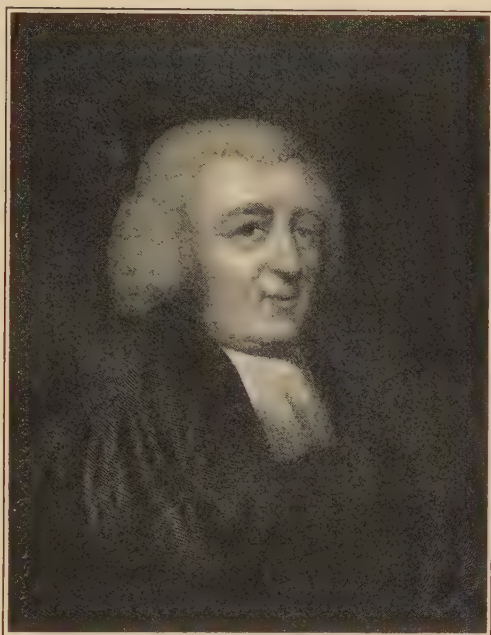
At the same time he never lost sight of the outward and visible union of the earthly family. Of course, he recognized and constantly declared that inward fellowship with Christ is

vastly more important than outward union with His Church, and so he cried:

Ye different sects who all declare,
Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there;
Your claim, alas ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of *Love*.

The inward was with him the essential thing. And yet how he grieved that the seamless robe of Christ's garment—His Church on earth—should be torn and severed. How he mourned above measure at the sad prospect of the separation of the Methodists from that Church, which had stood the blasts of eighteen centuries, the Mother Church of England!

May God give to you and me, to be sharers of his faith, and zeal, and love, that so we may be strong for the highest service of earth, and the ever-expanding, everlasting service of Heaven!



John Newton



III.

John Newton and William Cowper

Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripened harvest grain.
'Twas grace that called our souls at first;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

JOHN NEWTON.

'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

WILLIAM COWPER.

III.

JOHN NEWTON AND WILLIAM COWPER.

"Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."—These words occur not only in the Epistle to the Ephesians, but in the Epistle to the Colossians also. They make clear to us the fact that the Old Testament psalms were used in the early assemblies of the faithful, and, with them, hymns and Christian doxologies. It has been so in the ages since. A few, indeed, like the Quakers, have turned their backs upon them, but the number has been comparatively insignificant. The early Greek and Latin hymns, sung by millions, still breathe with power. Mediæval hymns waft the soul towards God and heaven. Had not Luther known the might of song, the Reformation would have been delayed. With Christian hymns Charles Wesley called a sleeping Church to life, and, since his day, every forward religious movement has been marked by the free use of new and stirring hymns.

We are now to consider, not one man, but two men, who jointly gave to the world what are known as the Olney Hymns, JOHN NEWTON and WILLIAM COWPER.

The story of the elder of these two men is well told in an inscription, written by himself to be placed upon a mural tablet in the church to which he ministered in London:

John Newton, Clerk,
Once an infidel and libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord
And Saviour Jesus Christ,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long labored to destroy,
Near sixteen years at Olney in Bucks,
And twenty-eight years in this church.

St. Augustine was one of the very chiefest of sinners, but he turned, and became a mighty saint. So John Newton was a great sinner, but he, too, turned, and became a giant workman of the Lord.

He was born in London in the year 1725. His mother was a godly woman, and he was religiously well instructed by her for a time. She died when he was seven years old.

His stepmother was a different kind of a woman—not bad, but irreligious. At the age of eleven he went to sea, and afterwards made five different voyages to the Mediterranean.

He was a wild youth. His own words are: “I was very wicked, and, therefore, foolish; and, being my own enemy, I seemed determined that nobody should be my friend.”

At the age of fifteen religious convictions stirred him, and for a time he lived the life of a Pharisee. “I fasted often,” he writes. “I even abstained from all animal food for three months; I would hardly answer a question, for fear of speaking an idle word. I seemed to bemoan my former miscarriages very earnestly, and sometimes with tears; in short, I became an ascetic, and endeavored, as far as my situation would permit, to renounce society that I might avoid temptation.”

He himself tells us the result. He became gloomy, stupid, unsociable, useless.

The reaction came, and then he plunged eagerly into almost every species of profligacy and wickedness.

When he was eighteen years old he was impressed as a seaman, and soon thereafter became an infidel, vulgar and blasphemous. After a time he left the ship upon which he had been placed, and was technically a deserter. He was brought back, stripped and savagely whipped. His companions were forbidden to show him any favor, or even to speak to him. He tells us, concerning this experience: “Then was my breast filled with the most excruciating passions, eager desire, bitter rage and black despair.”

After a time his position was exchanged for that of a sailor on a vessel bound for Africa. In that country he remained during two years of abject misery. He was not only starved almost to death; he was treated with scorn and contempt and

violence. His only relief was in occasional opportunities for study. The book of Euclid was a treasure to him, as he drew its diagrams with a long stick upon the sand.

At the end of these two years of suffering and degradation a message from his father reached him, and he started homeward. Of this tedious voyage he writes but little, except to say: "I had no business to employ my thoughts, but sometimes amused myself with mathematics. Excepting this, my whole life, when awake, was a course of most horrid impiety and profaneness. I know not that I have ever met since so daring a blasphemer; I seemed to have every mark of final rejection."

But danger came to the ship in which he was sailing. The upper timbers on one side were torn away; the water came pouring in; the pumps were used with the most strenuous effort, hour after hour. At last, spent with cold and labor, he cried, almost without meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us." Struck with his own words, he bethought himself, "What mercy can there be for me?"

"I continued," he goes on to say in his narration, "from three in the morning till near noon, and then I could do no more. I went and lay down upon my bed, uncertain and almost indifferent whether I should rise again. In an hour's time I was called, and not being able to pump, I went to the helm and steered the ship till midnight. I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I concluded that my sins were too great to be forgiven. So I waited with fear and impatience to receive my inevitable doom."

But, as the ship became free from water, there arose a gleam of hope. "I began to pray. My prayer was like the cry of the ravens."

However, ere long he was able to say, "I began to know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer."

To that God he turned more and more. A new song had been put into his mouth, the song of praise. With praise came prayer, religious meditation and the study of the Sacred Word. As a new-born babe, the milk of that Word nourished him. He grew apace.

Nevertheless, he went back again to the sea, this time

engaged in the slave trade. He soon became a ship captain, and made several voyages to Guinea. One of his cargoes of human freight was landed in Charleston, South Carolina.

He then regarded the slave trade as an appointment of Providence and as a respectable occupation, although, as he tells us, he shrank from its bolts and bars and chains, and prayed earnestly that for the gaining of his daily bread he might be transferred to a service more kindly and more Christian.

Afterwards, when his eyes were fully opened, he wrote concerning this iniquitous trade, "I know of no method of getting money, not even that of robbing for it upon the highway, which has so direct a tendency to efface the moral sense, to rob the heart of every gentle and humane disposition, and to harden it, like steel, against all impressions of sensibility."

His six years as a slave trader were followed by nine years in Liverpool, spent in office work, study, and occasional religious ministrations of rare fervor and effect. At the age of thirty-nine he was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. He died at the age of eighty-two, after forty-three years of very successful ministerial service. As Goldwin Smith puts it, "The iron constitution which had carried him through so many hardships enabled him to continue in his ministry to extreme old age. A friend at length counselled him to stop before he found himself stopped by being able to speak no longer. 'I cannot stop,' he said, raising his voice. 'What!—shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?'"

Cowper was six years younger than Newton. He was born in his father's rectory at Berkhamstead. His relatives were persons of distinction, belonging to the Whig nobility of the robe. His great-uncle had been Lord Chancellor; his mother was a Donne, of the race of the poet, and with royal blood in her veins. He came into the world, as did Newton, in a time of abounding iniquity. As one of his biographers truly says: "Ignorance and brutality reigned in the cottage. Drunkenness reigned in palace and cottage alike; gambling, cock-fighting and bull-fighting were the amusements of the people. * * * Of humanity there was as little as there was of

religion. It was the age of the criminal law, which hanged men for petty thefts, of lifelong imprisonment for debts, of the stocks and the pillory, of a Temple Bar garnished with the heads of traitors, of the unreformed prison-system, of the press-gang, of unrestrained tyranny and savagery at public schools. That the slave trade was iniquitous hardly any one suspected; even men who deemed themselves religious took part in it without scruple. But a change was at hand, and a still mightier change was in prospect. At the time of Cowper's birth, John Wesley was twenty-eight years old, and Whitefield was seventeen. * * * Howard was born, and in less than a generation Wilberforce was to come."

When Cowper was six years old his mother died. This was to him a loss dreadful and irreparable. A child too sensitive for this world's ordinary blasts, he was sent to a large boarding-school, where barbarity surrounded him and cruelty almost drove him mad. Then came the experiences of a great public school, and afterwards his training as an attorney. When he was twenty-five years old his father died; when he was thirty-two there came to him a first attack of insanity. With this attack there were attempts at suicide; but, as a biographer says, "Most happily, indeed, and most mercifully, for himself and for others, they were only attempts, for it was the will of a gracious Providence not only to preserve his life for the exercise of a sound and vigorous mind, but to make that mind an instrument of incalculable benefit to his country and, we may almost say, to the world, by advancing and promoting the best interests of mankind, morality and religion."

With returning health there came a marked religious experience, concerning which he afterwards wrote: "Blessed be the God of my salvation; the hail of affliction and rebuke has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty, in great mercy, to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of a lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did He break me and bind me up; then did He wound me and make me whole."

The friendship of the Unwins followed, and, with it, years of religious enthusiasm and devotion. Through the Unwins an intimacy began with John Newton, which grew rapidly when these two holy men became next door neighbors at Olney and fellow workers unto the kingdom of God. Cowper's power in extemporaneous prayer is said to have been wonderful. His activity in ministering to the poor was great. And so the happy days passed by for eight useful years. Then came the delusion that it was the will of God "he should, after the example of Abraham, perform an expensive act of obedience and offer, not a son, but himself." From this he was providentially turned aside. His later years were the most distinguished of his life. Larger work in poetry, splendidly done, won national recognition. He died, honored and renowned, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

The Olney hymns were in number three hundred and forty-eight. Of these Cowper contributed sixty-eight and Newton two hundred and eighty. But for failing health, Cowper, no doubt, would have written more.

Those which he did write have found general and large acceptance.

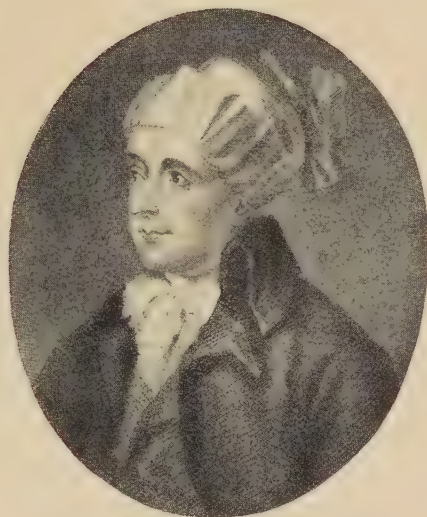
Perhaps the best known of Cowper's hymns are the following:

I.

593 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.



William Cowper



E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Many there be, indeed, with whom this hymn is not a favorite. To them its imagery is unwelcome; nevertheless, it has been triumphantly sung by millions of God's saints. It was a great favorite with my honored friend, Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky. As sung at his funeral, it stirred my heart to rapid beating, and brought tears to my eyes. I could almost hear the shouts of his ransomed soul, declaring:

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

II.

660 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

III.

This was a great favorite with William E. Gladstone, and by him translated into the Italian language:

599 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?"

He delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will He remember thee.

His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

We shall see His glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partners of His throne shall be;
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

IV.

Perhaps the most powerful of all Cowper's hymns is this. It is all the more interesting to read or sing it, because of his personal experiences of perplexities and sorrows:

427 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

In this connection, Mrs. Browning's touching lines upon
"Cowper's Grave," may well be read:

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights
departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to satisfy the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
 With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won
 him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him;
 But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
 As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences:
 The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
 And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
 Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
 The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
 Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
 And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
 He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,
 Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

A word in conclusion as to John Newton's hymns. Concerning these, a competent critic has well written: "There are no hymns more popular among all sections of the Church than some of Newton's. This is largely due to the depth and vitality of his religious experience, which reached to regions far below the doctrinal forms in which it found expression. Scarcely a hymnal of any section of the Church can be mentioned which does not include some of his best known hymns. They may be found not only in hymnals of the Evangelical type, but in those so widely separated in doctrinal matters as 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and Dr. Martineau's 'Hymns of Praise and Prayer.' * * * From the little volume of 'Olney Hymns' the Church has drawn a far larger number of hymns, and these greatly prized, than from many more voluminous collections. Its somewhat narrow theology is softened by the reality and tenderness of the religious experience of its authors, of both of whom it may be said, 'They learnt in suffering what they taught in song.'"

Some will remember several of Newton's hymns, which we used to sing years ago, but sing no longer in our churches, *e. g.*, those beginning:

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!

Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me.

With the rich flow of modern hymns some of the older ones have been driven out of common use. Nevertheless, according to the tabulated statements of King's "Anglican Hymnology," of the one hundred and more writers of "standard hymns," the vast majority have contributed but one, or two at most, while Charles Wesley has contributed 22; Isaac Watts 21; John Mason Neale, through his Greek and Latin translations, 17; James Montgomery 16; Reginald Heber 12; Tate and Brady, through their versions of the Psalms, 11; Dr. Doddridge 9; Newton 7 and Cowper 7. That 14 of the Olney hymns should still hold their sway is, in no small way, remarkable.

Of these, there are two on prayer, written by Newton, the one beginning:

651 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer.

The other beginning:

652 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer.

There is also the one on, "Nearing Heaven," beginning:

677 As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill.

I quote at length the two which have had largest favor:

433. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

The other is on the Church of Christ. How jubilant its notes!

490 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake thy pure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

In "Hymns That Have Helped," its widely known editor, W. T. Stead, writes as follows:

"For my own part, I will gladly take my turn with the rest in testifying, conscious though I am that the hymn which helped me most can lay no claim to pre-eminent merit as poetry. It is Newton's hymn, which begins, 'Begone, unbelief.' I can remember my mother singing it when I was a tiny boy, barely able to see over the book-ledge in the minister's pew; and to this day, whenever I am in doleful dumps, and stars in their courses appear to be fighting against me, that one doggerel verse comes back clear as a blackbird's note through the morning mist:

'His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.'"

He also says:

"Among the multitudinous testimonies which poured in upon me from those who had been helped by hymns, none

touched me more than the story told by a poor Lancashire lass who, under the stress of passionate temptation, had forgotten the responsibilities of her position as Sunday-school teacher and the obligations of her maidenhood. She married her lover before the child was born, but the sense of her sin burnt like vitriol into her life. She wrote: 'It seemed to me no soul in hell could be blacker than mine. To feel that I had disgraced the Master's service and dishonored His Holy Name, was the bitterest drop in my cup. Never shall I forget those awful months, nay, years of torture. If any soul doubts the reality of a hell, let him live through what I lived then. I have been there, and know it exists. My girls brought me out and begged me to go back to teach. Good God! A thing like me to go back and teach these poor innocent creatures! I shrunk away, feeling I could never desecrate the threshold of God's house by my presence. They came again; it was Christmas Eve. They sang the carols at our door, and then came in, kissing and making much of me. Presently my husband began to play on the piano the dear old hymn, "Begone, unbelief," the girls all joining in with lips untouched by care. I had to leave the room. All the pent-up agony of months was in the strain, since I was not even fit to sing it, and then kneeling at my bedside in the darkness, there came to me two lines of the hymn they had been singing: .

"How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that *sinner*s might live."

Bitterer than even mine, I thought, and He drank it for *me*. That was the miracle for me, and I knew myself forgiven, knew that the Christ was looking at me, not with angry but with pitying eyes. Ah, the blessedness of it! But do you suppose I could forgive myself? More than ever I blamed and hated myself. And now there came to me a messenger direct from God. One of the friends who visited the place quarterly called to see me; when he rose to go he laid his hand on my shoulder, and looking me straight in the face, said: "My child, when are you going back to your work? They need you there, your class needs you, the whole school needs you, and *God* wants you.

If you have done wrong, go and *atone* for it," He left me, but his words were alive—atone for it: could I? Was that the way the Master would have me take, show Him how real my sorrow was by trying to save others from the pit into which I had fallen? If that were so, then I could brave sneers and ridicule, stand to be despised and looked down upon, if only I might in some degree atone, and show forth my loyalty and love for Him, I would do or bear whatsoever He chose, and so I went back to service to bear and endure, and be tested, and I carried with me into the fight the last verse of my hymn:

* "Since all that I meet doth work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

"That verse was my help and stay through all the long, weary years when I slowly climbed my way back to peace and happiness, and the esteem of those whom I respected and desired should respect me. Can you wonder that this hymn is precious to me, that I hold it dearer than all others, and I think until I stand in His presence it will be one of the most hallowed and sacred of my possessions. My story is done; it is not the story of saint or martyr, but of a girl's sorrow and sin, of a woman's struggle and victory through Christ Jesus. It has not been an easy task to write it; one doesn't as a rule "volunteer heart-history to a crowd," but there are other girls in the world passing through the self-same trials, and if my life-story can help them I have no right to hold it back.' "

This hymn is as follows. It is in many hymnals, though not in ours, but in simplicity and directness, in hopefulness and faith, in power to reach the soul and uplift the whole life, it is a good specimen of Newton's workmanship:

Begone, unbelief:
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear;

By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

Determined to save
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can He have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!

His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine, food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

"If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command," once wrote John Newton, "and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would find no inclination to change employments." That was the vision of a saint. Newton was indeed a saint and, therefore, he sang for all the Christian ages.

He was also a man of strong brain, a great heart, and a deep and transforming Christian experience. Writing in the language of those "common people," who heard the Master gladly, no wonder that he was a man of power.

Goldwin Smith says truly that "the two great factors of Cowper's life were the malady which consigned him to poetic seclusion, and the conversion to Evangelism, which gave him his inspiration and his theme."

The two great factors of Newton's life were his knowledge of the depths of Satan and his knowledge of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.

Newton and Cowper were friends and fellow-workers in life, bound by the closest of ties. They will be friends eternally. We are grateful to God for the grace which wrought in them, and for their stirring and immortal words.

IV.
Reginald Heber

Yes, to the Christian, to the Heathen world,
Heber, thou art not dead—thou canst not die!
Nor can I think of thee as lost.

A little portion of this little isle
At first divided us; then half the globe;
The same earth held us still; but when,
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now?
'Tis but the falling of the withered leaf,
The breaking of a shell,
The rending of a veil!
O, when that leaf shall fall,
That shell be burst, that veil be rent, may then
My spirit be with thine!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

All gentle gales,
Serene and smiling skies, thy course attend;
The winds of God and goodness fill thy sails,
My faithful friend.

And if the trust
Be not in vain, that Heaven does still assign
Our guardians from the spirits of the just,
Be Heber's thine!

And when 'tis o'er,
The stormy passage of our life, may we
Meet in that world where he has gone before,
Without a sea.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

IV.

REGINALD HEBER.

We come now to consider a man of genius and of heroic Christian devotion. His genius comes out in his poetry; his devotion in his noble and consecrated life.

REGINALD HEBER was no ordinary man. He was a man of winning ways, and of brilliant gifts. A man who could readily have won renown among the intellectual princes of this world, but those things that were gain to him, he counted loss for Christ, and lived on earth chiefly to do God's will.

He was born at Malpas in Cheshire, in England, on the 21st day of April, 1783. His father was a man of social position and of some distinction as a member of Parliament. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, a woman of intellectual gifts and rare Christian earnestness.

Both his parents believed in the Bible as the book of books, so that when he was five years old he was led to begin to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the sacred volume.

His memory was extraordinary. What he read he remembered with the greatest readiness, so that he easily became a scholar of unusual attainments. At the age of eight he was sent to a grammar school near his own home; at the age of thirteen he was placed under the care of a clergyman in the neighborhood of London.

Whilst he was still a boy, he found satisfaction in the study of such books as Locke on the Human Understanding and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, so that it was not a difficult matter for him to matriculate as a student at Oxford when he was seventeen years old.

His college course was what might be called a triumphant success. During his first year he was awarded the University prize for a Latin poem, and soon thereafter an extraordinary

prize was offered for the best English poem upon the subject of Palestine.

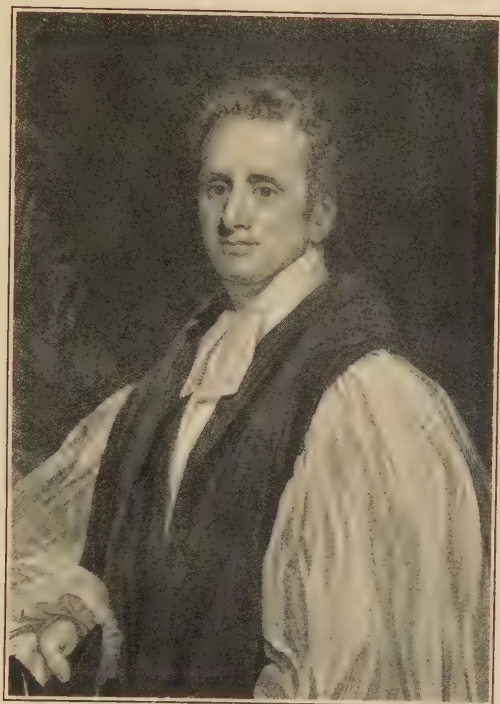
Heber entered the lists and won without a struggle, easily distancing all competitors.

The time for the public recital of this poem came. A handsome boy—for he was little more—stood forth upon the platform, while the thronging crowds of some of the brightest and ablest of England's sons and daughters pressed round him. His youthful appearance, his unaffected simplicity, the sympathetic tones of his voice, riveted the large audience so that they were literally "spellbound."

A deep and holy silence breathed around,
 And mute attention fixed the list'ning ear,
 When from the rostrum burst the hallowed strain,
 And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
 Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train
 And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.
 The youthful student, with emphatic tone
 (His lofty subject on his mind impressed),
 With grace and energy unrivalled shone,
 And roused devotion in each thoughtless breast.
 He sang of Palestine—that holy land—
 Where saints and martyrs and the warriors brave,
 The Cross in triumph planting on its strand,
 Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.
 He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
 Of the rich mercies of redeeming love,
 When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits rang,
 Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

An eminent critic, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, afterwards said: "As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt that this was not the mere display of skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, or accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compeers in the dexterity of scholarship, which is all that can generally be truly said of such exhibitions; but that here was a poet indeed, not only of bright promise, but of high achievements, one whose name was already written in the roll of immortals."

Posterity has confirmed this judgment. A hundred years



Reginald Heber





have passed since then, and more, and Heber's poem still remains, as the work of an undergraduate, unequaled. In fact no one has been thought worthy to be brought alongside of it for purposes of comparison. Read to-day, it stirs and thrills. It is a poem of almost divine power.

Sir Walter Scott was visiting Oxford about the time of its recital, breakfasting with a company of which Heber and his brother were members, and asked that the poem might be read to him. His words were words of warmest commendation—there was only one of kindly suggestion, that he had omitted any reference to the fact that no tools were used in the building of the temple. Almost in a moment of time Heber suggested the well-known lines:

No hammer fell, no pond'rous axes rung:
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprang.
Majestic silence!

You see at once that Heber's mind was altogether out of the common, that his gifts were exceeding great.

I have already said that from a youth he had known the Holy Scriptures. Let me add now that by them he was made wise unto salvation. At the age of fourteen he became a communicant of the Church, and naturally thereafter his thoughts turned toward the sacred ministry, which was soon to become the chosen work of his life. Having carried off additional prizes at Oxford, and won the honor of a fellowship, he first made the tour of the continent of Europe, and then settled down to prepare for holy orders. He was ordained when he was twenty-four years old.

For sixteen years he held the living at Hodnet and faithfully discharged there the duties of the sacred ministry. He was married when he was twenty-six years old. His wife was a sharer in that Christian faith which sustained and ennobled him. She was his loving companion till he died, and afterwards his biographer.

Such a man as Heber was destined to distinction in the Church. This was, of course, recognized by all. When he was thirty-one years old he was appointed to deliver the Bampton

Lectures before the University of Oxford—a distinguishing honor to be conferred upon any clergyman, particularly upon one so young.

He was afterwards appointed select preacher at Lincoln's Inn. And so in the preparation of special sermons to be preached upon great occasions, in study and to some extent in the making of books, in visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, in ministering to the sick and dying as well as in breaking the bread of life from his quiet pulpit at home, the happy years passed by.

Still he was not altogether satisfied. There were visions of a larger work to be done by him somehow, somewhere.

Particularly did his thoughts often run out into that larger field which is the world. He was interested in missionary work. The example of Henry Martyn at times rose before him, and always with a power to stir his soul. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when, at the age of forty, he was offered the position of Bishop of Calcutta, there was much inward agitation of spirit, followed by the words of genuine consecration, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

It came about in this way. Bishop Middleton, the first bishop of our Church in India, had died. One of Heber's warmest friends was president of the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India, so that to him fell the choice of Bishop Middleton's successor. He wrote to Heber, not knowing that a purpose to be a missionary had been stirring in his breast, asking him to tell him who would satisfactorily fill the important post just made vacant, "at the same time delicately hinting how much pleasure it would afford him to confer so great a blessing on India as to recommend Heber himself to the appointment, could he conscientiously advise him to relinquish his fair prospects of eminence and usefulness at home."

In one sense the answer was not an easy one. His own health and that of his wife and daughter were to be considered. Separation from an aged mother, the long journey, meaning an absence for at least fifteen years from valued friends, the climate of India, and the work to be done there, trying and exhausting. No wonder that for a time he wavered—but, abso-

lutely, he had no rest in his spirit until he said, yes; for he could not resist the conclusion that the call was from God.

Heber's missionary spirit is clearly shown in his great missionary hymn, the story of the composition of which is not without its special interest. It was written whilst he was still settled in his quiet rectory at Hodnet, four years before the offer of work in India had come to him.

A royal letter had been issued asking that, in every church and chapel of England, there should be a collection taken in furtherance of missionary work in the East, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Heber's father-in-law was Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham. He was to preach in the parish church, Wrexham, on the morning of Whit-Sunday, when the missionary offerings were to be received, and Heber was to deliver the first of a course of lectures in the evening. On Saturday, when the two were together, the Dean asked his son-in-law to write something for them to sing at the services on the morrow.

He retired to a corner of the room, and whilst the Dean and a few other friends were chatting together he wrote.

After a while the Dean asked, "What have you written?" And then he read him the first three stanzas of the hymn:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
' The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

And the Dean said, "That will do." But, no! Heber insisted that the sense was not complete, and so he at once added:

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

You recognize at once the spirit of the man from these words, and you know from them that when a divine call should come to him to go and labor in a foreign land, that call would be obeyed.

His feelings at the time are well expressed in his words, "I indeed give up a good deal,—both of present comforts, and as I am assured of future possible expectations; and above all, I give up the enjoyment of English society, and a list of most kind friends such as few men in my situation have possessed. Still I do not repent the line which I have taken. I trust I shall be useful where I am going; and I hope and believe I am actuated by a zeal for God's service. * * * After all, I hope I am not enthusiastic in thinking that a clergyman is like a soldier or a sailor, bound to go on any service, however remote or undesirable, where the cause of his duty leads him, and my destiny (though there are some circumstances attending it which make my heart ache) has many advantages in an extended sphere of professional activity."

India is a vast country, and the field to be traversed by its

bishop was very large. He had to go upon long journeys. A visitation involved an absence from home of nearly a year, and that to him was particularly trying. You will find his words in your household books of poetry :

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

And then, the sterner notes are struck :

Then on, then on, where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindustan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

And then again he looks on to the glad reunion in Bombay, as he sings :

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

A man of poetic gifts is of necessity a man of sensitive spirit, a man to whom the affection of loved ones is a solace and a stay.

Bishop Heber regretted deeply the necessity of his absence from home, but his was a soldier's duty, and, at any cost to him personally, that duty must be performed.

It was, besides, harder for him to work in India than at home because of the effect upon his spirit of the blackness of heathendom. Speaking of those by whom he was there surrounded, he wrote: "Their religion is, indeed, a horrible one, far more so than I had conceived; it gives them no moral precept; it encourages them in vice by the style of its ceremonies and the character given by its deities, and, by the institution of caste, it hardens their hearts against each other to a degree which is often most revolting. A traveler falls down sick in the street. Nobody knows what caste he is of, therefore nobody goes near him lest they should become polluted; he wastes to

death before the eyes of a whole community, unless the jackals take courage from his helpless state to finish him a little sooner."

Reginald Heber was Bishop of India for only three years, when he fell as a brave Christian soldier, standing by his post.

His cares were many and weighty—the care of all the churches; but to him that which overwhelmed him was "his crown and his glory." And so in the service of the churches he must press on and on.

Sudden death came to him whilst absent on a visitation at Trichinopoly, fanned by the "spicy breezes" which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle." He had worked too hard in a land of oppressive heat, and the carrying of burdens had impaired his vital powers. Soon after he had finished a service of confirmation he was called to his reward. As his widow puts it, "He had scarcely ceased from glorifying God in his mortal frame, when he was summoned to join in that angelic chorus of praise and thanksgiving, whose voices fill heaven in honor of their Maker and Redeemer."

Of course his death was like a great shock to earnest Churchmen in England as well as in India. Mural tablets were erected in his honor both at home and abroad. The one in a church in one of the cities of "Ceylon's Isle" is fairly descriptive of the spirit of all of them, and tells the truth concisely:

"This tablet is erected by the British in Ceylon to the memory of Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta, who turning cheerfully from the enjoyments of home and the prospects of honor in England, undertook in faith and hope the Episcopal charge of his brethren in the Indian Empire, and lived and died their watchful, indefatigable, devoted friend and pastor. In the short space of three years he animated by his presence almost every part of his vast Diocese, and while he everywhere encouraged in this island, and on the peninsula, with special and parental care the Church already formed and united in thankful joy the converts of his flock, he looked earnestly to the day when to the heathen also he might preach the Gospel of Christ, and might then not only be the Prelate of British India but the chief missionary of England to the East."

And now as to the hymns of this gifted and saintly man. His biographer tells us:

"It had long been regarded by Heber as an evil calling loudly for a speedy remedy, that no collection of hymns for public worship, sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority, had been introduced into the British churches. He had observed the fondness of that class, forming by far the greater part of the community, for these compositions, and had, by repeated conversations with them, learned that they could not understand, and of course could not appreciate, many of the prophetic allusions of the Psalms of David. To supply this defect, he had, for several years, employed the intervals of more serious study, in forming a collection of hymns for the different Sundays, festivals, and holidays in the year; connected, for the most part, with the history or doctrines comprised in the Gospel for each day, which should contain a more distinct reference to the character and work of Christ, as well as to the great facts of the Gospel, than can be found in the Psalms.

"To make the selection as perfect, as popular, and as original as possible, Heber had engaged the assistance of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Southey; and he now wrote to the Rev. H. H. Milman, requesting the aid of his muse in the same good work; informing him that, though he had in addition to the hymns of his own composing, which were numerous, selected many from the collections extant, yet that there were several Sundays and holidays for which, at present, none were prepared. Mr. Milman kindly aided Heber by several valuable contributions; but owing to other more pressing engagements, the publication was delayed, and did not appear till after his decease."

Under date of December 28, 1821, Heber wrote to Milman:

"You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn-book. A few more such and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any hymns of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions

ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up."

Milman was then thirty years old. Large fame afterwards came to him. It was well deserved. His thirteen hymns were first published in Heber's volume of 1827. Three of them hold an honored place in our hymnal. Their first lines are:

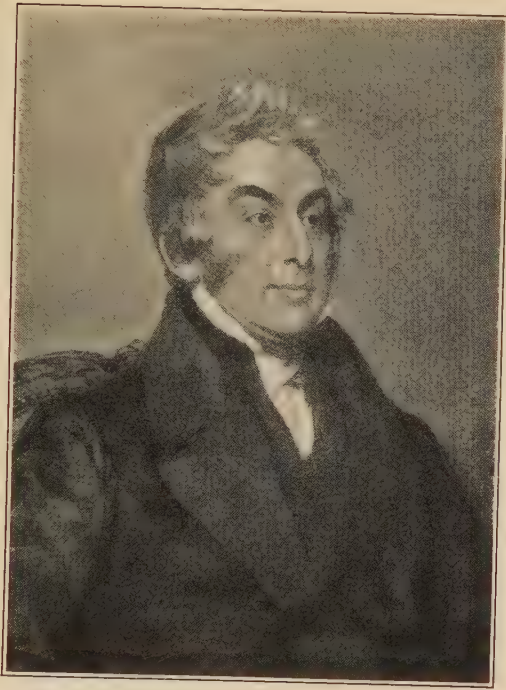
- ✓ 91 Ride on, ride on in majesty.
- 337 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need.
- ✓ 348 When our heads are bowed with woe.

✓ In addition to "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," the numbers and first lines of Heber's hymns which find a place in our hymnal are:

- ✓ *1. Praised the Earth in Beauty Seen*
- ✓ 66 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.
- 146 O Thou, who gav'st Thy servant grace.
- ✓ 225 Bread of the world, in mercy broken.
- ✓ 316 Hosanna to the living Lord.
- ✓ 383 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.
- 507 The Son of God goes forth to war.
- 527 Lord of mercy and of might.
- ✓ 565 By cool Siloam's shady rill.

That marvelously stirring hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," was written for St. Stephen's day, and it seems to have caught the spirit—the martial spirit—of the time when men took their lives in their hands and glorified God by their deaths. As we read the words, or sing them, we seem to be breathing the spirit of the hour when the proto-martyr gave up his life in sacrifice, when men "cried out against him with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city and stoned him; but he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

Possibly by this very vision, certainly by the story of apostolic zeal and valor and thoroughgoing consecration, Heber was inspired to sing:



Henry Hart Milman



507 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

"O God, to us may grace be given to follow in their train!"
So prayed Heber, with sincerity and earnestness. He was looking on and up. He was thinking, not of a corruptible crown, but an incorruptible, a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

For him that crown was on the top of a high mountain. The way thereto was steep and perilous, and, as he journeyed thither, the briers would be about his head, and the piercing rocks be-

neath his feet. But there was a divine voice calling him, and to that voice he could answer naught except "*I come!*" What though the way were hard! And the burden pressing one downward almost unto death! There was a *crown of life* at the end of it.

And there stood the great Conqueror of Death, shouting to encourage the struggling pilgrim: "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." "My reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be." He was indeed a pilgrim of the night, but above him there was one declaring, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." And the Spirit and the Bride say *Come! Come! Come! Come!* Forget the things behind! Press on!

There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

Press on! Press on!
And God's strength will be yours.

When the call came to him from India, a veritable Macedonian cry—"Come over and help us," it was his Master's call, bidding him to go, and seek and save that which was lost. And that meant to him a call for a larger and more faithful service, a greater and more glorious reward. And so there was nothing for him to do except to give himself to Christ in the person of his straying and suffering ones.

May you and I be sharers of his faith and zeal and self-sacrificing devotion! May we be partakers, too, of his love for the souls redeemed by Christ! And may the hope, which was back of him as a strong wind driving him onward and upward, be ours also!

He climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in his train!

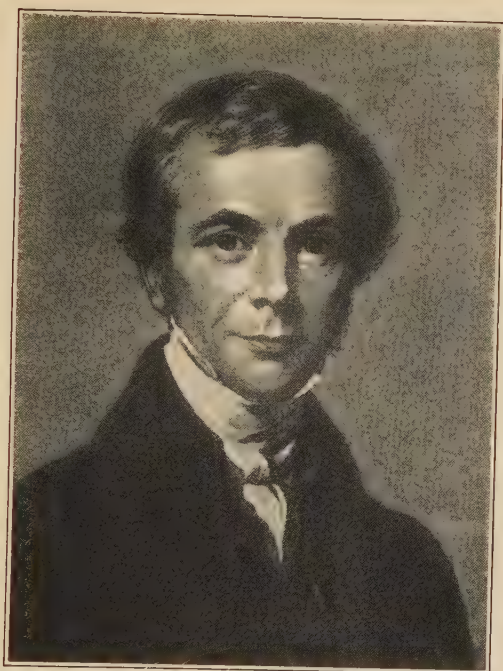
V.
John Keble

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to desery
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

JOHN KEBLE.

Keble College is a witness to the homage which goodness, carried into the world of thought, or, indeed, into any sphere of activity, extorts from all of us, when we are fairly placed face to face with it; it is a proof that neither station, nor wealth, nor conspicuousness, nor popularity is the truest and ultimate test of greatness. True greatness is to be recognized in character; and in a place like this, character is largely, if not chiefly, shaped by the degree in which moral qualities are brought to bear upon the activities of mind. The more men really know of him who, being dead, has, in virtue of the rich gifts and graces with which God had endowed him, summoned this college into being, the less will they marvel at such a tribute to his profound and enduring influence.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.



John Keble



V.

JOHN KEBLE.

This saintly man about whom we are now to think for a time was not particularly great as a writer of hymns to be used in public worship. He was particularly great as a religious poet. Three hundred thousand copies of his best known work—"The Christian Year"—were sold in England before the copyright expired. How many have been sold in this country I do not know, but the sale has been large. The great Bishop of Oxford—afterwards of Winchester—Samuel Wilberforce, speaks of this book as "a volume of religious poetry by far the most remarkable and popular in our language." It is a book for the closet and the study, rather than for the Assembly of the Saints, although some of it is incorporated in our own Church Hymnal, and in other hymnals, and will doubtless continue to be so incorporated for generations to come. The best authority on hymnology states that "nearly one hundred hymns by Keble are in common use at the present time, and of these some rank with the finest and most popular in the English language;" so that Keble had no inconsiderable merit as a writer of hymns. In addition to this, the story of his life is so interesting, and his personality so attractive, that he may well be chosen as a man about whom one must say something, even in a few brief studies concerning the great Christian hymn writers of ancient, medieval and modern times.

JOHN KEBLE was born April 25, 1792. His father was a clergyman of ability and scholarly attainment. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and he naturally followed his father and his grandfather into the Ministry of the Church. He did not go to school as a boy, but was taught at home by his father, and by him prepared for entrance upon college life. Think of him as entering upon that life a bright and joyous

boy fourteen years old. He had won a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, which shows much for the thoroughness of his father's training.

Oxford is a city of colleges, one of the two great educational centers of England, an ancient place of great attractiveness. An American traveler has written concerning it, that "the view of Oxford, with its multiplicity of turrets, pinnacles and towers, rising in the bosom of a beautiful valley, amid waters and gardens, fully merits Wordsworth's epithet of 'overpowering,' and he who can look upon this city of palaces hoary with ancestral honors, and rich in treasures of bibliography, science and art, and not exclaim with the poet

Robed in the grandeur of thy waving woods,
Girt with a silver zone of winding floods,
Fair art thou, Oxford!

must be as dull as the clod he treads upon. It was an excusable burst of enthusiasm in Robert Hall, when, standing on the summit of the Radcliffe Library, he was so impressed with the beauty of the scene—the dark and ancient edifices, clustering together in forms full of richness and beauty, the quadrangle, gardens and groves, the flowing rivers and belting hills, wood-crowned, and, over all, the clear, blue-flecked sky—that he cried out, 'Sir, Sir, it is surely the New Jerusalem come down from heaven.'"

In Oxford John Keble's poetic nature was deeply stirred, and no wonder, for there Bishop Ken first spread his wings to sing, and Bishop Heber also, and Charles Wesley. Many of the great poets of England, as well as many of her great statesmen and scholars, were trained at Oxford.

Keble's course at college was a brilliant one. He won the highest honors both in classics and mathematics, securing the very rare distinction of what is called a "double first class." And when he was only eighteen years old he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel, an almost unprecedented honor for one so young.

This new honor meant for him not only distinction and abundant financial support, but the privilege of intimate inter-

course with the brightest and best of the young men of his day, for, as Dr. Liddon puts it, Oriel was then "incontestably the home of the most vigorous ability in Oxford," and an Oriel fellowship "the greatest distinction that could be won by competition."

Whately won this honor when he was twenty-four years old, Pusey when he was twenty-three, John Henry Newman when he was twenty-one, Thomas Arnold when he was twenty, Keble when he was eighteen. No wonder that he was regarded as a bright and shining light.

At the time of his own election John Henry Newman wrote to a friend, "I had to hasten to the Tower to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed, and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed quite desirous of sinking into the ground." And in the "Apologia" he says, "His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of with reverence, rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' And with what awe did I look at him!"

In the year 1815, when he was twenty-three years old, Keble was ordained a deacon in the Church of England, a Church at whose altars he was to serve faithfully for half a century. The following year he was ordained to the priesthood.

During the next seven years he continued to reside at Oxford, taking duty for a time as a curate in two small parishes near at hand and afterwards working faithfully as an Oriel tutor, and even then not forgetting his declaration that "the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing of the Magna Charta of a thousand worlds," for work with the young, particularly in such an ecclesiastical community as Oxford, he regarded as true pastoral care. At the end of this period, however, he gave up Oxford, never to return, except as a lecturer or an occasional preacher. He was for ten years, indeed, Professor of Poetry, but that meant but little more than that he should deliver an elaborate lecture in Latin each term during his period of

service. Fortunately for future usefulness, Matthew Arnold had the good sense to seize the right opportunity and to break with past traditions by delivering his lectures in our own mother tongue. But Keble spoke of poetry, as he understood it, in well-rounded Latin phrase. When he was thirty-six years old it seemed possible that he might be elected Provost of Oriel College. Only two names were mentioned for the position—his own and that of Dr. Hawkins. Strange, very strange was it, in the light of subsequent events, that both Newman and Pusey were in favor of Hawkins rather than Keble for the vacant post. Newman said, "You know we are not electing an angel, but a provost. If we were electing an angel I should, of course, vote for Keble, but the case is different." Dr. Pusey afterwards was wont sadly to say, "Unhappily, some of us who loved him did not know the power of his deep sympathy with the young heart, and thought another more practical. He could not bear division, so withdrew. The whole of the later history of our Church might have been changed had we been wiser; but God, through our ignorance, withdrew him, and it must have been well, since God so overruled it. To us it became a sorrow of our lives."

Keble's domestic attachments were exceedingly strong. To his father and his mother, his brother and his sisters he was more than devoted, and when his mother died and then his sister, his father seemed to need his presence and his care. So he worked with him in the cure of souls, and in order that he might do this declined an important living in the Diocese of Exeter and an archdeaconry in Barbadoes, to which an annual salary of ten thousand dollars was attached. Money was with him as nothing. Duty was everything. His father died in January, 1835. In October of that year he was married, when he was forty-three years old. He then settled down as Vicar of Hursley, in which position he continued to serve the Master for the remaining thirty years of his life.

He fell asleep March 29th, A. D. 1866, loved and lamented by all who knew him. His visible monument, raised by his friends and admirers, is Keble College, at Oxford,

founded in 1868. His real monument is in the altered lives of thousands whom he helped to save.

So much for the story in outline, and now for some of the lessons thereof.

The most fascinating and energetic and capable English bishop of the last generation was Bishop Wilberforce. "Soapy Sam" he was often familiarly called, doubtless partly because his tact and ability in the management of men were so marvelous. In power for work, and for rousing others to work, in strength of leadership, no public man in England was his equal. And, like all other public men in England, he had an admiration for the personal character and the gifts of genius that shone from the daily life of Keble.

So, naturally enough, he thought and said that Keble ought not to have been allowed to live for thirty years, and then to die, as Vicar of Hursley; that promotion to some conspicuous Church dignity ought to have come to him. That such promotion did not come was, in the opinion of Wilberforce, a shame and disgrace. Keble's friend and biographer, Mr. Justice Coleridge, writes with greater moderation on the same subject when he says, "Dignities in the Church, I think, never entered into his contemplation for himself. I cannot recollect, in all our correspondence, or in our most intimate conversations, a single expression which pointed that way; and I believe that if they had been offered they would have been declined. * * * Yet I cannot but believe that it would have been good for Keble, good for both parties in the Church, and, what is more to the purpose, have conduced to the holding of opinions with more charity, if honors had been offered to and accepted by him. A long experience confirms me in thinking that where persons oppose each other honestly, however decidedly, in belief or opinion, the cause of truth, which commonly lies between both, and of charity, without which even truth itself can scarcely be maintained truly, is greatly served by the necessities, the softening and enlightening necessities, of personal and official communion." And then he adds, particularly with reference to Keble, that "as his was a nature so humble and so loving that personal influences would have specially touched and softened

his heart, so were his claims and merits so undeniable and so remarkable that to pass him over was in effect not merely to ignore them, but to imply in some measure a condemnation of him."

All of which is no doubt true, but there is another side to the picture—a side drawn by himself when he wrote:

"I am not so insensible to ambition, and that sort of thing, as you seem to think me; and many such letters as your last would, I am afraid, help to make me more or less uncomfortable in retirement; however, in my cool and deliberate judgment, which I am *sure* I am now exerting this first Monday in Advent, 1827, I must protest against the doctrine that a man may not be as truly and thoroughly useful in such a situation as I am now in, or in any other which Providence may put him into, as if he moved in a commanding sphere, and were what the world calls an influential character."

The Jewish Church of old stoned her prophets, and killed them that were sent unto her. The Christian Church does not quite do the same, but she sometimes neglects and frequently opposes them, to her loss certainly in one way, but possibly to her gain in another.

Keble's influence was a quiet one, but it was none the less powerful. Would it have been greater if he had been Bishop of Oxford or London, or Archbishop of Canterbury? I very much doubt it. And, in confirmation of my opinion, I turn to the somewhat similar case of Dr. Muhlenberg in the American Church. Would he have been a greater man or nobler or more influential if he had been Bishop of New York or Pennsylvania? I trow not. In the case of commonplace men influence depends largely upon position. In the case of really great men—God's true prophets—position is a matter of secondary consequence. Nay, at times, it may interfere with and defeat the accomplishment of the very highest purposes. After all, who in the nineteenth century in England was more useful than Keble? Who in America more useful than Muhlenberg?

Widespread influence upon the many is one thing. Concentrated influence, focalizing the rays of one's power and set-

ting others on fire thereby—even a few—is another thing; but the result thereof may be mightiest among the mighty.

Dean Church, one of the best of the chroniclers of the Oxford Movement, shows clearly the way in which this influence worked in what he says of Isaac Williams: "He had before him all day long in John Keble (who was then living in a small country curacy with three bright young Oxford men reading and living with him) a spectacle which was absolutely new to him. Ambitious as a rising and successful scholar at college, he saw a man looked up to and wondered at by every one, absolutely without pride and without ambition. He saw the most distinguished academic of his day, to whom every prospect was open, retiring from Oxford, in the height of his fame, to bury himself with a few hundreds of Gloucestershire peasants in a miserable curacy. He saw this man caring for and respecting the ignorant and poor as much as others respected the great and the learned. He saw this man, who had made what the world would call so great a sacrifice, apparently unconscious that he had made any sacrifice at all, gay, unceremonious, bright, full of play as a boy, ready with his pupils for any exercise, mental or muscular—for a hard ride, or a crabbed bit of *Æschylus*, or a logic fence with disputatious and paradoxical undergraduates, giving and taking on every ground. These pupils saw one, the depth of whose religion no one could doubt, always endeavoring to do them good as it were unknown to themselves and in secret, and ever avoiding that his kindness should be felt and acknowledged, showing in the whole course of daily life the purity of Christian love, and taking the utmost pains to make no profession or show of it."

And thus Williams entered what he called "quite a new world." And Hurrell Froude did the same. Froude was a man of great intellectual powers and of dauntless courage; but, as Dean Church well says, "He was open to higher influences than those of logic, and in Keble he saw what subdued and won him to boundless veneration and affection. Keble won the love of the whole little society; but in Froude he had gained a disciple who was to be the mouthpiece and champion of his ideas, and who was to react on himself and carry him forward to

larger enterprises and bolder resolutions than by himself he would have thought of. Froude took in from Keble all he had to communicate—principles, convictions, moral rules and standards of life, hopes, fears, antipathies. And his keenly tempered intellect, and his determination and high courage, gave a point and an impulse of their own to Keble's views and purposes."

So that John Henry Newman was right when, speaking of the Tractarian movement, he wrote: "The true and primary author of it, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honors of the university, he had turned from the admiration which had haunted his steps and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?"

And so afterwards, referring to the time of his own return from Italy, he wrote: "The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize sermon in the university pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered, and kept, the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

John Keble, then, was the chief instrument in putting in motion one of the great religious movements of modern times. And his preparation for that work had come, partially at least, through the hours of meditation and prayer that had been his privilege and his strength in his little country curacy.

And how was it afterwards, when that movement was shifting, no one seemed to know whither, when fear and fury ruled the hour, and there was imminent danger that the Church of England would suffer great, if not irreparable, loss? What more needed then than the calm wisdom of the quiet country shepherd, a wisdom born of contemplation and of serene communion with God?

John Henry Newman's secession to Rome was a great shock to many noble and godly Englishmen. Must there be a succession of such shocks? Who would go next? That only fifty clergymen out of twenty thousand left the Church of their fathers was largely owing to the sanctified good sense and the dauntless faith of Keble.

"As to Rome," so he wrote to his friend Coleridge, "come what will, 'it would be impossible'" (twice underscored) "for me to join it until it is other than at present. * * * The contingency that I contemplate, a very dreary one, but such an one as I ought not to think it strange if I incur it, is not going to Rome, but being driven out of all communion whatever."

But the Church was better than he feared; and he went on doing his work therein, a work of faith towards God, and of love towards man. Strong men sought him out in his solitude. He became the spiritual adviser of many, and so the strong god-like forces within him burned on, shedding a great light upon many a dreary path. He lived, indeed, the life of a "country parson," but the influences of nature soothed him, and quiet communion with God refreshed him and gave him strength and wisdom, so that in his solitude even he was a leader of leaders, and wrought mightily for God and man. Could he have done more if he had lived in the bustling crowd? Not so, not so! for then these words of Wilberforce could not have been written of him so truly: "Never aiming to acquire influence, he exerted it in the highest measure on every one who came within his reach, and widely beyond his immediate sphere upon the Church at large. He took a resolute part in all the most stirring controversies of the time, and yet no one could ever point to a word of his, written or spoken, which had inflicted one needless wound upon any one opposed to him. He gave England's sacred literature the high boon of 'The Christian Year.' He gave England's Church the learning of a deep divine, the love and trust of a loyal son, the labor of a devoted priest, and the pattern of a saint."

There is another lesson, also, and one which I think to be even more striking and important. In his ecclesiastical views I am not in sympathy with John Keble. He represents a school of thought in the Church the position taken by which seems to me to be one-sided and extreme. In matters of opinion there are changes all the while going on in the Church precisely as changes go on in the State. Parties change, new issues come up, new ways of looking at things appear. We had a Federal party in our country at one time; that party is dead. And the Whig

party, so-called, has gone the way of all the earth. Existing parties also in time will die. But patriotism will live, and men will rise up to stand firmly for what they believe to be the principles by which we should be governed. Just so in the Church. In the eighteenth century the Evangelical movement was a movement for truth and righteousness, a movement largely honored of God; and so an Evangelical party sprang up, both in England and America. And it did good work. It stood for truth, but not the whole truth. It emphasized inward Christian experience. It made little of outward Christian fellowship. It neglected the body whilst it cared for the soul. And so very naturally the Tractarian movement sprang into life, charged with the high mission of calling attention to much neglected truth. The Church of England was for the people of England the house of the living God, and its housekeeping, to say the least, had been shiftless. There was dirt in this corner, there were rags in that corner, and the faded and rickety furniture distressed, almost appalled, some faithful and noble hearts. The Church's altars were desolate, her priests were sighing, her virgins in affliction. And so the call came to purification and renovation; and it was a righteous call. With my present way of looking at things, I could not have joined in the Tractarian movement. I should have struggled for something different, for something better, as I believe. At the same time, as an honest man, and one who loves the Church of God which He has purchased with His own blood, I could not have withheld my word of commendation of the *motives* by which many Tractarians were stirred, and my appreciation of the Christlike spirit by them very often displayed.

In his valuable little book upon American politics Alexander Johnston showed clearly that from the beginning our national party differences have been along the line of a strict or loose construction of the constitution. So we have always had in our public life two classes of leaders—strict constructionists and broad constructionists. The difference is as deep as human nature itself. Some men by temperament are broad constructionists. Some men by temperament are strict constructionists. And this difference strikes its roots into the life of both Church and State.

There are parties in the Church of England to-day precisely as there are parties in the English State; and it is well that there should be, provided Churchmen remember that they are followers of Jesus Christ, the essential spirit of whose life and teaching can be summed up in the one word, Charity.

We cannot tell how it may be a score of years from now, but to-day there are men of brains and of deep spirituality who are following along lines laid down by Keble and Pusey and Liddon—thinking much as they thought, struggling much in the same way in which they struggled.

There is another school, represented in the past by such giants as Thomas Arnold and Richard Whately and Maurice and Robertson and Kingsley and Dean Stanley. This latter school appeals to me as the other school does not. But, because I glory in the truth given to one set of men to proclaim, and join with them in trying to proclaim it myself as the very truth of God that must save in time and in eternity, must I turn against and denounce another set of men who, in their way, are striving for the honor of Christ and His Church, and bearing fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life? No! A thousand times no. If I had been a patriot in Revolutionary times, and had come to know General Lafayette, I should doubtless have said: He is a Frenchman and I am an American. His language I cannot understand, or speak, except imperfectly. But, though his dialect is different from mine, in this great cause of liberty he is my brother, and with him I rejoice to stand hand in hand. And so, when I see a man who is called a Ritualist glorifying Christ through his self-sacrificing activity, and leading a saintly life, I say I do not understand that man's dialect. He speaks to me in a strange tongue. But the Master once said, "No man can do a miracle in my name, and speak lightly of me." And that man really works miracles in the way of moral transformation. The Master's smile irradiates his countenance. So in spirit, at any rate, if not in outward expression, he and I are one. And surely we ought to be able to say, to each other, "Now therefore we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation

of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."

It really makes one sick at heart to see the spirit manifested by men of both schools of thought in days gone by. Men of the school of Arnold and Whately were intolerant of men of the school of Keble and of Newman. Think of Pusey being silenced as a preacher for two years by men of the school opposed to him, chiefly because they had the power and were blown along by the fierce winds that were howling round. And think of the treatment received from his so-called Christian brethren by that noble prophet and true saint of God, Frederick Denison Maurice.

Keble's heart was the only thing that kept him straight, for men of his party were as narrow and violent as the rest, ready to anathematize men because they did not agree with them.

Let us rejoice that these clouds of animosity have rolled by, and that we have passed out into the region of the joyous shinings of the sun, and let us hold fast to our faith in the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. Any Church founded by Christ and His Apostles must be a broad, tolerant, comprehensive Church. It must have in it High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Calvinists and Arminians, Prohibitionists and Temperance men, men who believe almost literally in the enduring agonies of a lake of fire, and men who repudiate that doctrine as wildly false. It will baptize by sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. It will worship through a liturgical service that enshrines the saintly grace and wisdom of many centuries, and it will pour out its petitions to the Great Being above in unlettered phrase—even ungrammatical—provided it comes from the depths of a burning Christian heart.

Concerning Keble, Dean Stanley has written, and, I think, with truth, that "if a judgment had been pronounced in his lifetime which had rendered it penal for an English clergyman to profess his belief in the real presence in the Eucharist, and in the lawfulness and duty of adoring that real presence, John Keble, if any man, would have been struck at and excluded from the pale of the Church of England. We ask, without any fear of contradiction, is there any English Churchman,

is there any English Nonconformist, who would not have regretted such a consummation? What would the Church of England have gained by losing from its ranks one of its most distinguished luminaries—one who has done more than any other man in our generation to endear its devotions to the nation? What would the country have gained? What would the lamented and respected victim himself have gained by becoming the member, perhaps the leader, perhaps even the bishop of a small exclusive bitter sect, which would have exaggerated all these qualities which we have felt bound to notice, and dwarfed all these noble qualities which have made his poetry and his character a treasure of the whole nation?"

Let us stand fast for the great, broad, wide comprehensiveness of Christ's Church on earth.

In this connection Robertson's well-expressed thought is to be commended, which tells us, that "poetry discovers good in men who differ from us, and so teaches us that we are one with them. For the poet belongs to the world rather than to his party; speaks his party's feelings, which are human; not their watchwords and formulas, which, being forms of the intellect, are transitory, often false, always limited. Thus, Romanism and Puritanism, and their modern feeble descendants, as dogmatic systems, are forbidding enough. But listen to Dante, and you will feel that purgatory, false as a dogma, is true as the symbolism of an everlasting fact of the human soul. Hear Milton sing, and the *heart* of Puritanism is recognized as a noble and manly thing. And, however repelled you may be by the false metaphysics, the pretensions to infallible interpretations, the cant phrases, and the impotent intolerance which characterize the dwarfed and dwindled Puritanism of our own days, out of which all pith and manhood appear to have departed, who does not feel disposed to be tender to it for Cowper's gentle sake? However out of date the effort of the Tractarian may seem to you, to reproduce the piety of the past through the forms of the past, instead of striving, like a true prophet, to interpret the aspirations of the present in forms which shall truly represent and foster them, what man is there to whose heart Keble has not shown that in Tractarianism, too, there is a real 'soul

of goodness,' a life and a meaning which mere negations cannot destroy?"

Connop Thirlwall, late Bishop of St. David's, said wisely, a generation ago: "There is an opposition, which all educated men more or less clearly understand, between High Church and Low Church, but there is none between Broad Church and either. The proper antithesis to Broad is not High or Low, but Narrow. * * * I cannot bring myself to treat Broad Church as a term of reproach. Let others interpret it as they will, to me it does not appear an appropriate description of any existing 'school,' party, or body, held together by a common set of theological tenets. I understand it as signifying a certain stamp of individual character, which I would describe as a disposition to recognize and appreciate that which is true and good under all varieties of forms, and in persons separated from one another by the most conflicting opinions."

Let such Broad Churchmanship grow and abound!

And now a word only in conclusion as to Keble's hymns.
For holy matrimony he sings:

240 The voice that breathed o'er Eden.

For Rogation Days:

189 Lord, in Thy name, Thy servants plead.

For Confirmation:

214 Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil.

And for all occasions:

410 Blest are the pure in heart.

I should like to quote his words at length, but I must forbear, referring only to two of his hymns, which you and I are likely to continue to use and to love.

How sweetly he sings for the morning:

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

And so—

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

His evening hymn I must give in full:

'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveler on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

'When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh, by Thine own sad burden borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.

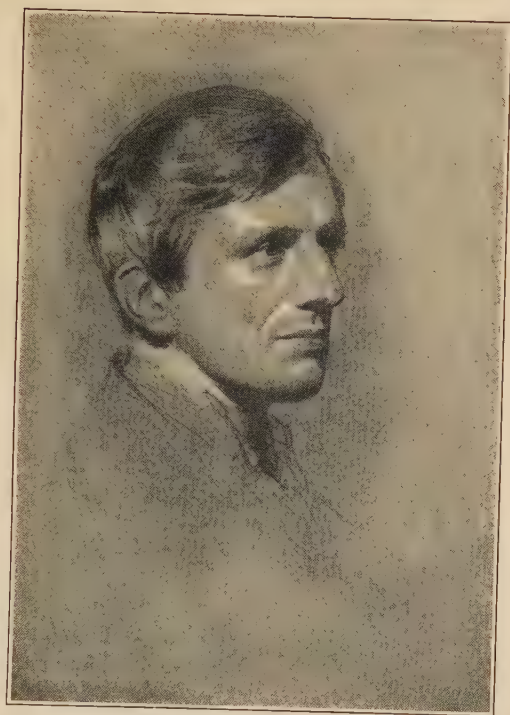
If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, then, believed in the *Ocean of God's love*.
That belief, in a special sense, makes him my brother.

Out upon that ocean you and I are sailing. The winds are rough at times; the waves beat high. But our Father is at the helm, and the port is not far off. There, with Keble and with all God's saints, may you and I find rest and joy forevermore.



John Henry Newman



VI.

John Henry Newman

I am perfectly aware of the difficulty, almost impossibility, of doing justice to men from some of whose forms of thought I am greatly repelled. * * * I apologize for the unavoidable rudeness of a critic who would fain be honest if he might; and I humbly thank all such as Dr. Newman, whose verses, revealing their saintship, make us long to be holier men.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

No doubt the Reformation was in some sort a religious insurrection in which much was swept away that ought to have been preserved. But to condemn it by wholesale as Newman did, refusing to see in it a Divine rebuke of great sins, and a recovery of most important truths as to the Cross of Christ, was to deny God in history.

The Reformation can never be left out as a great factor for good as well as for evil, in the progress of the Church. Those who look upon it as nothing but a moral and spiritual pestilence, will never be used of God in a truly catholic work, such as must be done to prepare the Church—her members of all generations—for the great event which is before her, the Marriage of the Lamb.

WILLIAM WATSON ANDREWS.

VI.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

The transition from John Keble to John Henry Newman is easy. We are now to consider the latter of these two great men, and his well-known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom." This hymn has been translated into several different languages, and is sung all over the globe. The man who wrote it was one of the remarkable men of the nineteenth century. When Cardinal Newman died (in 1890) one of the most picturesque and interesting figures of our era passed away from earth. I confess to a feeling of more than ordinary diffidence in attempting to sketch the story of his life, for, while I recognize the marvelous gifts of the man, and honor him for his attainments and his character, I cannot avoid the thought that his gifts might have been more wisely used, and so more have been accomplished by him for the glory of God and the good of men.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in the city of London February 21, 1801. His father was a banker, engrossed in business. His mother was of French Protestant extraction, a devout and godly woman. He was brought up to take great delight in the Bible and to read books of Calvinistic theology. At the age of fifteen he was the subject of a marked religious experience, concerning which he wrote more than half a century afterwards, "I believed that the inward conversion of which I was then conscious (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory."

The higher religious life upon which he then entered was an earnest one, although the books which he read were narrow in their outlook and well suited to inflame partisan zeal.

His college course at Oxford was not extraordinary and

did not result in great scholastic distinction, partly because just before his graduation his father failed in business, and it was necessary for him to push rapidly towards securing his degree, which came to him at the age of nineteen. Two years afterwards he was successful in winning a fellowship at Oriel, which meant for him financial independence so long as he chose to remain at Oxford, and, what was of even greater value, the privilege of association upon terms of intimacy with the brilliant and rising leaders of that intellectual world.

In order to understand his subsequent career it will be necessary to understand some of the moving forces of the time.

A new age was dawning—an age of liberalism—an age of enfranchisement. Men had long believed in the divine rights of kings and of priests and of a favored aristocracy. From that they had reacted, and were then thinking more of certain equal rights as between man and man. Besides, the Church had been brought into a condition of degradation. Mr. Gladstone tells us that its services were unparalleled for baldness and lifelessness and wretchedness, that they would have shocked a Brahmin or a Buddhist, and that the people were content to have it so. Many parsons drew their salaries from the Church's endowments who did no spiritual work—in fact, they were incapable of doing spiritual work—and religion suffered greatly in consequence.

Under such circumstances it was certain that the Church would be attacked; and it was equally certain that champions would spring forth for her defense.

When the time of this conflict came, John Henry Newman was thirty-two years old, full of intellectual vigor and swayed with a mighty enthusiasm. This was in the year 1833.

Ten Bishopies of the Irish Church had been suppressed by Parliament and their endowments appropriated to other uses, and the Roman Catholic emancipation act had been passed, partially undoing the wrongs of generations. The justice of that act seems to us perfectly clear, for, in addition to its repeal of legal provisions which were so iniquitous that by common consent no attempt was made to enforce them, the provision that Roman Catholics should sit in Parliament,

provided they were duly elected thereto, was perfectly right and proper, for, as Archbishop Whately was wont to say, "To exclude any class of men from public offices in consequence of their religion is to make Christ's a kingdom of this world, which He and His disciples distinctly and expressly disclaimed; and besides to tempt persons to profess a religion they believe to be false, in order to insure their worldly advancement, would be to hold out a premium to hypocrisy and false profession."

The rising spirit of liberalism, however, was in danger of going too far. And it did go too far when the head of the English Government publicly said to the bishops that they would do well to set their house in order, implying that spoliation of the English Church might be very near at hand.

At this juncture a band of noble and of earnest men rose to stand by the Church—to defend it from external attack and to purify it from internal disease. Ere long, however, this band separated into two divisions, with Whately and Arnold on the one side and Keble and Newman on the other. Arnold was a noble specimen of Christian manhood. Whately was true, through and through, and of immense intellectual power. Keble was the idol of Oxford—a scholar, a poet and a saint. Newman was the gifted preacher, swaying the undergraduate crowds who thronged to hear him with the spell of a matchless eloquence.

It was at this time that the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was written. Let the story of personal experience leading up to it be told in Newman's own words. "Great events were happening at home and abroad. * * * There had been a revolution in France. The great reform agitation was going on (in England). The Whigs had come into power. Lord Grey had told the bishops to set their house in order, and some of the prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized? There was such apathy on the subject in some quarters, such imbecile alarm in others; the true principles of churchmanship seemed so radically decayed, and there was such distraction in the councils of the clergy. * * * I felt affection for my own Church,

but not tenderness. I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that, if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of victory. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination. Still, I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and the organ. She was nothing unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly or she would be lost. There was need of a second reformation.

“At this time I was disengaged from college duties, and as my health had suffered from much labor I was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his father, who were going to the south of Europe.

“England was in my thought solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The bill for the suppression of the Irish sees was in progress and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.

“When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome. I said with great gravity, ‘We have a work to do in England.’ I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the Island and there fell ill of a fever. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said, ‘I shall not die.’ I repeated, ‘I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light.’ Before starting for Palermo I sat down on my bed and began to sob violently. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, ‘I have a work to do in England.’ I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. * * * At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, ‘Lead, Kindly Light.’ We were becalmed a whole week. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. I reached home on Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize sermon in the University

pulpit. It was published under the title, 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

This religious movement was carried forward by means of certain publications in tract form, intended to re-establish the Church of England in the affections of the people by the revival of what was called "true Catholicism." Four doctrines were chiefly emphasized: Apostolic succession, Baptismal regeneration, the Eucharistic sacrifice, and the appeal to the Church from the beginning as the depository and witness of the truth.

By apostolic succession was meant a succession of bishops from the days of the apostles, following in their line and clothed with their authority, so that without a bishop the existence of a true Church was impossible, and only those ordained by bishops in the line of the apostolic succession were valid ministers, "and those who take upon themselves the office of the ministry without warrant from God are guilty of the sin of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, who were swallowed up in an earthquake, and of Uzziah, King of Judah, who was struck with leprosy."

The doctrine of baptismal regeneration made of baptism a transforming power, and the teaching concerning the Eucharistic sacrifice declared that in the Lord's Supper there is a real presence of the body and blood of Christ; that it is a sacrifice offered to God, and that it confers grace. And by the appeal to the Church was meant that "there are two sources of authoritative doctrine and of revealed truth of co-ordinate authority and equal importance, holy Scripture and tradition."

Of course, in the Protestant Church of England, this movement met with strong opposition. Dr. Arnold characterized it as "directing its powers to the setting up of a ritual, a name, a dress, a ceremony, a technical phraseology, the superstition of a priesthood without its power, the form of Episcopal government without its substance, a system imperfect and paralyzed, not independent, not sovereign, afraid to cast off the subjection against which it is perpetually murmuring—objects so pitiful that, if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral or spiritual."

Nevertheless, for eight years this movement grew and prospered. The crisis came in 1841, when Tract No. 90 was issued, written by John Henry Newman.

In those days subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was required before one could become a clergyman. And by very many this subscription was thought to be a bondage. The purpose of Mr. Newman in this tract was to show that "the articles might be subscribed in safety by those who held the doctrines of Catholic antiquity; that is, the doctrines of the Church of Rome, though not of individual members of that Church, or of certain sects or schismatics within her bosom; that it was against these errors, and not against the Church of Rome herself, nor against her legitimate teaching, that the articles were drawn up."

The storm which followed the publication of this tract was what we call in these days a cyclone. For the time at least, if not forever, Mr. Newman was discredited in the English Church, and his position as a leader was gone.

At the same time the matter of the Jerusalem Bishopric came up. And by arrangement between the Governments of England and Prussia a clergyman was consecrated bishop, who, in the East, was to be in charge of Anglicans and of Lutherans. Lutherans were to be ordained upon subscribing to the Augsburg Confession, and Anglicans upon subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles.

In Newman's case this was the last straw. He issued his formal protest against the action, and afterwards wrote, "From the end of 1841 I was on my death-bed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church." He lingered until 1845, when he was received into the communion of the Church of Rome.

In that Church he was, for a long time, what we call a "white elephant." In 1848 he became Father Superior of an Oratory at Birmingham. In 1854 he was appointed rector of a newly founded Roman Catholic university at Dublin, where he remained only four years. In 1858 he returned to Birmingham.

A man like Manning, who was an ecclesiastic, might

readily be appointed a cardinal during the reign of Pius IX. But not so Newman. For that elevation he had to wait in comparative obscurity until Leo XIII had reached the papal throne. Under his more liberal administration a worthy office might be bestowed upon Newman, and so a cardinal's hat was sent to him when he was seventy-eight years old.

This, then, briefly and imperfectly told, is the story of Newman's life. Let us see, if we can, what it teaches.

The first lesson which it suggests is this: that in Church controversies, as in other controversies, there is apt to be right on both sides and wrong on both sides. And Newman's great fault was want of charity and of patience.

He was right when he declared that there was need of a second reformation. His purpose to re-establish the Church of England in the affections of the English people, and to make of that Church a great Christian power, was a noble purpose, but Whately's way of trying to do that was vastly better than his.

There were difficulties in the situation. The English theory is that of a union between Church and State, or, as Hooker taught, "The State and the Church are the same thing seen under two different aspects. The man who is a citizen under the one is a member of the Church under the other." So Parliament could legislate for both State and Church. And so long as the legislation of Parliament was Christian in its spirit this worked very well. But when, in 1662, it passed an act of uniformity that shocked the consciences of many noble Christian men, so that in one year twenty-four hundred clergymen felt compelled in sadness to leave the Church of their fathers, and when afterwards dissent spread more and more widely, so that there were hundreds of thousands of men in England separated from the English Church, the case was different. Newman's thought and care went out chiefly toward those who were within the communion of the National Church. It should have taken in all who professed and called themselves Christians. Arnold's thought did. He saw clearly that the parish churches of England were not used as much as they might be used for the spiritual upbuilding of the men and

women of England, and so he proposed to use them more and for different congregations. He would allow the Jews to use them on Saturdays, and on Sundays they should be kept open all the while, the Congregationalists and the Methodists and Churchmen agreeing upon different hours of service. That there would have been practically insuperable difficulties in carrying out such a plan is evident to Americans who remember that an attempt to do something similar was once tried in Boston, and with somewhat ludicrous as well as unsatisfactory results. But Arnold was thinking along right lines. He wanted the Church of England to reach all the people of England for their spiritual good, and he was willing to make sacrifices to that end. He was willing, also, to allow great differences of opinion within the Church. Newman was not. He was intensely dogmatic. And, in his thought, you must believe substantially as he believed, or stand outside the pale of the National Church, as an heathen man and a publican.

That this was the thought of many of his followers is evident from their action when judgment was rendered in the famous Gorham case. Mr. Gorham was a clergyman appointed to a living in the Diocese of Exeter. Before his institution the Bishop of Exeter insisted that he should be examined as to his doctrinal views. And an unsatisfactory examination was held, continuing for eight days. Mr. Gorham was unwilling to declare that regeneration was an invariable accompaniment of baptism. And so the Bishop refused to receive him as a clergyman in his diocese. He appealed to the civil courts. The first decision was against him, but this decision was reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, "to which several of the Chief Judges, the two Archbishops and a few eminent prelates were especially summoned by the Crown." The Bishop protested, but in vain. Thereafter a man might have doubts as to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration and yet hold office as a clergyman in the English Church—a position altogether too liberal for certain Newmanites, who deserted the Church of England and went to the Church of Rome.

With reference to the Jerusalem Bishopric, there was doubtless some politics back of it. It was said that the King of

Prussia desired to establish Episcopacy in Germany, and, as a step toward this end, to make a beginning of Episcopacy as applied to Lutherans in a distant country. To give Episcopacy to schismatic and heretical Lutherans was, in Newman's thought, an abomination, an apostasy, an awful crime.

In one thing he was right—Parliament ought not to legislate for the Church, any more than the American Congress. To have Roman Catholics and Jews and infidels pass laws for the Church and help to determine its policy toward other Christian bodies was a grievous wrong—but to the reformation of that wrong he ought to have applied his magnificent gifts and powers. And in being not altogether satisfied with the Thirty-nine Articles he was undoubtedly right. They were a burden to many tender consciences, and as their effect was doctrinally narrowing they were really uncatholic in their spirit. An Anglican clergyman ought to be doctrinally bound by the Nicene Creed, and by that alone. And it would have been vastly better for Newman to have taken the Catholic position and to have led a crusade for the abolition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles rather than to have tried to show that a man might be substantially a Romanist in doctrine and yet subscribe these articles, which were written at a time when the Church of England violently threw off the shackles of the Roman Church.

To the English mind there was a subtlety in Newman's argument that suggested at once that old serpent which is the devil. And the moral sense of the people was outraged. They were in no mood to be trifled with. They were impatient of what they mistakenly thought to be double dealing. And, with all his brilliancy, they were willing to let Newman go—anywhere.

In the second place, Newman's life teaches that there are many roads by which heaven can be reached at last. There are saints in every branch of Christ's Church on earth, and through different paths the children of the heavenly Father reach their home above. Newman was not a perfect man. Who is? He made mistakes. Who does not? But, on the whole, his purposes were noble and his life Christian, and so the Saints' Paradise is his.

In connection with his life in Oxford he used, not infrequently, as descriptive of his spirit the word *fierce*. A spirit of fierceness is not a good spirit for a Christian to have; and its possessor is likely to be driven by it into words and deeds which dishonor the Master. A fierce man is likely to make very serious mistakes along the journey of life and to tread in paths which are rough and sometimes evil. The meek will He guide in judgment. The fierce He will keep, but to guide them is a more difficult matter.

And now as to the hymn so dear to many Christian hearts. It was a passionate appeal for divine direction, uttered by a troubled and earnest soul—

423 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

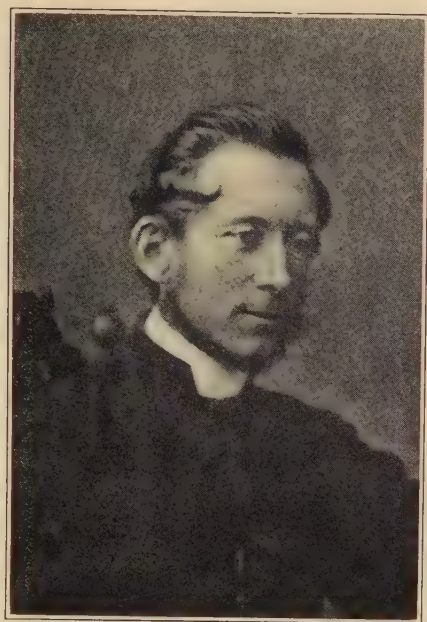
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

This prayer was answered. Newman was led to do a mighty work for the Church of England—a good work also in the Church of Rome.

He was a man of impetuous temperament, of strong likes and dislikes; wilful, persistently wilful.

“Pride ruled my will!” This was true of his early days. And in later days that pride did not altogether disappear.



John Bacchus Dykes



Wherever it was manifested it hindered the divine leading. Still our Father is gracious and merciful. And though it had to be "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," God never let go His hold upon His servant's spirit.

In this connection Newman's own words are apposite:

Moses, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quick'ning flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self will,
To show, where grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest.

Concerning the spiritual value of Newman's greatest hymn opinions differ, as appears plainly in the following taken from "Hymns That Have Helped":

"Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, for instance, writes: 'I was brought up among the Baptists, who, if I remember aright, did not in my time sing, "Lead, Kindly Light," which I learned to love in a late period of church-going. That seems to me,' he adds, 'if one had to choose, the finest of all hymns, as it contains piety and poetry in the highest proportion.'

"The Rev. Dr. Rigg, who may be regarded as the best representative of the old school of Wesleyans, writes as follows about the hymn:

"'"Lead, Kindly Light," is a great favorite with very many, being a hymn that touches the heart and expresses, more or less, the experience of many souls. Certainly it is one which might often have expressed, more or less distinctly, my own experience; but I have not found it a helpful hymn for deliverance, or a strengthening hymn in distress and conflict. It conduces to resignation, it may be, but scarcely leads on to victory. * * *

"No doubt it is somewhat hard for the staunch Protestant

to wax enthusiastic over the invocation of a 'Kindly Light' which led its author straight into the arms of the Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills. Against this may be put the fact that when the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' * * * *

"'It seems to me rather singular,' writes a correspondent in Wales, 'that verses so full of faith as "Lead, Kindly Light," should be mentioned with such approval by so many skeptics.' He then sends me the following attempt to express the views of an agnostic, thoughtful, humble and reverent, but quite unable to attain to Newman's standpoint:

'The way is dark: I cry amid the gloom
For guiding light;
A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom,
I brave the night.
Fair scenes afar, as in a dream, I see,
Then seem to wake, and faith deserteth me.

'In wondering awe I bend the knee before
The viewless Might;
And all my heart in mute appeal I pour,
While straining sight
Peers o'er the waste, yet Him I cannot find
Whom seeks my soul: I grope as grope the blind.

'But 'mid confusing phantom-lights I strive
To go aright:
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give
An inward might;
And spite of sense, there lives a silent trust
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.'

"On the other hand, a Scotchman writes as follows: 'My spiritual experience has been varied. I was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, brought up in the Congregational Independent, and at length I was fascinated by the history, energy, and enthusiasm of the Wesleyans. I was at one time a local preacher in that body with a view to the ministry. But my fervid fit of exaltation was choked with the

dusty facts of life, and smouldered down into a dry indifference. I sought nourishment in secularism and agnosticism, but found none. I was in the slough of despond, at the center of indifference, with the everlasting "no" on my lips, when "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," came to my troubled soul like the voice of angels. Wandering in the wilderness, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," Newman's hymn was to me a green oasis, a healing spring, the shadow of a great rock. Through the light and power of God I was led to light and love in Christ in a way I had never before known or experienced.'

"A 'Friend' (Quaker) writes: 'If thou art sending to Mr. Stead with regard to hymns, I should put for myself rather high "Lead, Kindly Light," not only because of its beautiful words, but also because of him who felt them and wrote them. It is such an instruction that so great an intellect found without Christ nothing but an "encircling gloom"—that so powerful a nature, a leader among men, wished to be "humble as a child, and guided where to go."'"

Another of Dr. Newman's hymns may be found in our hymnal, a song of exquisite beauty and strength, taken from the "Dream of Gerontius." Its words are as follows:

453 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo,

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

"The Dream of Gerontius" was written long after Newman became a Roman Catholic, though before he became a cardinal. It tells the story, from his point of view, of the passage of a Christian soul from this world to the world of spirits beyond. The words of demons are heard in it, as well as the words of angels.

Of holy, blessed and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

We hear the words:

* * * Hark to those sounds!
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

Then come the songs of five successive Choirs of Angelicals, each beginning:

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

This hymn of Newman is, without change, the song of the "Fifth Choir of Angelicals," with the first stanza repeated at its close. As a hymn it must surely come into greater favor than it already has, because of its Christian simplicity as well as its Heavenly majesty.

When William E. Gladstone came to

the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,

Canon Scott-Holland spoke of him, "as spending his life in benediction to those whom he leaves behind in this world, and in thanksgiving to God, to whom he rehearses over and over again, day after day, Newman's hymn of austere and splendid adoration:

Praise to the Holiest in the height!"

Very similar was the experience of General Gordon. Waiting possibly for rescue, but more probably for death, at Khartoum, he took into the very depths of his soul these words:

O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

The biographer of that great scholar and Divine, Dr. Philip Schaff, writing of his last earthly days, says:

"In earlier years Toplady's 'Rock of Ages' had been his favorite English hymn, and now Cardinal Newman's 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,' laying bare the feelings of the soul crying out for divine guidance, seemed best to express his own feelings and his trust in God in view of the uncertainty of life, and he came to repeat it each morning before rising."

Let us, each for himself, in the day time and in the night watches, cry, "Lead, kindly Light," and sooner or later, we

shall join with the countless host of the redeemed in chanting, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

In "Random Recollections," by the Rev. George Huntington, Rector of Tenby, the following may be read:

"I had been paying Cardinal Newman a visit. * * * I happened to mention his well-known hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which he said he wrote when a very young man, as he was becalmed on the Mediterranean, for a week, in 1833. I ventured to say, 'It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found; and where are they not to be found?'"

"He was silent for some moments, and then said with emotion, 'Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful;' then, after another pause, 'But you see it is not the hymn, but the *tune*, that has gained the popularity! The tune is Dykes,' and Dr. Dykes was a great master.'"

It does not come within the province of this book to make mention of the writers of the tunes which we "exultingly sing;" nevertheless some of these men must be counted among the Church's choicest servants, and we may all readily agree with the statement made by the writer of the "Life and Letters of John Bacchus Dykes:"

"The author of the tunes, to which are constantly sung such hymns as 'Come Unto Me, Ye Weary,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' 'Christian, Dost Thou See Them?' 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Lead, Kindly Light,' has helped the religious life of millions."

We can as readily assent to the words:

"Who that has sung his hymn-tunes does not feel that they came to him as inspirations? He rarely wrote a tune unless the words were sent or suggested to him, and then the tune

seemed at once to adapt itself to the words. This is probably the secret of the success of his tunes. They came from his heart and found their way into the hearts of others. It mattered not who applied to him for tunes, whether Churchmen or dissenters, high or low, rich or poor, the work was given, ungrudgingly, as work for God."

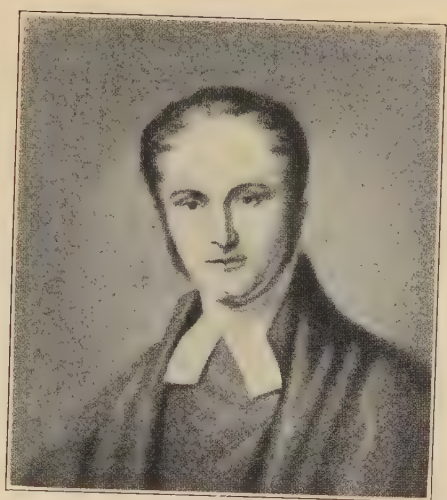
"Work for God." Is such work ours? The answer to this question is unspeakably important, for such work alone endureth forever.

In the language of one of Dr. Newman's translations from the Latin Breviary:

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at Thy Word,
And in Thy favor end.



Henry Francis Lyte



VII.
Henry Francis Lyte

A parish priest, whose anxious post
Was on South Devon's rocky coast,
Through all his life at various times
Had clothed his thoughts in graceful rhymes.

His verse had gained much honest praise,
And yet, in his declining days,
He sadly thought it had not won
The goal he meant it to have done.

* * * * *

But ere he sailed for other climes
His soul once more sought speech in rhymes;
Thoughtful and tender as of yore,
But sweeter, lovelier than before:

* * * * *

You know the rest—who knows it not?
Is there on Britain's shore a spot
But oft, when evening shades grow dim,
There soars to Heaven that favourite hymn?

* * * * *

And not to Britain's shores confined:
It leaves our narrow coast behind,
And finds a welcome, near and far,
Where men of many races are.

* * * * *

Thus was his dying effort blest;
And though he entered into rest
Before the hymn secured its fame,
Methinks he knows it all the same.

HENRY TWELLS.

VII.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also." This was the determination of St. Paul. It was also the determination of one of the sweetest singers of modern times, Henry Francis Lyte. I am now to try to tell the story of his life and work and words, that those words may hereafter come to those who read what I have to say with greater interest and power in the services of the sanctuary, and in the quiet religious meditation of their own firesides.

I begin with the following, taken from "The Memories of Dean Hole," who says:

"I paid a visit, going with his son from Oxford, to the Rev. Henry F. Lyte, who was Vicar of Brixham, and lived at Berryhead, by Torbay. It was good for a young man to be in the society and under the influence of such a true gentleman, scholar, poet and saint, to be impressed by the beauty of holiness, and to be so happily assured that the voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous. He was revered by all who knew him, especially by those whose sympathies he prized the most—the poor. The fishermen came up from Brixham for supper, and sang their satisfaction in the old Devonshire chorus:

We'll stay and have our breakfast here,
We'll stay and have a 'levener here,
We'll stay and have our dinner here,
We'll stay and have our supper here,

each line being thrice sung, and each triplet followed by the emphatic declaration (*fortissimo*):

And we won't go then!

"'A 'levener' (some may desire the information) referred

to a snack or luncheon, which it was usual to enjoy one hour before the meridian.

“Mr. Lyte wrote, as most men know, many pathetic verses—chiefly psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

“He was long time in delicate health; and staying at Nice, he became suddenly conscious, in the middle of the night, that the time of his departure was at hand. He summoned a servant, and asked that a priest of the English Church, if there was one in the hotel, should be found and brought to him without delay. After some little time a clergyman appeared, and gave him the last consolations of the Church. He was one of his own friends, and his name was Henry Edward Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester, and afterwards Cardinal of Rome.”

HENRY F. LYTE, whose best known hymn, “Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,” has made his memory dear to myriads of men and women who crave the abiding presence of Jesus Christ, was born near Kelso, on the border of Scotland, July 1, 1793. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a scholar in 1813, and competed successfully for three prize poems in three successive years. His early purpose was to study medicine, but he changed his mind and became a clergyman in the neighborhood of Wexford. In 1817 he removed to Marazion, where he was married. In 1819 another change was made. In 1823 he was appointed Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, Devon, which appointment he held until his death, November 20, 1847.

In early life he was a close personal friend of Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards the great Bishop of Oxford and after that of Winchester, and who once seriously thought of becoming Lyte’s curate. Had he done so, how the currents of his life would have been changed!

In 1818 Henry F. Lyte was the subject of a marked religious experience. I give the story in his own words:

“A neighboring clergyman, with whom I was intimate, and who bore the highest character for benevolence, piety, and good sense, was taken ill, and sent for me. I went to

attend him, and witnessed all the workings of his mind and body for some weeks till he expired. I shall never forget some of the circumstances that took place: his serious and anxious inquiries into the evidence on which a future state existed, his examination into the grounds on which the Scripture stood as an authentic revelation, and his convictions that it was a just statement of that which is, and is to be, all seemed to pass before him, as he stood just on the confines of eternity, as strong and distinct realities, as the parts of a picture, rather than of an abstract speculation. These preliminaries settled, his inquiry next was, the means by which a happy eternity was to be attained—and here, indeed, my blood almost curdled, to hear the dying man declare and prove, with irrefutable clearness, that both he and I had been utterly mistaken in the means we had adopted for ourselves, and recommended to others, if the explanatory Epistles of St. Paul were to be taken in their plain and literal sense. You can hardly, perhaps, conceive the effect of all this, proceeding from such a man, in such a situation. He died, I rejoice to say, happy under the belief that though he had deeply erred, there was One whose death and sufferings would atone for his delinquencies, and be accepted for all that he had incurred. I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issue with a different eye than before; and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done.”

As to the characteristics of the place of his spiritual labor his daughter writes thus:

“From its original state of a fishing village, Brixham had grown up into a district of some thousands of inhabitants, increased chiefly during the war, when Torbay was the rendezvous of the Channel fleet, and Berryhead a permanent military station. From these sources, as well as from the occupations of a fishing and seafaring life, money had been made by the shrewd and busy, but uneducated people; among whom many of the vices consequent upon the presence of a large body of military and naval forces had taken root, and shed an influence most unfavorable to the growth of morality or religion. It

was not surprising that under these circumstances, lawlessness, immorality and ignorance prevailed to a fearful extent; and it required unwonted vigor and devotion of heart successfully to grapple with existing evils. In this hitherto neglected portion of his Lord's Vineyard our author lived and labored, for a period extending over more than twenty-five years; and though human judgment would have assigned to his talents and inclination a very different sphere, few who beheld the marvelous change wrought, by the blessing of God, in a few years among the sailors and fishermen of Brixham, but would confess that unerring wisdom was especially shown in placing him as pastor over this rough but warm-hearted people."

As to one of his own characteristic qualities he himself writes:

I would not always sail upon a sunny sea:
The mountain wave, the sounding gale have deeper joys for me.
Let others love to creep along the flowery dell;
Be mine upon the craggy steep, among the storms, to dwell.
The rock, the mist, the foam, the wonderful, the wild,
I feel they form my proper home and claim me for their child.

He was thankful that his lot had been cast by the seaside, as is evident from the following utterance:

Oh, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean;
Beneath the sunshine, or the storm,
In stillness or commotion;
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
A witness of thy wonders,
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders!

While yet a boy I felt it joy
To gaze upon thy glories;
I loved to ride thy stormy tide,
And shout in joyous chorus.
With calmer brow I haunt thee now,
To nurse sublime emotion;
My soul is awed, and filled with God,
By thee, majestic ocean.

When the Oxford Movement began, it enlisted Lyte's sympathy. His daughter states the case thus:

"His love for Evangelical truth was as warm, as pure, as practical as ever; but he saw very clearly the need of combining with it that apostolic order which had been omitted in his earlier teaching."

He was, however, never zealous as a partisan. He lived too far away from the center of things, and his health was far from good, so far, in fact, that in 1839 an eminent physician, whom he consulted, told him that unless he slackened his sails and cast anchor for a while, his voyage of life would soon be over.

For four years he heeded not. Then he was forced to stop, and to seek the milder climate of Italy, and with it such rest and recreation as might build him up.

But he was never again to be strong, and the period of active and continuing work was practically over.

In 1846, and again in 1847, he returned to England, but only for brief periods.

Concerning this latter period his daughter writes:

"The summer was passing away, and the month of September (that month in which he was once more to quit his native land) arrived, and each day seemed to have especial value, as being one day nearer his departure, when his family were surprised and almost alarmed at his announcing his intention of preaching once more to his people."

He did preach, and also helped in the administration of the Lord's Supper.

In the evening of the same day he handed to a much loved relative the words of his greatest hymn, "Abide with Me," set to a tune of his own composition.

A few hours afterwards he left the scene of his earthly labor, passed to Southern France, and died on November 20, a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

A marble cross in the English cemetery at Nice marks his last resting place.

One of Lyte's most suggestive and most touching poems is that entitled "Declining Days."

I cannot forbear the quotation of several stanzas :

'Tis not then earth's delights
From which my spirit feels so loath to part;
Not the dim future's solemn sounds or sights
That press so on my heart.

No! 'tis the thought that I—
My lamp so low, my sun so nearly set,—
Have lived so useless, so unmiss'd should die:
'Tis this I now regret.

I want not vulgar fame—
I seek not to survive in brass or stone;
Hearts may not kindle when they hear my name,
Nor tears my value own.

But might I leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind
When I was in the dust.

Might my poor lyre but give
Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay;
Some sparklet of the soul, that still might live
When I was passed to clay.

Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart;
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart,

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod;
Might I thus live to bless my fellow men,
Or glorify my God!

O Thou, whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply,
And grant me, swanlike, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die!

How wonderfully this prayer was answered!
How "swanlike" he died, with a song upon his lips that
will bless mankind forever!

I give this hymn in its original form, consisting of eight stanzas, from which three are omitted in our hymnal:

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth did smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Is this an evening hymn, or is it not?
Primarily, it is not. The reference is to the time of the

going down of the sun of our earthly lives, in the hour of death. The cry is "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes."

But secondarily, how appropriate its use as a sunset hymn, as in the following words of Samuel John Stone, taken from his little poem "Deare Childe":

But when the sun was low at eventide,
The bitter pain had passed, and she lay still,
Too weak for words, but smiling peacefully
With eyes that looked upon us with such love,
Our hearts in battle with the struggling tears
Were nigh to bursting. Then we knelt and prayed,
And as we rose the parting sunlight streamed
With its last glory through the window panes,
And o'er the dying child. She could not speak,
But first at us, and after toward the west,
Looked wistfully. And then the mother said,
Divining, "She would have you sing the hymn
You taught her for the sunset every day."
And so we sang the hymn of eventide,
"Abide with me;" and while we sang, her soul
Sang with us in that marvelous sweet smile,
That was like music too divine for sound.
We sang and darkness deepened, but that smile
Grew brighter yet, and brighter, till the close,
"In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"
Then, with "Amen," was breathed one little sigh,
And song, and smile, and soul fled up to heaven.

As to this hymn, "Abide with Me," the following, taken from "Famous Hymns and their Authors" by F. A. Jones, is well worth quotation:

"Some six or seven years ago I happened to be staying in Brixham and was fortunate enough to meet an old member of Mr. Lyte's choir, a worthy gentleman who was credited with knowing more about the celebrated hymnist than any other living man. As we sat on the old pier one morning in early June, and watched the trawlers setting sail for the fishing grounds, my companion chatted animatedly about the late hymnist, evidently well pleased to find someone who took an interest in a man of whom he was palpably never tired of talking.

“‘I was a member of Mr. Lyte’s choir,’ he said, ‘in 1846—I and a dozen others, all dead now. We were deeply attached to him. He had the gentlest expression and most winning manner possible, and yet, I suppose, we caused him more grief than all his trials of ill health. We left his choir and gave up teaching in his Sunday School, and though I should probably do the same thing to-morrow under similar circumstances, it gives me a feeling of intense sadness even now when I think of it.

“‘This is how it came about. A short while before he left us to go to Nice, where it was hoped the climate would benefit his health, some influential members of the Plymouth Brethren visited Brixham and persuaded ten of us to join them. After due deliberation we went in a body to Mr. Lyte and told him that we intended to leave his church. He took it calmly enough, though we practically constituted his entire choir, and said that nothing would be farther from his thoughts than to stand between us and our consciences. He bade us think the matter over very seriously and come to him again in a few days. We did so, but our decision remained unaltered. We left him, and never entered his church again. When “Abide with Me” came to be written, each of us was given a copy, and then we realized, perhaps more keenly than anyone else, the true meaning of the words:

‘When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.’”

This hymn has become a favorite one for funerals, and no wonder, for upon such occasions, no words could be more appropriate or more touching.

Concerning the last hours of one of the most gifted and one of the saintliest Baptist leaders of the nineteenth century, Adoniram J. Gordon, his son, writes: “Conscious of his condition, and with a presentiment of the approaching end, he called his wife to his side, and said, ‘if anything *should* happen, do not have a quartette choir. I have selected four hymns I want *sung by the people.*’” The first of these hymns was “Abide with Me.”

And in the biography of Frederick Denison Maurice we read that "in the middle of the night of Good Friday (he lingered through Easter Day) his wife said to him the hymn 'Abide with Me,' which seemed to give him great comfort." His son adds, "The hymn was always his favorite of all hymns; the one he was sure to select for any service that specially interested him."

Other hymns written by Henry F. Lyte, which have found admission into our hymnal, begin thus:

- 266 O that the Lord's salvation.
- 332 God of mercy, God of grace.
- 333 Far from my heavenly home.
- 358 Jesus, I my cross have taken.
- 458 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.
- 489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.
- 591 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.
- 664 My spirit on Thy care.

Of these,

Jesus, I my cross have taken,

is the most popular among English-speaking Protestant people, having found its way into one hundred and three out of one hundred and seven hymnals, as recently collated.

In one of his published sermons, entitled "The Supreme Allegiance," Henry Ward Beecher makes reference to this hymn in words as follows: "Sometimes parents are very worldly-minded. * * * They have a *church* religion. They say, 'If I will give up so much every Sunday, if I will pay the minister, if I will go to church, if I will read the Bible, if I will do this, that, and the other thing, Religion, will you take care of me?' And that kind of religion always says, 'Yes, I will insure you.' And so there are hundreds and thousands of people in the community who have just religion enough not to have any at all! The little religion which they already have is put out. They say, 'We believe in religion; but it is a reasonable, rational religion. This world is a good world, and

God has given the bounties of this world to enjoy; and a grateful heart should take these bounties and enjoy them. Therefore let us eat and drink, and praise God by being happy.' And so party after party, and dance after dance, and elegant debauch after elegant debauch, follow. They want society to be radiant and sparkling. And for them, anything but the undertones of the judgment day to come; anything but those long wails that set in from the other world, as the surf thunders on the shore, telling of distant storms; anything but a religion that disturbs their brilliant, sparkling life.

"Under such circumstances, a child much loved and beautiful, whose curls are beautiful, whose eyes are beautiful, whose brow is beautiful, whose lips are beautiful, over whose face advancing years throw grace, whose deepening sensibility gives more beauteous expression to that which nature made beautiful at first, who is the coyest, sweetest, charmingest creature of the whole neighborhood, and who is the admiration of everyone * * * such a child, just at the time when the father and mother have anticipated that she would come out, and make a sensation, and walk easily queen, is vexatiously convicted and converted. And there is all their trouble. If it had not been for that Methodist meeting, if it had not been for that ranting preacher over there, it would not have happened. And here is this huge discord in the family. Here is the child that was the joy of their hearts and the pride of their life, and that was to form such a splendid connection (for already there were ever so many eyes directed that way), and was to build up their family, carried away with religious excitement. And all their hopes are crushed. The father is in a rage, and the mother is in a grief; and they will not have it so. The child, with simple modesty, is patient, but tenacious, and cures storms in the outer circle by the deep peace which God gives the soul in the closet.

"She is still loving, and more obedient than ever; but she is true to her own inward love. Having tasted the better portion, she will not give it up. And so great has sometimes been the rage of the father that he has actually driven his child from his door, and dispossessed her. It was such a case that gave birth to one of our most touching hymns. I could almost wish

that there might be more persons driven out from home under the same circumstances.

“The child of a wealthy man in England, who had all his earthly hopes fixed on her, returning from a ball, heard a Methodist meeting going on, and went in; and the recital of what the love of Christ had done for various persons charmed her, and by the blessing of God’s Spirit, she was converted. And when she made known her faith and purpose, her father cast her off, and she was obliged to go away from home. And this hymn resulted from that circumstance:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
’Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, ’tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, ’twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father’s smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

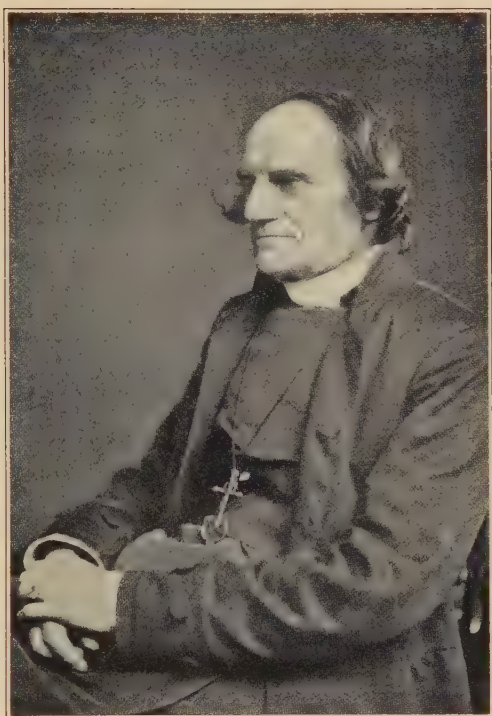
This hymn was written in 1824. "Abide with Me" was written in 1847. An interval of nearly a quarter of a century separates them. And yet they are united in holding aloft the Cross, and in looking on to "heaven's eternal days."

One word more. How was it with Henry F. Lyte when he came to die? Let his biographer tell us: "Through life he had always shrunk with nervous apprehension from the act of dying, but now this terror did not harass him, though he used frequently to beseech his God, if it might be His will, to grant him a quiet release from the fetters of clay which detained him here. His whole soul seemed so imbued with peace and hope, that the last agony and the darkness of the grave dwelt not in his thoughts. One day, on waking from sleep, he said to his faithful attendant, 'Oh, there is nothing terrible in death. Jesus Christ steps down into the grave before me.' And in his case there was nothing terrible; no agony at the last. His prayer was heard, and when his summons came, without a sigh or a struggle, he literally fell asleep in Jesus.

"Within three days of his first seizure his medical attendants had given up all hopes of his recovery, and announced that death was very near; yet for days he lingered, and his hour of release came not; but, through the long days and weary nights of an almost living death, his patience, fortitude, and cheerfulness never forsook him. No word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips, but as he lay there, dying in a distant land, life slowly ebbing away, the pallor of wasting sickness cast over all things, he would tenderly and gratefully mark each comfort which affection and solicitude provided; and, still noting, as had ever been his wont, the varied beauties of morn and even, spread over a southern sea and sky, he would

thankfully record the mercies which his God had showered round his path in each stage of life, and now no less in death; and as 'earth's vain shadows' fled, and the light of 'heaven's morning' broke upon his soul, even these faint traces of earth, so bearing the hue of heaven, passed away, and his spirit mounted as on eagle wings upwards to those mansions prepared for such as have 'fought a good fight,' who 'have finished their course, who have kept the faith, and for whom henceforth there is laid up a crown of glory which fadeth not away.' His soul seemed filled with a sense of the nearness of his God, too high and blessed for mortal participation. His lips constantly moved as if in joyful converse, while no sound was heard; and as those near him would strive to discern his import, he would motion them away, murmuring, 'peace, joy,' and pointing upwards with his own bright, beaming smile, to where he held communion with things unseen."

"Pointing upwards!" For consolation and joy let that be our attitude in life and in death!



Christopher Wordsworth



VIII.

Christopher Wordsworth
Frederick William Faber
William Walsham How

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

VIII.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

We are next to consider three of the most gifted of recent English hymn-writers, men who have done much to enrich the hymnody of our Mother Church, of our own Church in America, and of the Church universal: Christopher Wordsworth, Frederick William Faber and William Walsham How.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, who wrote fifteen of the hymns contained in our hymnal, was born October 30, 1807, and died March 21, 1885. His father was a man of distinction. His uncle was the famous poet, William Wordsworth. His intellectual training was received at Winchester, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was prominent in athletics as well as in scholarship. His career was one of pre-eminent success. So many prizes, in fact, had come to him that in 1829 his college tutors dissuaded him from again entering the lists, as hard upon other competitors. In 1827 the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that Christopher Wordsworth, the elder, ought to be the happiest man in the kingdom, inasmuch as each of his three sons had carried off that year a University prize.

He was soon chosen to a fellowship. In 1833 he was ordained to the sacred ministry. He was for eight years head master of Harrow. In 1844 he was appointed a Canon of Westminster. In 1850 he became a country clergyman. His parish had a unique name, "Stanford in the Vale, Cum Goosey." There he labored faithfully for nineteen years, going up, however, to London for four months each year for services in Westminster Abbey.

In 1863 Arthur P. Stanley was appointed Dean of Westminster. His orthodoxy, according to Canon Wordsworth's thought, was very shadowy, so he opposed the appointment and did what he could to defeat it. The matter, however, being settled, his relations with the new dean were not only loyal, but altogether friendly. So also, Bishop Temple did not please him in connection with his relation to the famous volume, "Essays and Reviews," and he said so, and tried to guide him to the position in the matter which he himself thought to be the right one. He was, of course, unsuccessful. That, notwithstanding, did not keep Temple afterwards from speaking of his conduct as "of wonderful gentleness and sweetness," and of him as "a singularly true and devout Christian."

A brother bishop has well summed up his characteristic qualities in these three words—Learning, Humility, Saintliness—in elucidation of which he writes:

"His store of knowledge upon every subject seemed to be inexhaustible, and yet so readily available that it used to flow from his lips without any apparent effort of recollection, or any apparent consciousness that it was more than ordinary information which his hearers shared equally with himself.

"Decrees of Councils, writings of Fathers, events in remoter or nearer Church History, Proceedings of Convocations, Acts of Parliament, Canons, Rubrics, customs of our own or of other Churches, all seemed alike familiar to him as he cited them in their turn and brought them to bear aptly and forcibly upon the questions of the hour. He really seemed as if he had not merely lived, but was actually living in the far-away times he was referring to. He would talk to us of the doings at Nice and Ephesus, or at Hampton Court or the Savoy, as if he had just stepped in amongst us from those councils, and was telling us of yesterday's discussions there. And yet, with all this learning, he was so genuinely, so unaffectedly, humble. He used to defer to the opinions of the youngest and least experienced of his brethren with a sweet old-world courtesy and graciousness that could only have come from a lowliness of heart that esteemed others better than himself.

"He was uniformly gentle, conciliatory, striving always

for the things that made for peace, and though ready, if need be, to die for what he held to be the truth, always ready to admit that others might see truth from other points of view than his—always willing to learn as he certainly was apt to teach.

“But above all, and before all else, his most distinguishing characteristic was holiness. No one could be in his company, even for a few moments, without feeling he was in contact with one who lived always very near to God.

“I used to say of him that it was a lesson in prayer to see him pray. In the worship, and especially in the Communion, with which our Conference used to commence, the look of deep, fervent, and yet happy devotion in his face was a thing to remember. He seemed to feel a solemn delight in speaking to God, and when he spoke of Divine things, it was always with a profound and unaffected mien, and yet with a calm assurance of faith that seemed to bring his hearers nearer to the Divine presence which he so evidently and so entirely realized for himself as he spoke.

“Truly I can say of him—what cannot be said of many men—that I never conversed with him on sacred subjects nor worshiped by his side, without feeling myself a better man.”

In 1869 he was appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and continued in that office for fifteen years.

He was a voluminous author, and a noble man.
Being dead, he yet speaketh.

As to his hymns, there is this to be said: His theory was that the materials for Church hymns were to be found, (1) in the Scriptures, (2) in the writings of Christian antiquity, (3) in the Book of Common Prayer. Some of his hymns are a little “wooden,” but many of them are splendid, and worthy of all honor.

The first lines of those contained in our hymnal are as follows:

- 7 The day is gently sinking to a close.
- 24 O day of rest and gladness.
- 57 Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn.

- 67 Songs of thankfulness and praise.
- 76 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.
- 108 The grave itself a garden is.
- 123 Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 126 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph.
- 179 Hark! the sound of holy voices.
- 211 O God, in whose all-searching eye.
- 278 O Lord, our strength in weakness.
- 385 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.
- 477 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.
- 495 Father of all, from land and sea.
- 556 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

The story of FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER must be told in comparatively few words. He was born June 28, 1814. His educational training was received at Harrow and at Oxford. In 1835 he became a scholar of University College. From the beginning of his residence at Oxford, he attended services at St. Mary's, where he fell under the spell of the fascinating eloquence of John Henry Newman, and became a most zealous partisan. Naturally the prize which he captured during his undergraduate days was a poetical prize. He prepared for Holy Orders, and was ordained August 6, 1837. In 1843 he became Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire. In 1846 he followed Newman into the Church of Rome. After a period spent at St. Wilfrid's, Staffordshire, he went to London, where he established an Oratory, which, in 1854, was removed to Brompton. There he remained in humble and loving service until he was called away by death. His last words were "God be praised!"

As to his poems his biographer writes thus:

"In most of his compositions it is apparent that his master and model was William Wordsworth. When at Ambleside he was a great favorite with the venerable poet, but some years previous to that time he had been proud to style himself a Wordsworthian. The admiration was reciprocal, and on one occasion, when staying at Elton, Mr. Wordsworth remarked, that, 'if it was not for Frederick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of his age.'"

As to his hymns the same authority tells us :

“A few were printed in 1848, for the use of the congregation at St. Wilfrid’s and many others were added in a volume called ‘Jesus and Mary,’ which appeared in 1849. More were given in the ‘Oratory Hymns,’ but in an abridged form, and others remained which had not yet been made public. In order that it might correspond with the Psalter, the author chose the number one hundred and fifty as the limit of his collection, which was published in 1862. In Catholic churches, wherever the English language is spoken, the use of Father Faber’s hymns is almost universal. Some of them, as ‘The Pilgrims of the Night,’ and ‘The Land beyond the Sea,’ are widely circulated as sacred songs. Many are to be found in Protestant collections.”

Seven of these hymns have found their way into our hymnal.

The first lines of these hymns are :

- 22 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.
- 105 Oh come and mourn with me awhile.
- 394 O Paradise, O Paradise.
- 398 Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling.
- 441 My God, how wonderful Thou art.
- 564 Dear Jesus, ever at my side.
- 576 Jesus, gentlest Saviour.

To the man or woman or child possessed of Christlike faith and feeling, some of Faber’s hymns are among the most majestic in our language.

Take for example the one beginning :

Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

and ending,

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

Or the one in which occur the familiar words,

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

I quote the whole of one of these poems, entitled, "The Right Must Win."

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

O there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.



Frederick William Faber



Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then,
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah, God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast Soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field:
Good luck shall crown thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Surely we must count Faber among the sweet singers of the Church of the living God.

Concerning WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, Francis Pigou, late Dean of Bristol, writes as follows:

"Walsham How, of sacred memory, was a man of great personal piety, which shone transparently in him. It characterizes all his widely read writings; his well-known hymns are fragrant with it. All brought into contact with him were conscious of it. He was not a man of great intellectual power, but he was, like St. Barnabas, 'a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost;' and his ministry was singularly owned and blessed of God. It is true that more men are won to God by holiness than by cleverness."

Men like Heber and Keble won great distinction at Oxford for their scholarly attainments, as did Christopher Wordsworth at Cambridge. It was not so with Walsham How. At the time of his final examinations he wrote:

"I have just come out from the science paper, and have been completely nonplussed by it. I expected to do it and logic best, and all my hopes are gone. I believe I could not have made a more decided failure in it. I feel sure that I have lost all chance of a second."

On the list being published his name appeared in the third class.

A year followed of theological study at Durham, and then came his ordination on December 20, 1846.

His first ministerial work was done in a curacy at Kidderminster, and afterwards at Shrewsbury. In 1851 he became rector at Whittington, where he remained as a "country parson," giving himself up to faithful and fruitful service for twenty-eight years. In 1879 he was consecrated Suffragan Bishop for East London, with the title of Bishop of Bedford. In 1888 he became Bishop of Wakefield, which position he nobly filled until his death, August 10, 1897, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

When he was appointed Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Selwyn, the younger, sent to him the following bit of "doggerel" under the heading, "The Cry of the East London Clergy":

How shall we reach these masses dense,
Beneath whose weight we bow?
At last a light breaks through the gloom
And we will show you—How.

As to his work in East London, the following, taken from his biography by his son, is interesting:

"It was a totally new experience that a bishop should be seen continually in the streets of London. Hurrying along, bag in hand, with his quick springy step, he was to be met continually. The occupants of tram-car and omnibus found something new to stare at in a bishop seated opposite in a shovel hat, apron, and gaiters. At first his episcopal dress caused much amusement and many queries as to whom he might be, but after

a time he was pleased to hear it said, 'That's a bishop.' Then there came the time when he was still better pleased to hear, 'That's *the* Bishop,' and he would often tell of his delight when at last the familiar phrase became, 'That's *our* Bishop.' "

The man who could effect such a change must have been a man of the highest power, the power that comes from a great Christian heart.

Many tributes have been spoken in his honor, of which one of the most notable is that of the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter), delivered at a synodical meeting held February 17, 1898, under the presidency of the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan).

I quote one comparatively brief extract:

"In the providence of God there have been given to the English Church bishops of various types. There have not been wanting those whom we may describe as learned bishops, whose vast erudition and whose guiding scholarship have been the glory of their age and the delight of the years that have followed. We have had Archbishop Usher; we have had Bishop Lightfoot. But the Church has also been dowered with another class of bishop—men of robust understanding, of keen intelligence, of logical force, who have buttressed up the strength of the bulwarks of the Church by some powerful work of theology. And so we have had in our day, in the goodness of God's providence, bestowed upon us men like Bishop Butler and men like Bishop Thirlwall, whose strong force and robust and vigorous intellects have been the great refuges for the weak and the doubtful.

"We have had also the brilliant eloquence of men whose eloquent speech has flowed up like a great flood, and has carried refreshment wherever it has gone to attract and persuade the souls of men—men like Jeremy Taylor, men like Bishop Wilberforce, men, your Grace, like your illustrious predecessor. But we are thankful to add that in the order of God's providence there has been another type of bishop, which also has not been wanting as God's gift to us—the man of devout spirit, of cultivated intelligence, of persistent piety; the man of the type, I may say, of Archbishop Leighton, or Bishop Ken.

"And if we were to describe the place which Bishop

Walsham How would be likely to take in the great order of prelates I have described, I think we should assign him a place beside Bishop Ken."

A worthy tribute to a most worthy man.

As a prose author Bishop Walsham How wrote "Plain Words" and other books which were immensely popular and sold by the hundred thousand.

It is quite possible, however, that his hymns will prove to have been his greatest legacy to the Church.

In a supplementary chapter to Bishop How's biography the Bishop of Ripon writes concerning his hymns in a discriminating and eulogistic way.

I quote the concluding paragraph:

"It is the fate of a hymn writer to be forgotten. Of the millions who Sunday after Sunday sing hymns in our churches, not more than a few hundred know or consider whose words they are singing. The hymn remains; the name of the writer passes away. Bishop Walsham How was prepared for this; his ambition was not to be remembered, but to be helpful. He gave free liberty to any to make use of his hymns. It was enough for him if he could enlarge the thanksgivings of the Church or minister by song to the souls of men. There will be few to doubt that his unselfish wish will be fulfilled. Some of his hymns have become already the heritage of the Church of God. They will continue to be sung for long years to come; they will cheer and console the hearts of millions; many who hear will take up their burden and their hope again. We are told that when Melancthon and his comrades, shortly after Luther's death, fled to Weimar, they heard a child singing the stirring words of Luther's 'Ein Feste Burg.' 'Sing, dear daughter, sing,' said Melancthon; 'you know not what great people you are comforting.' Even so the voice of the hymn writer carries comfort to unknown hearts and to after ages.

"The writer dies; the hymn remains; the song goes on; tired men listen and find rest. Struggling men are encouraged to struggle on again; statesmen, philanthropists, the broken-hearted and the despairing, are helped. Sing on: you know not

what great people you are comforting. Such a reward is better than fame. It is as if, even after life is ended, the power to give a cup of cold water to a fainting soul in the name of Christ was not denied to the singer of the Church. To be praised is the ambition of the world; to be a blessing is the abundant satisfaction of those who, like Bishop Walsham How, sing because their hearts are full, and who, like their Lord, find their joy in loving service of their fellow men."

In the hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, eighteen of Bishop How's hymns have found a valued place. Their numbers are 5, 68, 95, 149, 152, 156, 159, 164, 169, 176, 187, 268, 272, 284, 357, 533, 572, 598. The first nine of these were written for special days, for Friday, for Epiphany, for Holy Week, for the Feast of the Circumcision, for the Purification, for the Annunciation, for St. Mark's Day, for St. Peter's Day, for St. Matthew's Day. They are less familiar, less frequently sung, than the others of which I quote the first lines:

- 176 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.
- 187 To Thee our God we fly.
- 268 We give Thee but Thine own.
- 272 O Thou through suffering perfect made.
- 284 O word of God incarnate.
- 357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.
- 533 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.
- 572 Lord, Thy children guide and keep.
- 598 Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord.

In 1897 Bishop Walsham How was asked to write a hymn to be sung throughout Great Britain, in all worshiping assemblies, upon the occasion of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of her honored Majesty, Queen Victoria. The music was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. I quote the whole of this noble hymn:

O King of kings, whose reign of old
 Hath been from everlasting,
 Before whose throne their crowns of gold
 The white-robed saints are casting;

While all the shining courts on high
With angel songs are ringing,
Oh let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
The happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing
'Tis Thou hast dowered our queenly throne
With sixty years of blessing.

Oh Royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning!
Oh happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurled,
All tyrant wrongs repelling,
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving.
To larger love, and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

This is a notable hymn, written for a rare and great occasion, an occasion such as comes but once in several centuries. To have written a hymn to be sung by many millions of people in all parts of a great empire, on one marked day, is indeed a distinguished honor. Still it is a greater honor to have written the majestic lines beginning, "For all the saints, who from their labors rest," our mighty anthem for All Saints' Day.

This hymn was sung in Trinity Church, Boston, at the funeral of Phillips Brooks, together with "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." It will continue to be sung by millions in the ages to come.

When Frederic Dan Huntington, first Bishop of Central New York, lay dying, so his daughter, who wrote his biography, tells us, the doctor asked him how he was, and he replied quite clearly, "Purified as by fire." These were the last articulate words, strikingly in accord with the spirit of his verses written not long before:

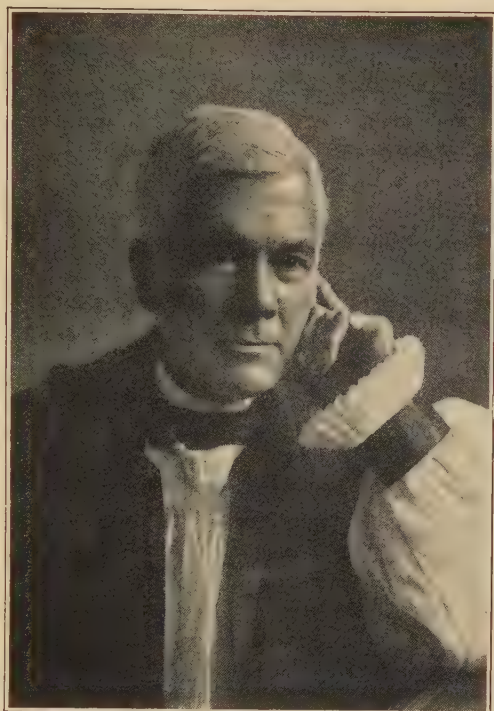
Come, when pain's throbbing pulse in brain and nerves is burning,
O form of Man! that moved among the faithful three,
These earth-enkindled flames to robes of glory turning;
Walk "through the fire," peace-giving Son of God, with me!

"Before the sun sank low in the west," his daughter adds, "that hour so often dwelt upon by him with pathetic longing, the light eternal shone upon his vision.

"He was laid to rest beside his father and mother, brothers and sisters, in the old cemetery where ancestors for generations had slept. There was no opportunity for pomp and ceremonial in the simple country funeral, and it was what he would have liked best. * * * At the grave, clergy and choristers in their robes, from near and far, with friends and neighbors, gathered for the solemn Committal. The day was beautiful,—full of promise of the better world to come.

"During the services a slight veil covered the sky, but when the uplifted voices reached the sixth verse of the hymn, 'For all the saints, who from their labors rest,' a brilliant shaft of light from the sinking sun broke across the vistas of hillside and meadow, kindling the vestments of those ministering into an almost unearthly radiance, with a reminder to the assembled worshipers of that other 'golden evening' which 'brightens in the west' and of the 'yet more glorious day.'"

"Purified by fire!" Purified here, and glorified hereafter! That was the vision of William Walsham How. That vision gave him ecstatic power. "The distant triumph song" rang in his ears. "The victor's crown of gold" irradiated his steps. And so he was made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.



William Walsham How



For my concluding words in this brief study I could choose none better than these:

176 For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.

Alleluia.

Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia.

IX.

Phillips Brooks
Arthur Cleveland Coxe
George Burgess
Francis Scott Key
Timothy Dwight
and Other American Hymn Writers

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

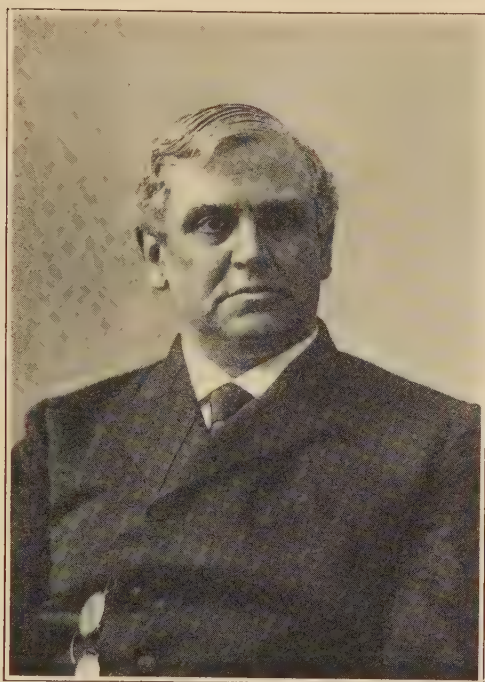
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

* * * * *

Venite Exultemus, there,
Those ancient scholars sung,
And Jubilate Domino
The vaulted alleys rung:
And our gray pile will tremble oft
Beneath the organ's roar,
When here those very matin-songs
With high Te Deum pour!

And where are kings and empires now,
Since then, that went and came?
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same!
And these that sing shall pass away:
New choirs their room shall fill!
Be sure thy children's children here
Shall hear those anthems still.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.



Phillips Brooks



IX.

PHILLIPS BROOKS,
ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE,
GEORGE BURGESS,
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY,
TIMOTHY DWIGHT,
AND OTHER AMERICAN HYMN WRITERS.

We turn now to several American authors of some of our hymns, who were not only writers of mark, but also men of power.

I begin with our most colossal man, that great preacher of Philadelphia and Boston, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

You will observe that I do not say Bishop Brooks. He was bishop only for a little more than a year, and the Episcopate, as a mark of distinction, he never prized. Indeed, he made little of the office—too little—and still less of many of those who filled it. His thought was that to be the mightiest of preachers was to be the mightiest of men. The Sunday following Henry Ward Beecher's death, he spoke of him as "the greatest preacher in America," and then went on to add, "the greatest preacher means the greatest power in the land."

It was not as a bishop that Phillips Brooks was supremely great, but as a preacher of the everlasting Gospel. That was his highest ambition, and that was his glorious accomplishment. Notice for just a minute the record of how one of his sermons influenced one of the foremost of Scotland's sons, the great Principal Tulloch. Writing from Boston, April 26, 1874, he said:

"I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life—I use the word in no American sense—from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here, equal to the

best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always. I have never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined, so much reach of mind, and such a depth of insight and soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted."

Another great Scotchman, the Rev. Dr. A. B. Bruce, speaks of his preaching in an equally eulogistic way. So Dr. Weir Mitchell declares, that of all the men he has ever met he regards Phillips Brooks as the one man entirely great. Bishop Clark called him, not too strongly, the Shakespeare of the pulpit.

The words spoken and written concerning Phillips Brooks, if gathered together, would fill many volumes.

One wise and discriminating utterance may serve as a sample. It is taken from "A History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany.

"At once, on emerging from the seminary, he became pre-eminent in the pulpit, and from the very beginning continued till his death the most powerful and fascinating and uplifting preacher the Protestant Episcopal Church has ever known. He drew all sorts and conditions of men and women in vast assemblies about him, and they hung breathless on his lips, and went home from his sermons feeling that a strong wind of God had blown freshness and courage and hope and aspiration into their souls. It is impossible to say whose lives he touched most potently, whether the students of Harvard, or the merchants and physicians of Philadelphia, or the judges, statesmen, and scholars of Boston, or the clerks and seamstresses and artisans everywhere. No one but felt and responded to the nobleness of his nature and the majesty of his spirit as he stood before them to plead with them, as the children of God, to rise to the height of the divine possibilities within them, and walk as children of the light and of the day. It is difficult, if not impossible, to analyze his power. He had affluent gifts, but it did not lie in them. He had an exquisite diction which sang its sentiment into the soul, and a wealth of illustration which constituted him a veritable seer to whom nature laid bare the secrets of her

spiritual suggestions, together with a beautiful simplicity of style which transforms his writings into literature. Mentally he had a clear perception of the fundamental truths of God and man, a noble philosophy of life, a keen appreciation of the forces moving in society, an intense appreciation of all genuine forms of life. But it was the mystic touch of genius which took all the rich endowments of his nature, and all the acquirements of his scholarship, and all his varied culture and experience of men, and from out of them evoked a power of spiritual sympathy which made him supreme as an inspiration and a guide."

Phillips Brooks has been fortunate in his biographer, the Rev. Dr. A. G. V. Allen. No other man could have done so well. The veil is drawn over the small "limitations" of this wonderful man, his immense power and goodness are splendidly portrayed, so that he will go down the ages as one of the most gifted and most mighty of all the Christian teachers and Christian soldiers of the nineteenth century.

We give merely two dates, and one great fact.

He was born in Boston, December 13, 1835. He died in the same city, January 23, 1893.

From his mother came most largely the inspiration of his genius and the grandeur of his life.

Only one of his carols has found its way into our hymnal, but that is a message to children, young and old:

58 O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

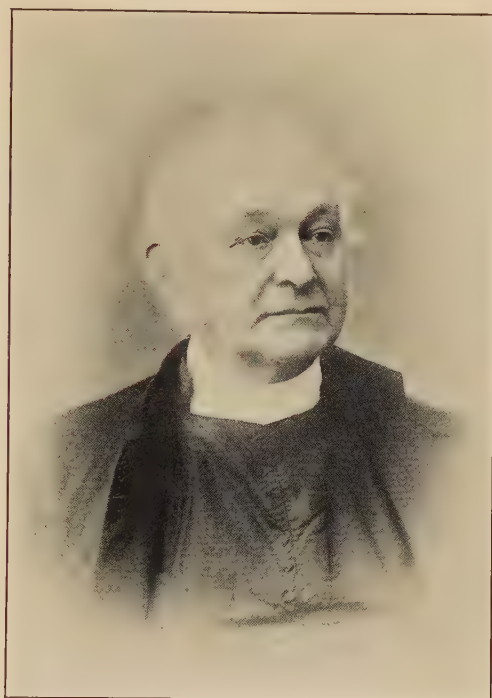
O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

By reason of its bearing upon our hymnal the following, taken from "Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops," by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry Codman Potter, is of special interest:

"He" (the reference is to Phillips Brooks) "did not love lawmaking, and he did not pretend to. In the only General Convention in which he sat, he was one of the junior bishops; and his place, as such, in the House of Bishops, was near the door. I was going out of it, one day when, as I passed his seat, he plucked my sleeve and, drawing me down, whispered in my ear, 'Henry, *is it always as dull as this?*'"

"It was inevitable that, to him, the House of Bishops should be dull. As a newcomer there, he was expected to be silent; and as a listener he could only hope to hear rather dry discussions concerning terms and phrases in which he could find little to interest him. But the fine feature in that whole situation consisted in his scrupulous attendance and in his painstaking attention. Parliamentary technicalities, canonical amendments, titular designations and distinctions, in no wise appealed to him. But he followed the business of the House with scrupulous vigilance, and with one exception in unbroken silence.

"That exception had in it a note of such absolute simplicity and almost boyish enthusiasm that I cannot but recall it.



Arthur Cleveland Coxe



"We were listening to the report of the joint committee on the Hymnal. Originally, as some of my readers will remember, there was, bound up with the Prayer Book, a metrical version of certain psalms, and a selection of hymns, little more than two hundred in number and of very variable quality. It had been decided to substitute for these a proper Hymnal; and the best talent in the Church had, for two or three General Conventions, and for the years between them, devoted itself, bishops, presbyters, and laymen, to the preparation of this Hymnal. At last the work was completed; and after considerable previous discussion, the committee submitted the book in the House of Bishops for its final adoption.

"Until this time, Bishop Brooks had not, so far as I can remember, opened his lips in the House of Bishops. But, as the chairman of the joint committee on the Hymnal sat down, the Bishop rose, with his characteristic modesty, and spoke in substance as follows:

"One can readily understand, and heartily sympathize with, many of the changes in our collection of hymns of which the able report of the joint committee is the evidence. There is a most gratifying enlargement of the old collection, and some hymns which obviously were scarcely worthy of a place in it have disappeared. But a hymn has two values, one of which is doctrinal, and the other literary, and added to these is that often mightiest power which comes from association. I venture to submit, Mr. Chairman, that that last is pre-eminently true of the hymn beginning "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." And along that line the Bishop of Massachusetts spoke with great tenderness and power. He made no high claim for the hymn on the ground of its literary merits; but he dwelt with persuasive earnestness upon its very sacred associations with the deepest life of individual believers; and concluded by expressing his regret that the committee had seen fit to omit it, and he then made a motion that it be restored.

"As he sat down, there sprang to his feet a bishop who had most vehemently opposed his confirmation, and who was generally reckoned to have been the most active foe to his admission to the House of Bishops. With impassioned eloquence, he

seconded the motion of the Bishop of Massachusetts, and expressed, with vehement speech, his delight in doing so, and his hearty concurrence with every argument that the Bishop had used. Without further debate the vote was taken on the resolution, and carried by a large majority; and the hymn (No. 636) may be found to-day in the Episcopal Hymnal.

"Its author, as some who read these words may remember, was Keen, not like Neale, Wesley, Toplady, Watts, Frances Havergal, or others, famous for hymn writing, or otherwise. But the hymn is interwoven with the child-life of many devout men, and, as doubtless was the case in this instance, with memories of a sainted mother. And who shall say what thoughts awoke in the breast of this man of genius who combined the splendor of rare gifts with a singularly simple and child-like faith, as he plead for that grand old hymn? Sacred were the lips that once had taught it. Imperishable was the faith that, at a mother's knee, had learned it."

Another great and good man, who was a poet as well as a scholar and saint, who had much to do with the movement of years which finally resulted in the hymnal we now possess, was GEORGE BURGESS, first Bishop of Maine. Any man or woman who loves Christian wisdom and sanctity, will do well to read his biography. A few lines taken from a memorial tablet in Christ Church, Gardiner, well describes his character:

Learned, judicious, saintly;
Living for Christ and the Church;
Loving all, beloved by all;
Faithful in every trust, even unto death.

Other words, adopted at a meeting held in the city of New York, are none too strong:

"His devoutness was so constant, that we can hardly think of him as having devotional periods; his zeal so steady, as not to be quickened by impulse; his benevolence so fervid, that it could burn no brighter with occasion. In the character thus rounded and balanced, there was a native nobility of manhood. With the imprinted power of grace and self-consecration to God

and acting itself out in unwearing labors, it gave us the saintly life of Bishop Burgess as a man who literally walked with God."

I quote one or two passages from a chapter of his admirable biography, concerning his devotional habits:

"It would, perhaps, be difficult for the world to realize that a man so constantly occupied could find so much time for prayer as he found. His seasons of prayer were frequent rather than prolonged. His prayers were of the most simple, quiet, unimpassioned character; as Doddridge's prayers have been described, 'business-like.' Or rather they were like the requests of a child to his father; of a child who is in earnest, and yet willing to accept a denial, if his father thinks a refusal best for him. He never or seldom experienced those hours of ecstatic communion with God, of which one sometimes reads, and which are so discouraging to ordinary, common-place Christians; but every act was sanctified by prayer. He never left his study to attend a service, nor returned to it afterwards, without a few moments of prayer. If he were going on a journey, he knelt for a minute, in company with the nearest members of his family, to ask upon it a blessing.

"On one or two occasions, when talking freely but confidentially, he mentioned some of his habits. Three times every day, in his private morning and evening devotions and at noon, he prayed by name for every clergyman and candidate for orders in the Diocese. About nine o'clock in the morning, he gave a few minutes to meditation and prayer for humility and repentance; about three in the afternoon, for preparation and readiness to die. At some convenient time, in the early part of the evening, before his mind was too much wearied by the labors of the day, he devoted a short time to self-examination and prayer. Between nine and ten came family prayers, and toward midnight he read from Jenks' Devotions, closing again with more private petitions. On Sunday, before going to the morning service, he prayed for all 'spiritual pastors,' and at noon for increase of love to God and charity to all men. On occasions when the Holy Communion was received, he used special prayers both before and after the service, and at some early hour on Sunday evenings he offered a variety of prayers

for many classes of persons, concluding with petitions for each member of his own family. During Lent, his devotional exercises were somewhat increased."

In the choice of hymns looking to the improvement of our hymnal he did a great deal of work. Of one committee meeting when this subject was under consideration, the Rev. Dr. Francis Wharton writes:

"Two things were very remarkable about him at these meetings. One was the exactness and determination with which he kept to the work, whose direction fell mainly into his hands as chairman. The other was the seraphic spirit by which he seemed to be possessed, throwing its halo over him in the merest detail. Sometimes, in reading or quoting a hymn, his face seemed to be lit up as with glory, and, on one occasion, when repeating the hymn of Keble,

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,

his voice and face seemed almost transfigured, and remain on my mind with a vividness that can never be effaced."

Bishop Burgess was born in Providence, R. I., October 31, 1809, and died at sea near Hayti, April 23, 1866.

It is an interesting coincidence that the words of his hymn are these:

308 While o'er the deep Thy servants sail,
Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
Oh, let Thy heavenly breezes blow.

If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye.
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know Thee near.

When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark:
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side.



George Burgess



If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

Another bishop of the American Church who was distinguished as a poet was ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, second Bishop of Western New York. He was the son of a justly renowned Presbyterian minister, and was born May 10, 1818. He died July 20, 1896.

His own words concerning Bishop Kerfoot may well be applied to himself:

"His ambition was to be largely useful. He lived for no private ends; emphatically his was that spirit so eloquently eulogized by Burke—a 'public spirit.' No sordid coveting of wealth, no petty eagerness for distinction, much less was his a capacity to intrigue for promotion, to pant for place, to envy more fortunate brethren, or to exalt self by base detraction. I believe his master-motive was the love of Christ, the love of souls, and a burning zeal for the service of that Church in which he believed are garnered up the treasures of grace that is sacramental, with all that comes to us from a primitive antiquity and the long line of Truth's witnesses and a divine succession of the benefactors of the human race."

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Bishop Coxe is better described by the word brilliant than by the word weighty, by the word ornamental rather than by the word solid.

He himself has taught us to sing:

The lark is in the sky, and his morning note is pouring;
He hath a wing to fly, so he's soaring, Christian, soaring!
His nest is on the ground, but only in the night;
For he loves the matin-sound, and the highest heaven's height.
Hark, Christian, hark! at heaven-door he sings!
And be thou like the lark, with thy soaring spirit-wings!

Bishop Coxe soared at times not only into regions of heavenly glory, but also into the regions of ethereal fancy; not only into the realm of the invisible, but into the realm of the impracticable as well. Another less gifted than he might have

made a better bishop, but as a man he carried with him a rare and abiding charm. How wonderful his eloquence! How striking and how stirring some of his sacred songs!

One of his hymns in our hymnal begins:

314 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright.

Another is the splendid Missionary hymn:

257 Saviour, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!

Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.

Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

It is generally known that Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner." It is not generally known that he was a devout communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

As to the most interesting events of his life the following,

taken from the National Cyclopædia of American Biography, is a summary:

"FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, lawyer and author, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was the son of John Ross Key, a revolutionary officer, and nephew of Philip Barton Key, a noted lawyer. His early education was under the immediate supervision of his father, who sent him to St. John's College, where he was graduated in 1798. After his graduation he studied law in the office of his uncle at Annapolis. In 1801 he began practice in Fredericktown, Maryland, but in a few years removed to Washington, where he became district attorney for the District of Columbia. In 1814, when the British attacked Washington, the commanding officers, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, made their headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the residence of Dr. William Beanes, who was a friend of Key, and whom they captured and held as prisoner. Key matured a plan to release his friend, and secured the co-operation of President Madison, who placed at Key's disposal a vessel, and instructed John S. Skinner, the agent for the exchange of prisoners, to accompany him. Upon the arrival of the force under Skinner, General Ross consented to release Dr. Beanes, but stipulated that the whole party should remain where they were during the attack upon Baltimore. Skinner and Key were sent on board the *Surprise*, commanded by Sir Thomas Cockburn, the admiral's son, though they were soon restored to their own vessel, from which they witnessed the bombardment. From their position the flag on Fort McHenry could be seen, though it was obscured by the smoke and darkness. Just before dawn the firing ceased, and the prisoners looked anxiously to see which flag floated over the fort, and were rejoiced to find that the American flag was still there. Key immediately wrote the draft of a song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which became popular at once, and gave him everlasting fame."

As having a bearing upon his Christian character, Bishop Meade writes of him as "my most esteemed friend," and Bishop Johns says concerning him:

"The rare genius of this distinguished gentleman—his

great natural refinement and grace—and his extraordinary conversational powers, combined with his intelligent, ardent, and active piety, rendered him a charming companion, and an invaluable friend. He was highly gifted as a poet, and though the pieces which he has left us are few and brief—evidently produced without effort or elaboration—they speak to the patriotism and the piety of the people, and have embalmed his memory in the history of the country, and in the devotions of the Church which he loved.”

None but a religious man could have written :

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, “In God is our trust;”
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

None but a Christian man could have written :

443 Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love’s devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Lord, this bosom’s ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express.
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant’s prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul’s chief treasure,
Love’s pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.



Francis Scott Key



This is a glowing story of personal religious experience. It tells of the "pardoning grace that saves," and the "bliss God's love bestows." It cries aloud:

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee.

It sings of "guilt-born fear," and then it points to the "blood-stained cross." It recalls the narrative of Bunyan:

"So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell off from his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more.

"Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

No wonder at his "bosom's ardent feeling!" No wonder that God's grace became his "soul's chief treasure!" No wonder that his petition rose from the very depths of his heart, "Let my life show forth Thy praise!"

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, whom we are next to consider, belonged to an earlier generation. His life has been often sketched with skill, not long ago by Moses Coit Tyler. From his sketch I take two or three colorings. "Timothy Dwight, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, and himself illustrious as a theologian, teacher, writer, orator, man of affairs, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the fourteenth of May, 1752. He was graduated at Yale College in 1769. During the subsequent two years, he taught in a grammar-school in New Haven. From 1771 to 1777 he was a tutor in Yale College. From the autumn of that year until the autumn of the year following, he acted as chaplain in the American army. From 1778 to 1783 he lived at the paternal home, in Northampton, working upon the farm, preaching the Gospel, and for two terms serving as a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. From November, 1783, to September, 1795, he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Greenfield, Connecticut. At the date last

mentioned, he entered upon the presidency of Yale College, in which office he died on the eleventh of January, 1817.

"These nude statistics give us the exterior frame-work of a life not uncommonly long, almost never exempt from severe bodily pain, but pervaded throughout by singular activity, power and productiveness, and challenging the public admiration, then and since then, by its breadth, versatility, and robust sense; its brilliance, its purity, its dignity of tone, its moral aggressiveness, its many-sided and benign achievement.

"Almost as soon as he was able to speak, he had begun to receive regular instruction in books. He had learned the alphabet at a single lesson. Before he was four years old, he had learned to read the Bible easily and correctly. While still a small boy, and listening to the talk which he often heard in his father's house, concerning the famous men of the world, he 'formed a settled resolution * * * to equal those whose talents and character he had heard so highly extolled.' Thenceforward to his last breath, the most persistent trait of this person seems to be a note of aspiration,—a tireless energy of purpose to be great. At six years of age he began to attend the grammar-school; and as his father thought him still too young to study Latin, he used to forage among the books of his schoolmates while they were at play, and thus feloniously he learned the whole of Lily's Grammar. When at last his father's consent was obtained, he wrought at Latin and Greek with so much fierceness that he would have been quite ready, when only eight years old, for the freshman class at Yale College, had it not been for the sudden break-up of the grammar-school, and his fortunate return to his mother, who at once proceeded to appease his frenzy for knowledge by a diversion into the fields of history and geography."

Passing on rapidly to the period of maturity, Dr. Tyler continues: "So far as could be tested by his associates, his knowledge was nearly boundless, and was as wonderful with reference to small things as to great. 'I think,' said one of the ablest of his pupils, 'I never knew the man who took so deep an interest in everything—the best mode of cultivating a cabbage, as well as the phenomena of the heavens, or the

employments of angels.' He was as pleased to talk with lowly people as with lofty ones,—his kitchen servant, the college janitor, blacksmiths, hostlers, boatmen, ploughmen; he drew from them what they best knew, and he well paid them in kind for what they gave.

"They who looked upon him from day to day thought him in no respect more extraordinary than in the power of his spirit to overstep and conquer his bodily limitations. During the last forty years of his life, he was seldom free from great anguish in the region of the head, just back of the eyes, and was seldom able to employ his own eyesight for more than a quarter of an hour in any one day. In spite of this, he continued to be one of the men the best informed of his time, with respect to the doings of the world in letters, science, criticism, invention, industry, politics, war. Being unable, for the work of attention and memory, to trust to mechanical assistance, it happened in his case that every faculty which has to do with the seizing and holding of knowledge, grew to enormous strength. Whatsoever found admission to his mind was straightway bestowed in its proper place, and there abode steadfast, being ever afterward at command." * * *

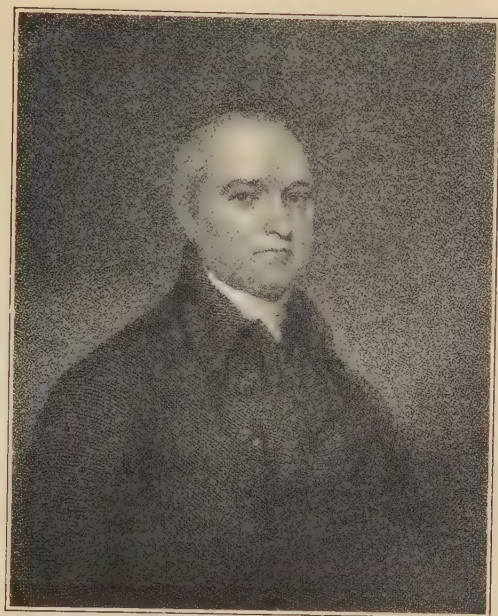
"At the age of forty-three, he became president of Yale College. The institution had been in a deplorable state. Its true greatness begins with the day when he took command of it. With the joy of a strong man conscious that he had come to a task calling for all his powers, and worthy of them all, he gave himself, for the remainder of his life, and without reserve or stint, to the various and the enormous labors which it pleased him to regard as attaching to his office. The work of five different academic functions,—each enough for the energies of a single ordinary man,—he seized and performed alone; the general superintendence of the college; the entire instruction of the senior class, mainly in logic, ethics and metaphysics; the professorship of literature and oratory; the professorship of theology; finally, the college chaplaincy. His commanding position before the whole country and his great fame as an orator brought upon him, also, many demands for public service beyond the college walls. He was visited by most strangers

passing through the place; his counsel was sought by young and old, by preachers, politicians, law-makers, magistrates; he became, as one of his pupils described him, 'a father to New England,—her moral legislator.' In the churches, his authority rose to such predominance that envious and ungodly persons were wont to avenge themselves by alluding to him as, 'Old Pope Dwight,' while children grew up in the faith that he was 'second only to St. Paul.' So vast, indeed, and so benign was his general influence upon American society, as an educator, preacher, publicist, a leader of men, a well-nigh resistless moral and intellectual chieftain, that one eminent judge who knew him declared him to have been next to Washington as a national benefactor."

It was, however, as a champion of the Christian religion that President Dwight did his best and highest work. When he began at Yale the communicants in the college numbered four or five. He, himself, thus described the situation: "Striplings, scarcely fledged, suddenly found that the world had been involved in general darkness through the long succession of preceding ages, and that the light of wisdom had just begun to dawn upon the human race." * * * "Religion, they discovered, on the one hand, to be a vision of dotards and nurses; and, on the other, a system of fraud and trick, imposed by priestcraft, for base purposes, upon the ignorant multitude."

Almost unaided he turned the tide, and, with his students, Christianity took the place of French infidelity. That was indeed a glorious, an immortal triumph.

As to his hymns there is this to say: In 1801 he issued a volume with the following title: "The Psalms of David, Imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian Use and Worship, by I. Watts, D.D. A New Edition, in which the Psalms omitted by Dr. Watts are versified, local passages are altered, and a number of Psalms are versified anew, in proper Metres, by Timothy Dwight, D.D., President of Yale College. At the Request of the General Association of Connecticut. To the Psalms is added a Collection of Hymns." In this collection there was one hymn, his version



Timothy Dwight



of Psalm 137, which has gone around the world and been sung by "countless thousands." That hymn expressed the deepest conviction of his mind and heart:

485 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

RAY PALMER is the most highly esteemed of all American hymn writers. Three of his hymns have a place in our hymnal. One of these, his rendering of the *Jesu dulcis memoria*, is widely known. Another begins thus:

297 Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,
Enter this temple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glory fill the place.

This hymn was written for the Consecration of the Belleville Congregational Church in Newark, New Jersey, March 31, 1875, of which church he was pastor. His greatest hymn,

however, and one of the greatest of all our hymns, is the following:

345 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

This hymn was written in 1830, just after the author's graduation from Yale College and when he was a resident of New York. Of its origin, he himself has given us the following account:

"It had no *external* occasion whatever. Having been accustomed almost from childhood, through an inherited propensity, perhaps, to the occasional expression of what his heart felt in the form of verse, it was in accordance with this habit, and in an hour when Christ, in the riches of His grace and

love, was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion, that the piece was composed. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. Away from outward excitement, in the quiet of his chamber, and with a deep consciousness of his own needs, the writer transferred as faithfully as he could to paper what at the time was passing within him. Six stanzas were composed, and imperfectly written, first on a loose sheet, and then accurately copied into a small morocco-covered book, which for such purposes the author was accustomed to carry in his pocket. This first complete copy is still (1875) preserved. It is well remembered that when writing the last line, 'A ransomed soul,' the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, and suggested the theme of eternal praises, moved the writer to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears.

"A year or two after the hymn was written, and when no one, so far as can be recollected, had ever seen it, Dr. Lowell Mason met the author in the street in Boston, and requested him to furnish some hymns for a Hymn and Tune Book which, in connection with Dr. Hastings, of New York, he was about to publish. The little book containing it was shown him and he asked a copy. We stepped into a store together, and a copy was made and given him, which, without much notice, he put in his pocket. On sitting down at home and looking it over, he became so much interested in it that he wrote for it the tune 'Olivet,' in which it has almost universally been sung. Two or three days afterward we met again in the street, when, scarcely waiting to salute the writer, he earnestly exclaimed, 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."'"

Ray Palmer, Doctor in Divinity, was born in Rhode Island, November 12, 1808. His work, as a Christian minister, was done in Maine, New York and New Jersey. There are many good things to be said about him. One of the best is that he became an intimate friend of Mark Hopkins, not the Mark Hopkins who made money in California, but the great

Mark Hopkins, who made men at Williams College. Under date of November 24, 1883, Dr. Hopkins wrote to Dr. Palmer: "Preserved in amber—that is what I said to myself as I found your book, the illustrated copy of 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' on my return from my recitation this morning. However, that is not the kind of amber in which that hymn will be preserved. It will be in the hearts and voices of Christians till the end of time, and I congratulate you on having done such a work that will thus 'follow you.' "

One of the most stirring of hymns is the following:

582 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner!
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.



Ray Palmer



To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

As the circumstances under which this hymn was written are extraordinary, they may well be recalled at a little length. The author of the hymn was GEORGE DUFFIELD, a Presbyterian minister, who had charge of a Philadelphia church from 1852 till 1861, a period which covered the time of the Great Revival of 1858. One of the leaders in that movement was Dudley Atkins Tyng, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, of great force of character and rare personal loveliness, resembling, it is said, his maternal grandfather, Bishop Griswold, in gentleness, and his famous father, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, in courage and zeal. Of the son's death the father writes as follows: "He had passed the whole of Tuesday the 13th of April in his study. In the afternoon, he walked to his barn, where his laborers were at work with a common horse-power, connected with some farming machine. He stood on the right side of the mule which was at work, patting the animal on the head, in his usual gentleness of spirit. The right side of his study gown was caught by the small cog-wheel on the axle. Probably before he discovered the fact, he was dragged down by this winding of his dress, and fell with his right arm upon the large wheel, beyond any power which he had of resistance. The man who was attending the machine discovered him in a moment in this condition, but before he could stop the mule, the cogs had ground the flesh from the bone, from the elbow to the shoulder. The resistance of the bones united with the brake to stop the wheels, but not until a death-wound was made, which no human skill or power could avail to cure." * * * "The funeral services of this beloved son were celebrated on Thursday, the 22d of April, at 'Concert Hall,' Chestnut Street, in which his Church was accustomed to assemble for worship, and where but ten days before he had been preaching to them the Word of God, with his accustomed earnestness. What unprecedented honors were paid to his

memory in that sublime and overwhelming spectacle of his funeral! How strange seemed the fact that respect for a private youthful minister of Christ should thus gather crowds of sympathizing thousands, literally to stop the passages of the streets of a busy city in the very noon of its earthly engagements! How wonderful the testimony which collected and venerated ministers of Christ bore to his character, fidelity, and usefulness!"

A whole community was moved by this sad and seemingly untimely death, all the more by reason of the deep religious feeling which everywhere prevailed. Mr. Tyng's dying message to his Christian brethren had been, "Tell them to stand up for Jesus." This message fell upon Dr. Duffield's heart as good seed. He was led to preach a sermon, to his congregation, from the words, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt with truth and having on the breast-plate of righteousness." The hymn was written as the closing exhortation of the sermon. It struck fire, and the flames went abroad. They have warmed human hearts since then, and still are warming them to-day.

One other stirring American hymn merits a word of attention. It was written by SAMUEL WOLCOTT, a Congregational clergyman, like so many others a graduate of Yale College, and of Andover Theological Seminary. As he tells us, he had never put two lines together until he was fifty-five years old. He then tried to write a hymn, with a fairly successful result. Soon afterwards the Young Men's Christian Associations, of Ohio, met in Cleveland, where he was pastor of a church. He was attracted by some evergreen lettering over the pulpit, "Christ for the World and the World for Christ." His heart immediately began to burn within him, and walking the streets, journeying homewards, the verses shaped themselves:

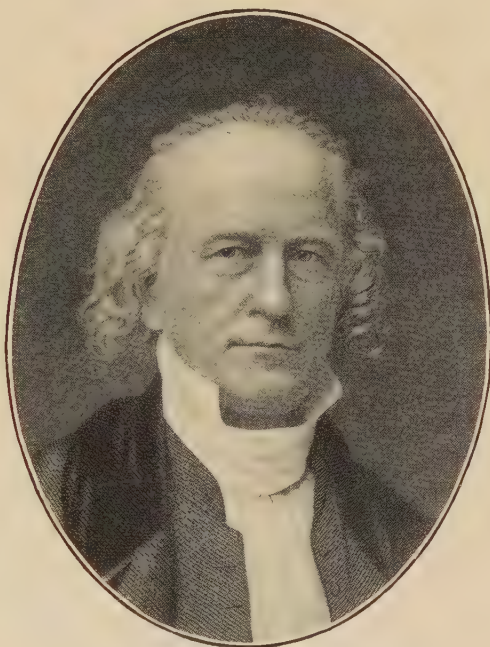
580 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

American thought is expansive. It readily takes in the ideas of Universal Evangelization. "Christ for the World." What better motto can American Christianity lift to the skies?



George Washington Doane



X.

George Washington Doane
William Augustus Muhlenberg

"What is that, Mother?"

"The eagle, boy!

Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, on his own mountain vigour, relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on:
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line."

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

* * * * *

Brothers in Christ! our watchword this,
What He, the Elder Brother, said—
The sign whereby men know we're His,
Our mutual love, through Him, our Head.

Brothers in Christ! Then let no fight
For sectic form, or party creed,
Deaden our love, or slack our might,
If in one Lord we're bound indeed.

* * * * *

Brothers in Christ! our Leader He,
Whose Cross shall bow each adverse host,
All praise to Him for victory,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

X.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

Two other distinguished American authors must needs be more particularly considered, who were writers of hymns, and who also had not a little to do with awakening a much needed interest in the hymnody of our American Church, GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, second Bishop of New Jersey, and WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, founder of great Christian charities.

Bishop Doane, father of the present Bishop of Albany, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, May 27, 1799, and died at Burlington, New Jersey, April 23, 1859. He was a graduate of Union College and afterwards a student in the General Theological Seminary. For a time he was a professor at Washington (now Trinity) College at Hartford, Connecticut, and afterward rector of Trinity Church, Boston. When he was thirty-three years old, he was chosen Bishop of New Jersey, and consecrated October 31, 1832. He began his work with rare earnestness and devotion. Wonderful growth resulted. When he commenced his episcopate the clergy numbered eighteen. When he died, after twenty-seven years of splendid service, that number had increased to ninety-eight.

Other figures tell similar stories. Taken altogether, he was one of the most gifted men our country has produced. Nevertheless, as Dr. Mahan puts it, he was "the butt of accusations as gross as those which in the fourth century caused Athanasius to be twice condemned by synods of his peers, and drove him at least five times from his home and see."

The case was this: For the good of the Church, as he thought, he was led to tread the pathway of Christian education. He had scarcely begun when the disastrous panic of

1837 swept the country as a devouring fire. He pulled through that destructive period, but years afterwards, as large expansion came, he was, to use his own language, "left with two most prosperous institutions, whose annual receipts were not less than \$70,000, and with an unmanageable debt." He was forced into bankruptcy. The usurers howled.

Concerning this period his son writes:

"With utmost tenderness for the fair fame of one who has given me the proudest heritage of earth, to bear his name, I am willing, nay, I am proud, that all the truth should stand, and tell the motives, the manner, the spirit, with which he bore himself and bore it all. The imprudence of his too sanguine and enthusiastic confidence, which found its fullest penalty, in the keen sufferings he felt, for the losses it entailed on others, was willing to lose all, and looked for a milder judgment from God than man would give it here."

The matter was brought before the Diocesan Convention of New Jersey, and afterwards, before the House of Bishops.

The home feeling was well expressed in the words paraphrasing the old ballad about "Thirty thousand Cornishmen:"

Rise we, with one accord
To shield Thy servant, Lord;
And down we kneel and humbly pray,
God give the right award;
For shall our Bishop die,
Shall our good Bishop die,
Then thirty thousand Jersey boys
Will know the reason why.

The Diocesan Convention stood by the Bishop with great unanimity, and the House of Bishops "after prolonged consideration, and the utmost delicacy towards everyone concerned, came to the unanimous conclusion to dismiss the case."

The Bishop of Albany writes:

"But this all over, when his innocence of crime was vindicated, and a victory of his principles achieved, he was withheld by no false shame, or boastful pride from this statement:

"The Respondent, the Bishop of New Jersey, readily admitting the purity of the motives of the Presenters in making

the Presentment, and regarding the case as now terminated by the withdrawal of the same, asks the Court to receive and put on its record this statement under his hand, viz.:

“That in carrying on the two institutions, St. Mary’s Hall and Burlington College, as he believes, for the good of the Church, he had, while they were under his sole management, been led, by pecuniary pressure, which fell unexpectedly upon him, into imprudence of word and act, which, though done with the purest intention, he now feels were unbecoming in him, as a Bishop in the Church of God, and deeply deplores; and having made an assignment of all his property for the benefit of all his creditors, he now renews the declaration of intention which he has constantly made, and thus far has acted on to his utmost ability, in the fear of God and in dependence on His blessing, to devote his means, efforts and influence to the payment, principal and interest, of all just demands upon him, and the fulfilment of all his promises, in this matter.’ ”

The most valuable single testimony bearing upon this period of difficulty is that of the Rev. Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. It is contained in a sermon published soon after the Bishop’s death. These good men had been neighbors in Burlington for twenty-one years. They were never intimate, but both were brave and true. On the subject of “Apostolic Succession” they had clashed publicly and somewhat vehemently. But no matter. Dr. Van Rensselaer would speak what he believed to be just. His text was, “Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man.” A few references to this sermon will be interesting. He speaks of Bishop Doane as a Churchman, altogether too “high” for him, deplorably “high;” as a parish minister, a preacher, an orator, a writer and a bishop, with high encomium. He finds the elements of his extraordinary power in his fine mind, his wonderful strength of will, and his remarkable social traits.

Two brief extracts from this characterization must suffice:

“In an emergency his intellect soared highest. In fact, one of Bishop Doane’s peculiarities of greatness consisted in

always equaling the occasion. He saw what was to be done, and could do it, and did it. He was adroit, when it was necessary to be adroit. The lawyers said that he could have beaten them all, if educated a lawyer; and military officers affirmed that he would have made a grand general in war. Far-seeing, clear, quick, bold, always the center of the campaign, his mind, especially in emergencies, moved in flashes, whilst his right arm thundered in action. * * *

"Bishop Doane's energy was a *fire never out*. An ever-ready locomotive in energetic activity was this Bishop; with large driving wheels, and to each wheel a panting cylinder. His will, stronger than steam power, generated energy in the soul. * * * In labors he was abundant. No wind, no rain, no cold, could keep him from his appointments. He has been known to cross the Delaware when the brave heart of the ferryman dissuaded from the peril. He could submit to all privations in the discharge of duty. He could sleep anywhere: in his chair, at his writing-table, in the car, or steamboat, or wagon. And after working for twenty hours, the sleep of the other four could well be taken without choice of place. His will outworked his frame, in urging to laborious self-denial of every kind for the Church's sake."

Perhaps the one passage of this noble sermon of Dr. Van Rensselaer most worthy of quotation is this:

"There are three remarkable facts which serve to commend, and to enforce, charity over his grave:

"In the first place, Bishop Doane's most intimate friends believed him innocent. Judges, lawyers, physicians, divines, intimate acquaintances, male and female, by scores and thousands, have placed the most implicit confidence in his motives and integrity.

"In the second place, his Church, in its Diocesan and General Conventions, was never against him. Indeed, the House of Bishops formally declared his innocence; and this is presumptive proof that his religious character could not be impugned in the Church to which he belonged.

"In the third place, it cannot be denied that God showed no little favor to the Bishop in life and in death. He enabled

him to accomplish a large amount of good; protected him in Providence from a varied and powerful opposition; and permitted him, after a long life of labor and trial, to die in peace.

"The three facts just mentioned do not amount to absolute demonstration; but they must pass for all they are fully worth. To a person like myself, outside of his Church, and an unexcited observer of passing events in the community, they afford evidence of no slight character. I am thankful this day that I have never felt it in my power to pass a severe judgment, in view of the whole aspect of the case, so far as it has been presented to my mind. I have seen enough, however, and have heard enough, to make me say with David, 'Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hand of man.'"

As to Bishop Doane's poetry his son writes:

"My father's poetical writings were simple necessities. He could not help them. His heart was so full of song. It oozed out in his conversation, in his sermons, in everything that he did. Sometimes in a steamboat, often when the back of a letter was his only paper, the sweetest things came. And with his heart so full of it, nothing ever touched it, but it pressed some out."

Two of his poems bear upon what has just been said, the one entitled "I Have Fought with Beasts at Ephesus," the other entitled "Perfect, Through Sufferings:"

"Have fought with beasts!" oh, blessed Paul,
How small were that, if that were all!
But harder far to fight with men,
Than beard the lions in their den!

Men who concert the secret snare,
To take the guileless unaware;
Men who with "bated breath" betray,
And hint the things they dare not say;

Men who their sanctity proclaim
In libels on a neighbor's name;
Men who their nameless letters scrawl,
And chalk their scandal on a wall;

Men who will sit and eat your bread,
 Then lift their heel to break your head;
 Men who abuse the holiest garb,
 To hide the slanderer's poisoned barb.

* * * * *

Why should the servant hope to be
 From ills that haunt his Master free?
 Who the disciple would accord
 A rule less rigid than his Lord?

Then, Saviour, let me clasp Thy Cross,
 And count all other things but loss;
 Nor ask from foes to be set free;
 So they be also foes to Thee!

Welcome the strife with godless men,
 The fight with Satan in his den:
 One only thing I crave, from Thee;
 Turn not Thy face, my God, from me!

* * * * *

"Perfect through sufferings:" may it be,
 Saviour, made perfect thus for me!
 I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod
 That brings me nearer to my God.

"Perfect through sufferings:" be Thy Cross
 The crucible to purge my dross!
 Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorn,
 Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

"Perfect through sufferings:" heap the fire,
 And pile the sacrificial pyre;
 But spare each loved and loving one,
 And let me feel the flames alone.

"Perfect through sufferings:" urge the blast,
 More free, more full, more fierce, more fast;
 It recks not where the dust be trod,
 So the flame waft my soul to God.

Bishop Doane wrote the hymn beginning:

13 Softly now the light of day.

Also the hymn beginning:

38 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be.

And also the hymn beginning:

425 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

But his grand Missionary hymn, written on the Second Sunday in Advent, 1848, is rapidly growing into largest favor, as well it may. How majestic is the sweep of its mighty words:

253 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
 The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
 That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope the Crucified!

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

As suggested by this hymn for Missions, entitled by Bishop Doane "The Banner of the Cross," let me add the following:

In the year 1835 he led the American Church to the acceptance of the following fundamental principles:

I. The Missionary field is always to be regarded as *one*, THE WORLD—the terms Domestic and Foreign being understood as terms of locality, adopted for convenience. *Domestic* Missions are those which are *within*, and *Foreign* Missions are those which are exercised *without*, the territory of the United States. II. The appeal of the Church through the Board for the support of Missions, is made expressly to all baptized persons, as such, and on the ground of their baptismal vows.

Two years afterwards he preached a really great sermon on "The Missionary Charter of the Church." That you may get a glimpse of his extraordinary power in thought and utterance, I quote briefly from this noble bit of Christian eloquence:

"Run down from its first days the track of sacred story. Where are the green spots found which cheer the eye, and fill the heart with gladness? Are they not those in which the word of God had free course and was glorified—in which the office of an apostle was discharged most fully in its first and literal acceptation, as a Missionary of Jesus—in which the everlasting Gospel was preached with greatest faithfulness, and men were taught to observe all things whatsoever Christ had commanded? Turn to a bright and burning page in all the scroll which bears inscribed the history of the Church, and you shall read in it the record of the Missionary's toils, the Missionary's sufferings, the Missionary's triumphs—the glory which illumines it, the manifestation of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' kindling the hearts of men with love, and making their lives radiant with purity and piety. Spread out the map before you. Scan with inquiring eye the pictured surface of its mimic world. Which are the spots which fix attention most, and fire the thought with fullest rapture? Not the scenes where Alexander or 'the great first Cæsar' strove to win the throne of universal empire. Not the traces of imperial grandeur or the trophies of triumphant art. But the cradle of the Gospel; the cities where Paul preached; the

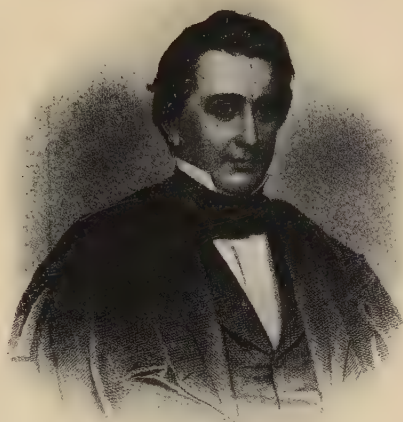
stream which wafted Wiclif's ashes to the sea; the mountain fastness where the morning-star of reformation, the Waldensian faith, was kept; the Greenland snows, where the Moravian prays and dies. Call from the past the names which wake within the breast the sympathies that most ennoble it, and most endear to what is good and gentle upon earth, and claim the closest kindred with the skies; and see how far more welcome than the kings or conquerors, the poets or philosophers or patriots of earth, the consecrated names of Polycarp and Latimer and Ridley, of Schwartz and Middleton, of Henry Martyn and of Heber, fall upon the ear—'men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,' approved themselves in love and in truth, as they were in name and sacred obligation, the Missionaries of His Cross, and rejoiced to bear with Him its burthen, and to blend their blood with His.

"Beloved brethren, we claim, and that most justly, as the clear warrant of *Holy Scripture* and the ancient authors plainly proves, to be an *Apostolic Church*. Are we, by evidence as full and conclusive, to the utmost reach of our capacity, a *Missionary Church*? If we are not, can we claim fairly and justly the fulfilment of that promise of the Saviour, Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world? True, He is with us. It is because He is, that 'the pure word of God is preached' among us, 'and the sacraments be duly administered.' But is He with us as He would be, if we were more entirely and more heartily with Him? Do we enjoy, can we expect to enjoy, those richest tokens of His presence,—making the multitude of them that believe to be of one heart and of one soul, and by the prevailing argument of our unity, our piety, our charity, constraining them who believe not, seeing our good works which are wrought in us by faith, to fall down and worship God, and own that God is in us of a truth? My brethren, these things are not so. The Gospel, which, by the grace of God, is given unto us, is not preached, as it should be, 'unto every creature.' The apostolic ministry with which we are entrusted is not sent, as it was designed to be, to 'make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Christianity does not produce in our own

country in our immediate neighborhood, in our respective parishes, in our several families, in our individual hearts, those fruits of holiness and charity which it was given to bear. We are not acting up to the conditions of our constitution as a Missionary Church; and therefore God is not with us in the fullest manifestations of His truth and power.

“Brethren, the Church is worldly. Christian men forget that they are ‘bought with a price,’ and so are not their own. Men who have been baptized into the death of Christ forget that ‘He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them, and rose again.’ With few and rare exceptions, ‘all seek their own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ’s.’ Who are they that hold themselves and all they are and have implicitly at His disposal, and use their talents, be they two or ten, with a single eye to His approval? How many are they who strive with all fidelity, whether they eat or drink or whatever they do, to do all to the glory of God? Who remembers always that the silver and the gold are God’s; and, taking, with a careful hand and cheerful heart, for the supply of his necessities and them that are dependent on him, appropriates the rest, in deeds of piety and charity, to do the will of the great Lord of all?

“It is the testimony of Paul, in regard to some of Corinth, who had exerted themselves even beyond their means, to aid his Mission in Macedonia, that ‘they first gave their own selves to the Lord.’ It was a wise and prudent forecast, and I commend it to your imitation. Give yourselves up to the Lord, and you will have nothing to withhold. You will take your little children by the hand, and lead them to His altar, and beseech Him to accept them for the Church; and you will train them up in His nurture and holy admonition, that they may be meet for His acceptance. You will dedicate to Him your dear domestic hearth, and all that gather round it, and set up in their midst an altar of perpetual prayer and praise. You will pour out before Him, whether you have little or much, the treasures which His goodness lends, and implore Him to accept them here that you may find them hereafter in heaven. Oh that God would put it into the hearts of this congregation thus



Cortlandt Van Rensselaer



to give themselves up to the Lord! Oh that God would put it into the hearts of the Churchmen of this land, so far to imitate their brethren of the Church in Corinth, as to be willing according to their power! The superfluity of millions that now rust, or are abused to frivolous or sinful uses, would supply with spiritual food a famishing world. The strength of the body, the gifts of mind, the weight of influence, the able hands, the generous hearts that now content themselves with secular ends, and labor but for temporal interests, converted to the Lord, and consecrated by the live coal from off His altar, would supply an army that should leaguer every land. The noble rapture, like a flame of living fire, would spread from heart to heart. Again 'the arm of the Lord' should wake, as in the ancient time. Again the gates of hell should totter to their fall. The Church of the living God, roused from her sleep, should shake the dust from her fair garments, and gird on her panoply for battle. 'Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might,' she should go on 'from strength to strength;' until, triumphant over every foe, God, for Christ's sake, bestows on her the victory."

Referring to the foregoing sketch of Bishop Doane, the present Bishop of New Jersey (the Rt. Rev. Dr. Scarborough), has written as follows:

"His ideals were grand, and St. Mary's Hall to-day, after the lapse of years, with every room filled and a goodly waiting list for entrance, is a tribute to his farsightedness and wisdom. He was a pioneer in the work of education, ahead of his time in a good many things, and his name is remembered, not by the troubles he was compelled to face, but by his greatness as a man and a bishop. His grave in St. Mary's churchyard is constantly decked with flowers, by loving hands, from the income of a permanent fund provided by the Hall pupils, and his portrait is crowned, on his birthday every year, as a mark of love. Every Wednesday evening, in the chapel service, 'Softly now the light of day' is sung as a sort of requiem, or memorial, by young voices that are taught to reverence the founder whom they only know by tradition." * * *

"As his successor in office I am grateful to you for your truthful tribute."

Turning now to the life story of the Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, I begin with four brief quotations. Writing of his eightieth birthday his biographer, Sister Anne Ayers, says:

"There were tokens also, at that time, of the place he occupied in the heart and mind of the community at large, which are remarkable and exceptional, taking into account his retiring and unworldly habits. Since his humility can no longer be pained by it, we may venture to record two or three of these as an illustration. In his public acknowledgment of the Bryant Vase, the poet, speaking of the far-reaching goodness of God, said, as if instancing the extremes of human character, 'From Tweed to Dr. Muhlenberg.' Again: 'A million of inhabitants and only one Dr. Muhlenberg,' was quoted by the author of the 'Century of Nursing:' and very striking also were some closing words in one of the daily journals which, noticing, under the title of 'A Blameless Life,' the completion of his eightieth year, after outlining his unselfish labors says: 'It behooves even those of us who are doubtful about the dogmas and most impatient of the exclusive pretensions of the Churches, to be very chary of dismissing as *effete* an institution which is still capable of giving their full scope to the powers for well-doing of such an ornament to the human race as Dr. Muhlenberg.'"

A eulogy in the New York *Evening Post*, attributed to William Cullen Bryant, who was then its editor, contains the following: "Other men have accumulated wealth that they might found hospitals; he accumulated the Hospital fund as such, never owning it and therefore never giving it. The charitable institutions which he founded were to him what family, and friends, and personal prosperity are to men generally, and dying as he did, poor, in St. Luke's Hospital, he died a grandly successful man."

After his death, Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, in his annual Diocesan address, said:

"The Church at large has been called to mourn the loss of one whose saintly character and remarkable labors, extending over a long life, made him beyond perhaps any man of his day, whether bishop, priest, deacon, or layman, the common property

of the Church throughout the land. His canonical residence was of no moment in making up his record, for his real home, his acknowledged place, was in the hearts of God's people. * * * He was a man of whom any age of the Church might have been proud. Fame and honor, and with them the noblest form of influence, might have been his, if he had only done one of the great works for which history will give him a foremost place among his fellows. He was not prominent as a thinker in the purely intellectual sense. He was not strong in the power that grapples with and holds firmly in hand the subtle distinctions and abstract issues of metaphysical speculation. He did not excel as an apologist or a controversialist. He laid no claim to—nay, shrank from—being considered an authority in theology regarded as a logical or scientific exhibition of the whole counsel of God. He, indeed, often said what his life-work so gloriously evinced, that his heart had more to do with his confession of faith than his head. And yet, though he had no taste or faculty for—nay, rather dreaded—the dry metallic ring of the higher tasks and exercises of disciplined thinkers, he left behind, both in prose and verse, thoughts that will breathe and burn in the souls of men when not a few of the so-called great minds of the day shall have been forgotten. It is astonishing that so quiet and gentle a life should have developed so many of the qualities and gifts of leadership—leadership neither claimed by him nor formally conceded to him by others, but none the less real and effective. Scarcely an important movement can be named peculiar to the last forty or fifty years of our Church life, and which will be likely to tell upon the next half century of that life, that he did not originate or help others to originate."

A great Church leader said also:

"Were we to attempt to delineate the life or character of this remarkable man, we should hardly know where to begin, or where to leave off. There were very many striking characteristics, almost every one of which would have made him a man of mark. But these were so blended and so beautifully harmonious in action as to present a singularly complete and symmetrical whole.

"Dr. Muhlenberg was a poet, and a poet of high order. The kindred element of music was also strongly developed in him. Yet he was a man of practical common sense, and of a remarkably sound judgment. A stranger might think him impulsive, and even eccentric; and so he was. But his impulses were inspired intuitions, and his eccentricities but the rapid and flashing movements of a mind and heart all aglow with noble thoughts and aspirations. Dr. Muhlenberg was a man of strong, almost resistless, will—but he was never self-willed. He was also a man of positive and clearly defined opinions, but never opinionated. He was open to convictions, ready to receive suggestions from any and all sources, and as ready to modify or change his plans and opinions for any which might be wiser and better.

"We can call to mind only one instance wherein he failed to make an improvement by change, and that is rather a notable one. When quite a young man he wrote the far-famed hymn, 'I would not live alway.' Later in life he became thoroughly dissatisfied with the teachings and spirit of this hymn, and set about rewriting it to make it, as he said, more evangelical, more of a Gospel hymn. After spending a great deal of time and thought upon this effort, he finally published an edition of the revised hymn. But, much to his disgust, it received no particular favor from the public. He thought this betrayed a very poor appreciation of what was right and true, and gave up the effort to supplant an old favorite by something new. The public respected and honored the motive which prompted this effort, but the real poetry of the old hymn had made an impression on the public heart which nothing could remove. Its power was in its poetry and not in its theology. * * *

"It remains that we should say a few words as to the type of piety which characterized this great man. Dr. Muhlenberg was never a theologian. We mean a theologian according to the books. He knew God better than most men. But it was not in him to trouble himself much about metaphysical terms and distinctions, nor was it possible for him to belong exclusively to any particular school of thought or of polity. He was so thoroughly catholic that he was ever ready to receive any-

thing good from all schools. While he was a Churchman, and deeply loved the worship and ways of his own Church, he never failed to recognize as brethren beloved all the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever found. He cordially disliked all narrowness and bigotry and exclusiveness, as hostile to the spirit of Christianity, and inconsistent with the brotherhood of believers. His love and service in the cause of Christ and of suffering humanity were not restricted by any ecclesiastical lines, but went out to all, and ministered to all as there was ability or opportunity. He was eminently the common property of a common Christianity, and his life and character are an illustrious example of its spirit and of its power. One such life does more to disarm infidelity and to commend the Gospel of Christ than all the arguments which can be made, or all the controversies which may be waged. It stands forth like the sermon on the mount—the embodiment and illustration of God's law and God's truth to man. In its spirit and beauty, it is a psalm of perpetual praise and thanksgiving."

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1796. He was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania at the age of eighteen. He studied theology under Jackson Kemper (afterwards Bishop Kemper) and Bishop White, by whom he was ordained two days after he had reached his twenty-first birthday. And he was for three years his assistant, helping in the Philadelphia parishes of which the Bishop was then rector—Christ Church, St. Peter's and St. James'.

When he reached the canonical age of twenty-four he was ordained to the priesthood by the good Bishop, and soon thereafter became rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pa., where he labored faithfully and with meekness of wisdom for five years and a half. Under the clear leading of Divine Providence he went to Flushing, Long Island, where he founded the Flushing Institute, a school for boys, and where he made a good beginning of St. Paul's College. After eighteen years of successful and Christlike labor with boys and young men, in 1844 he became rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York.

He was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, New York,

and of St. Johnland, a unique Christian charity on Long Island. He died at St. Luke's Hospital, in 1877, after more than fourscore years of earthly pain and gladness, and lies buried in a lovely spot at St. Johnland, where the trees whisper above his tomb, and the waves come gently beating like sweet music along the shore.

Now this seems, does it not, as thus sketched, to be a comparatively unimportant story? Very different from the life of Washington or Lincoln or Grant, of Clay or Calhoun or Webster, or of some great preacher like Henry Ward Beecher or Matthew Simpson or Phillips Brooks, or of some heroic missionary like Livingstone or Judson or Selwyn or Bishop Patteson, dying bravely like a soldier at his post.

And yet I venture to say that no life was lived in the nineteenth century that was more Christlike than the life of Dr. Muhlenberg, and very few so faithful in service, helpful to men and glorifying to God. Such a life deserves our most careful and sympathetic study.

He came of a race of men who feared God and loved righteousness. His great-grandfather was a Lutheran clergyman, a graduate of Göttingen and a friend of Frederick the Great. He came to America in 1742 and became the founder and patriarch of the American Lutheran Church. With apostolic zeal he traversed the country from Canada to Georgia, caring for the scattered sheep of the flock of Christ.

He had three sons—all of whom he thought would be clergymen. The youngest only gave his whole time and strength to the sacred office.

The second son became a statesman, was President of the Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States, and first speaker of the House of Congress during Washington's administration.

The oldest son was ordained as a clergyman; but he was a patriot also. And so he became a general in the army of the Revolution. He instructed his people in their civil rights, and accepted the colonelcy of a regiment, while yet their pastor. Soon, however, the time came when he ascended the pulpit for the last time, his tall form arrayed in full uniform, over which his gown, the symbol of his holy office, was thrown.

"After recapitulating, in words that roused the coldest, the story of their wrongs, and telling them of the sacred character of the struggle in which he had unsheathed his sword, and for which he was leaving the altar he had vowed to serve, he said that in the language of Holy Writ, there was a time for all things: a time to preach and a time to pray, and in a voice that echoed through the church like a trumpet blast, that there was a time to fight, and that time had come.

"A breathless stillness brooded over the congregation. Deliberately putting off his gown, he stood before them a girded warrior, and descending from the pulpit, he ordered the drums at the church door to beat for recruits. His audience, excited in the highest degree by his impassioned words, flocked around him, eager to be ranked among his followers. Old men were seen bringing forward their children, wives their husbands, and widowed mothers their sons, sending them under his paternal care to fight the battle of their country. Nearly three hundred men of the frontier churches that day enlisted under his banner, and the gown, then thrown off, was worn for the last time."

William Augustus Muhlenberg came of a race of noble men. But in his character there was more than nobility,—there was saintliness.

"With the first dawn of reason he seems to have known the fear and love of God." He delighted as a boy in the services of the Church, and always looked forward to the time he should become a clergyman. As a clergyman and as a man his chief characteristic was his abounding love, which made him one of the greatest and one of the best of men.

Now let us look at him very briefly in his work:

First, as an educator;

Second, as a parish minister;

Third, as an organizer of great public charities; and,

Fourth, as a leader in the Church Universal.

First, as an educator:—His biographer tells us that through his labors in Lancaster the conviction had grown upon him that not only the hope of the Church, but the salvation of the commonwealth centered in the Christianizing of education. And so he conceived of Christian schools throughout the

land which should substitute as nearly as possible Christian homes, for the proper training of the young. To realize his conception he gave up himself and his fortune. He would have, working with him, like-minded men whose views of education had not been formed in the shops where it was vended as an article of trade but, looking upon it as a sacred calling, would consecrate themselves to it on the highest and holiest principles. And so the Flushing Institute, merged later in St. Paul's College, began.

The theory of the school was that of a Christian or Church family, of which the Rector was the father. The government was paternal, most loving and considerate, yet not without strictness. Nothing that affected the interests of his boys was too insignificant for his attention, and, in their griefs, who so tender and sympathizing as he?

He believed in religion; he believed also in thorough scholarship and honest hard work. "*Religion,*" he said, "*is the basis of the school, but religion shall not be taken into account for inferior scholarship.*"

No! The scholarship must be good. Duty in study must be done, but that being done he would irradiate everything with the light and the gladness of a joyful religion. And so he made his chapel services marvelously attractive. For those days he had a high ritual. Song abounded. The chapel was brilliant on the great festivals with candles and emblems. On Good Friday there was a drapery of black. On Easter, oh, how glorious the service which began with the rising sun!

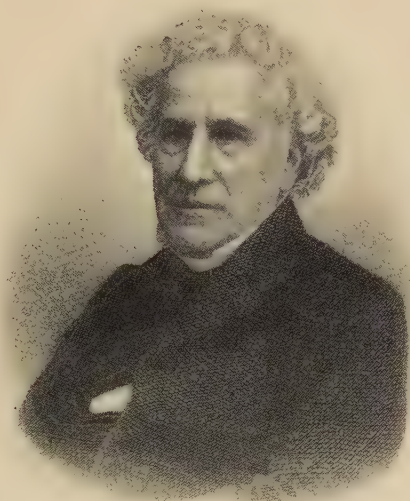
This was the poetry of religion.

And he was a poet. But he was more.

And so we are to look at him next as a parish minister.

In 1844 his sister, in pursuance of the wishes of her deceased husband, wanted to build a free church in the city of New York, and wanted him to become its rector.

His school work had engrossed him for eighteen years. And now he began to have other dreams. He believed in free churches, and used to say that "if sincere Christians could only look through the mists of custom at things as they are, they would shrink back as at a fearful desecration from the pro-



William Augustus Muhlenberg



prietorship of luxurious little apartments, secured by money, for their exclusive use in the Sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts."

Besides this, "the contemplated church presented a new and delightful subject for his creative talent, and he hailed his sister's proposition as an opening in the ordering of Providence for exemplifying his long cherished theory of the Church of Christ as a Brotherhood, and also for setting forth a more reverent and expressive ritual of worship than as yet prevailed. He called his church the Church of the Holy Communion. A sanctuary consecrated to the fellowship of Christ, and to the great ordinance of His love, rebuking all distinctions of pride and wealth." "Several wealthy and devout families united with Mrs. Rogers in supporting the church at its outset, and in sustaining Dr. Muhlenberg in what were supposed to be his peculiar ministrations. These, such as the daily service—the division of the offices on Sunday morning—the weekly communion and offertory—the congregational singing, chanting the psalter, preaching in the surplice, the Matins of Christmas and Easter, the special solemnities of Holy Week, the celebration of the Epiphany with its large offerings for missions, given chiefly in gold, the employment society, the parish Christmas tree, the fresh air fund, and the work of the Sisterhood (the first American Protestant Sisterhood) in their church dispensary, church infirmary, and church schools—*All these things, many of them now grown into common use, were original with Dr. Muhlenberg*, and naturally gave to the Church of the Holy Communion a character and attractiveness of its own."

In those days there was not a church charity of any kind in the city of New York, and only two public hospitals with provision chiefly for seamen and the sick paupers of the almshouse. So in 1848, on St. Luke's Day, Dr. Muhlenberg proposed to his congregation that half of the offerings of the day should be laid aside as the beginning of a fund towards the founding of an institution for the relief of the sick poor under the auspices of religion. And so, with something over thirty dollars, St. Luke's Hospital began. To-day a mighty and most useful building stands on Cathedral Heights as the splendid result.

I wish that I could tell you how he passed through the draft riots in 1863, when a howling mob, bent upon destruction, came to burn his building—of his fervent patriotism during the war, and his Battle Hymns, so full of Christian fire. But there is no time for this, and but a moment to speak of St. Johnland. “As the thought of St. Luke’s Hospital was inspired at the beginning of the Church of the Holy Communion by his contact with the sick poor in their miserable lodging places, so his conception of a St. Johnland grew out of his daily observation as a clergyman and philanthropist of the sore disadvantages of the city poor in their tenement house abodes; and concomitant with this, of his desire to present to the Church a living exemplification of the principles of Evangelical Catholicism.”

A place was selected on Long Island. “After silently surveying the then unoccupied site, he suddenly exclaimed, although threescore years and ten had already silvered his hair, ‘Ten years more, oh! my Father, if it please Thee to set forward this work, and then’—spreading his hands expressively towards the turf, and a moment afterwards stretching them eagerly upwards, as his eye gazed into the heavens. He said no other word. Precisely ten years to a month, and his mortal remains were laid beneath the sod on the summit of the knoll where he was then standing.”

When Dr. Muhlenberg was in England in 1855 he went one Sunday evening to hear Frederick Denison Maurice talk to his Bible Class of workingmen. He was deeply impressed, and these words came to him:

Lowliest in heart mid those he taught,
In mind with richest treasure fraught,
His deep and loving thoughts flowed on
A John himself, expounding John.

Maurice, in this generation, was the St. John of the Anglican Church, and Muhlenberg was the St. John of the American Church. So he rightly named his last Christian venture, the Benjamin of his affections, *St. Johnland*.

An abstract of the act of incorporation states its object:

"First, to provide cheap and comfortable homes, together with the means of social and moral improvement, for deserving families from among the working classes, such as can carry on their work in St. Johnland.

"Second, to maintain a home for aged men in destitute circumstances, to care for friendless children and youth, and especially cripples, by giving them home, schooling, Christian training, and some trade or occupation by which they can earn their future livelihood.

"Third, by self-support to aid young men studying for the ministry. And, lastly, to give form and practical application to the principles of brotherhood in Christ."

The great St. Johnland text which makes the motto of the seal of the corporation is the testimony of St. John, "This is His Commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment." The Church of the testimony of Jesus is an Episcopal Church. The beautiful ritual of our Church is heard there, its responsive liturgy, its animating *Te Deums* and *Glorias*; but its rights deserved by Dr. Muhlenberg were the liberty of conscience, the liberty of prayer, the liberty of ministerial fellowship.

One word concerning Dr. Muhlenberg as a leader in the Church Universal. He believed in the Holy Catholic Church. His favorite designation for that Church was that of *Evangelical Catholic*. "It was always a joy to him to put in action the Christian brotherhood with which he was so deeply imbued, as well as to recognize the exercise of the same in others. He cherished a particular affection for Archbishop Leighton in this respect. 'Leighton,' he said, 'was a good Evangelical Catholic.' Here is a little illustration of it. A friend one day met the pious prelate going to visit a sick Presbyterian minister on a horse borrowed of a Roman Catholic priest."

Dr. Muhlenberg worked with the Evangelical Alliance; not because he agreed with its principles fully, but because the language of his heart always was, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

For Christian union he was always striving, and the pres-

ent hopeful movement in that direction owes more to him than to any other man living or dead. Witness "The Memorial Papers."

When Dr. Muhlenberg was twenty-five years old, he printed his "Plea for Christian Hymns." Lacking immediate effect he prepared a selection of psalms and hymns for the use of his own parish. His brethren were stirred by this action, and at the next General Convention a committee on the subject of additions to the hymnal was appointed. Of the committee he himself was a member. A great forward step was taken.

One of the hymns then first adopted, of his own composition, had already attained popularity. It began:

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

Concerning this hymn, Dr. William Wilberforce Newton says truly:

"In after years, when its widespread and continued popularity, together with his own more just and real knowledge of life, gave him a closer conviction of its faults, he strove by repeated revisions and successive versions to give it a higher and more healthful tone—one which was more in accord with genuine Christian faith and cheer. Its intense subjectivity, its morbid depreciation of the joys of earthly existence, and its failure to recognize any significance in the discipline of life,—faults feebly atoned for by the impatient desire of heavenly felicity,—were elements which jarred on the sensitive fiber of his maturer piety."

I give this hymn in two forms. *First*, as admitted to our hymnal in 1827, and *second*, as written half a century afterwards on the eightieth birthday of an intimate friend:

I.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

II.

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
For nought but to lengthen the term of the way;
Nay, fondly I've hoped, when my work-days were done,
Then, soon and undim'd, would go down my life's sun.

But if other my lot, and I'm destined to wait
Thro' suffering and weakness in useless estate,
Till I gain my release, gracious Lord, keep me still,
Unmurmuring, resigned to thy Fatherly will.

Yea, thus let it be, so that thereby I grow
More meet for His presence to whom I would go,
More patient, more loving, more quiet within,
Thoroughly washed in the Fountain that cleanseth from sin.

So the days of my tarrying on to their end,
Bringing forth what they may, all in praise I would spend:
Then, no cloud on my faith, when called for I'd leave,
Calm in prayer, "Lord Jesus, my spirit receive."

But inside the veil—How, how is it there?
Dare we ask for some sight, or some sound to declare,
What the blessed are doing—afar or anear?
Oh, but for a whisper, the darkness to cheer!

Yet, why aught of darkness? Light, light enough this,
The Paradise life,—it can be only bliss;
And whatever its kind, or where'er its realm lies,
The Saviour its glory, The Sun of its skies.

The hymn is not retained in our present hymnal, but three of his hymns still keep their place, one, a baptismal hymn, beginning:

207 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

Another beginning:

486 Like Noah's weary dove.

And still a third which can never lose either popularity or power. This is distinctly a Christian hymn. Its language is that of faith and hope and most buoyant cheer:

53 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.

Sion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

XI.

Sarah Flower Adams
Cecil Frances Alexander
Frances Ridley Havergal
Charlotte Elliott
Adelaide Anne Procter
Anne Steele
And Other "Chief Women, Not a Few"

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

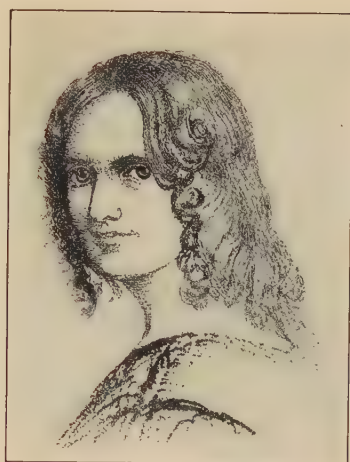
SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep,
Of Him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood:
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE.



Sarah Flower Adams



XI.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS,
CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER,
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT,
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER,
ANNE STEELE,
AND OTHER "CHIEF WOMEN, NOT A FEW."

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS is best known as the authoress of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," a hymn that has won undying recognition.

The last words of President McKinley are said to have been, "'Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,' has been my constant prayer." "Lead, kindly Light," was one of his urgent cries; "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was another. Both hymns were sung on the day of his funeral, not only in Canton, Ohio, but in thousands of churches elsewhere throughout our land. For five minutes the busy heart of the nation ceased to beat. Railway trains stopped, telegrams stood still, there was a silence as of death. Then, in one place and another, bands began to play softly, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and human voices, the voices of a great multitude, caught up the touching prayer.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" is one of the dozen great hymns standing foremost in the churches. It was first published in England in 1841. James Freeman Clarke brought it across the ocean for use in his church in Boston in 1844. Samuel Longfellow gave it a place in his Book of Hymns in 1846. Henry Ward Beecher put it in his "Plymouth Collection" in 1855. A year thereafter Lowell Mason wrote for it his tune "Bethany," and that swept it onward. By 1866 its

use had been authorized by our own Church and by the Presbyterians. Since then its use has become general.

Concerning the gifted woman who wrote it, the best sketch known to me is to be found in a very interesting volume entitled "Studies of Familiar Hymns," by the Rev. Dr. Louis F. Benson. From that sketch I venture to quote, with some slight changes:

"In the year 1820 there came to Dalston, then a rural suburb of London, a little family composed of Benjamin Flower, a widower, and his two daughters, the younger of whom was afterward to write this hymn.

"Something of a career lay behind Mr. Flower, then an elderly man. Unsuccessful in business speculations, as a young man, he had become a traveling salesman on the Continent. There he became an adherent of the French Republic, and in 1792 published a book on the French Constitution, which was really an attack on that of England. He was selected to edit the Cambridge *Intelligencer*, an influential weekly of radical principles. Accused of libeling the Bishop of Llandaff, whose political conduct he had censured, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate, with a fine of £100. He was visited in prison by Miss Eliza Gould, a lady who is said to have suffered for her own liberal principles, and shortly after his release he married her. They settled at Harlow, in Essex, where Mr. Flower became a printer, and where Mrs. Flower died in 1810. These facts of their father's career help us to understand the atmosphere in which the motherless girls grew up.

"Both daughters had inherited their mother's delicate constitution; but both were talented to an unusual degree, and they attracted to the Dalston home many friends who afterward became distinguished. Among these were Harriet Martineau and Robert Browning, 'the boy poet,' as Eliza Flower calls him in her letters, who came often to discuss religious difficulties with her sister, Sarah. Eliza, the elder, was a skilful musician, with a remarkable gift for musical composition. Sarah, the younger of the sisters, was also musical, and possessed of a rich contralto voice, and was much given to singing songs in costume,

with appropriate dramatic action. The elder sister always furnished the accompaniment, and sometimes the musical settings of these songs, in their domestic entertainments.

"Sarah Flower was born at the Harlow home on February 22, 1805. She had the dramatic instinct, and from childhood cherished the ambition of adopting the stage as a profession. She idealized the stage as an ally of the pulpit, and held that the life of an actress should be as high and noble as the great thoughts and actions she was called upon to express. In 1829 her father died, and in 1834 she was married to John Brydges Adams, a civil engineer, and an ingenious inventor in the early days of railroad building. Her husband encouraged her dramatic ambition, and in 1837 she made her first public appearance at the Richmond Theatre as 'Lady Macbeth.' Her success was great enough to gain for her an engagement at the Bath Theatre. But her health gave way under the strain of public performances, and she suffered a siege of illness at Bath which at once put an end to all hope of a dramatic career.

"Mrs. Adams determined to devote herself to literary work, for she had in addition a considerable literary gift. She wrote much for the *Monthly Repository*, but her most ambitious effort was 'Vivia Perpetua: a Dramatic Poem,' published in 1841. It tells the story of a young mother who suffered a martyr's death at Carthage in the year 203 for her faith in Christ. There is but little doubt that her own moral earnestness and intense feelings are set forth in the character of Vivia. The poem is often eloquent, but as a drama not well constructed, and it has taken no permanent place in literature. By her lyrics she is now chiefly remembered."

Mrs. Adams is described by her friend Mrs. Bridell Fox as tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and regular features, in manner gay and impulsive, her conversation full of sparkling wit and kindly humor.

Mrs. Fox also writes: "How she composed her hymns can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of composing them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse or feeling at the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would be, of course,

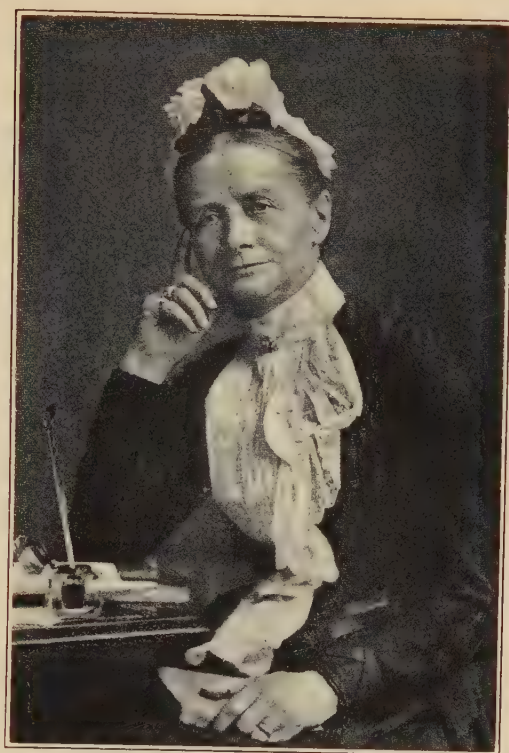
to a certain extent an exception; also, perhaps, when she was writing words for music already in use at South Place Chapel. Otherwise she wrote when she felt that the spirit moved her."

Both of the sisters died while still in early life, and within less than two years of each other, Eliza in 1846 and Sarah in 1848. At the funerals of both, the hymns of the one were sung to music composed by the other. Dr. Benson says truly, "One cannot avoid a feeling of regret that some foretaste of her usefulness and fame did not come to brighten the failing days of the author of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'"

And now a word as to the hymn itself. Its basis is a familiar story, splendidly told in the Book of Genesis:

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread broad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed: And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel," that is, *House of God*, because there he had come nearer to his Father in heaven.



Cecil Frances Alexander



Perhaps some would like to see the hymn without any of the changes made in our hymnal or elsewhere:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song would be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

We select two topics of inquiry, suggested by these words: First, the part taken by women as contributors to our

hymnal; second, the part taken by Unitarians. The one to be now considered and the other in our next chapter.

Forty-six different women have contributed to our hymnal, among whom CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT and FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL take the lead. Mrs. Alexander was the wife of a clergyman, Miss Havergal the daughter and Miss Elliott the granddaughter and sister of clergymen. A close relationship to rectory or parish work has been characteristic of the writers of nearly all our hymns. These hymns come either from clergymen themselves or from their wives or sons or daughters.

The best known poem of Mrs. Alexander is her magnificent picture of the burial of Moses, but her words oftenest sung are these:

143 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Ten other hymns written by Mrs. Alexander are in our hymnal. The reason why her hymn for St. Andrew's Day has become so much more familiar than any other one of her hymns

is that it has been adopted as the hymn of our St. Andrew's Brotherhood. I have heard it sung by a dozen men at a chapter meeting, in some little room. I have heard it sung by a thousand men, and more, in the great congregation, and always with power. For enthusiasm there is nothing in our Church that compares with a great Brotherhood convention, assembled from every part of our land. How striking the fact that this multitude of mighty men should follow the lead of a woman in their chosen song! It recalls the olden time when the message first came to Deborah, "Awake, awake, utter a song," and when Barak arose and followed her.

A word as to the life story of Mrs. Alexander cannot fail to be of interest. She was the wife of a very gifted man, who was first Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. Happily, a volume of her poems has been printed with a brief biographical sketch from her distinguished husband. We give this sketch in abbreviated form.

"Cecil Frances Humphreys was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, a Norfolk man by birth, who served with distinction in the Royal Marines, and was present at the Battle of Copenhagen. He used to tell with pride how he had seen Nelson move into action and heard him cry to Captain Inman as he passed by, 'Well done, Harry!' Major Humphreys became a land-owner in Wicklow and Tyrone, and an extensive land-agent in the north of Ireland, where he resided for many years at Miltown House, near Strabane. Whilst he was living at Ballykean, in the county Wicklow, a tender attachment sprang up between the Ladies Howard, daughters of the Earl of Wicklow, and Fanny and her sisters. Lady Harriet, in particular, a girl of much charm and talent, became a very sister of the heart to Fanny, afterwards Mrs. Alexander. Both these gifted natures came early under the influence of the Oxford Movement, and felt constrained to spread the light that was in them. They conceived the idea of writing tracts, the prose part of which was to be contributed by Lady Harriet, whilst Fanny was to illustrate the themes with the tender and tinted pencil of poetry. For, indeed, from very early days she had

'lisp'd in numbers' and supplied a weekly periodical, composed and written out in the family circle, with verses serious or comic. The tracts were published separately, began to be circulated in 1842-43, excited a good deal of observation, and were collected into a volume in 1848. In 1843 circumstances led to an event of importance in the mental and spiritual history of Fanny Humphreys. Her sister Annie happened to be at Leamington in 1843, where she became intimate with Miss Hook, and through her with her brother, the famous Vicar of Leeds, afterwards Dean of Chichester. Fanny visited Leamington in 1847, and for the first time at Miss Hook's house met Dr. Hook. The result was that he became the editor of her 'Verses for Holy Seasons.' From this sane and masculine influence arose one of the elements which enabled her to be in a singular degree the hymnist of the whole English-speaking communion, and to appeal to all its children. There was in her an ineradicable sympathy with the great evangelical principles which in all ages and in all Churches have been the life of true religion. In her earliest years she was imbued with them by her excellent mother, and by her first preceptor in Scripture. For many years at Strabane the deep and burning words of another beloved friend and rector sank into her soul. Later on, Mr. Keble edited her 'Hymns for Little Children,' and endowed her with a sense of the magic, of the sacred and mysterious romance, of the Church system. But to any formidable exaggeration of this Dr. Hook supplied her with an antidote, by inspiring her with a lifelong conviction of the truth, the justice, the necessity, of the English Reformation. * * *

"In October, 1850, Cecil Frances Humphreys was married in Strabane Church to William Alexander, then Rector of Termonamongan."

Her husband thus continues his sketch: "At that time it is not the exaggeration of affection which says that she was a singularly attractive person. Her frame was lithe and active. Her face had no pretension whatever to regular beauty; but it possessed the sensitive susceptibility, the magic quickness of transition, the sacred indignation, the flash of humor, the pathetic sweetness, with which genius endows its chosen chil-



Frances Ridley Havergal



dren. The parish with which we had to deal was a wild one, with a church population of some 1,500 people, scattered over bogs and mountains for many miles. According to modern views the church was poor and mean, for the great Church movement was a distant portent, which had scarcely touched Ireland. In her own words:

Looking down the mountain bare,
We saw the white church by the river,
And we could hear, when winds were fair,
O'er the low porch the one bell quiver.

"Her elastic step brushed the heath in all weathers, and not seldom she walked several miles to meet her husband returning from some distant tramp. * * *

"In 1855 we removed to the beautiful parish of upper Fahan, upon the shores of Lough Swilly. The scenery of Fahan just suited her taste and physical capacities. Her sight, which she retained with singular clearness to the last day of her life, could not take the 'farnesses' of which Isaiah speaks, the vast and distant; but the inland ocean-lake, its flashing silver belts, its dark interspaces, its tender colors, the floating clouds, the purple hills, she was observing all day long and moulding into images of beauty. Yet she was intensely practical and devoted to all the troublesome minutiae of our rectory garden, and even farm. How often have I said on returning late of an afternoon something of this sort: 'Have you sold the cow? Have you shown the gardener how to prune the roses? Have you given orders to feed the pigs properly? Have you finished that poem? Yes? Then let us come into the study. Read me what you have written, and I will criticise it ferociously.' * * *

"In 1867 came her husband's call to the Bishopric of Derry and Raphoe, at that time an opulent prelacy with extensive patronage. Here she was brought into contact with new duties and different minds. The political crusade against the Irish Church Establishment occupied our thoughts very much from 1867 to 1869. A large number of persons illustrious for station and ability came over to Ireland to see things upon the spot. It has always been said of her by those most competent to judge,

that she performed all the duties of hospitality and reception with an ease and natural dignity which made her a first-rate hostess. At all times she delighted in congenial society. When she saw Bishop Wilberforce, or Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln ('Saint Christopher,' as she loved to call him), her face grew radiant with pleasure. While her sympathies naturally were with those who shared her own religious convictions, she had a large measure of affection for some others. She particularly delighted in the society of Dean Stanley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Lecky, and grew indignant when she heard a hard word spoken of any of the three. Her life was always a life of duty. While her health and strength were unbroken there was morning service every day at the cathedral, and weekly communion; in her own room, on her little table, the much-used Bible and the little book of Bishop Andrews' devotions. Those who know Derry know how she occupied herself with the Home for Fallen Women, to which she gave a tender and constant watchfulness, with other institutions—especially, perhaps, with the District Nurses'. In these works she formed a close and tender intimacy with pious ladies not members of our Church, for whom she felt a very deep affection. * * *

"Many of her noblest hymns were written for one particular occasion, used once only, and perhaps never thought of again by her. Many lovely poems were written to please a friend, or to soothe a sorrower. To applause she was more utterly deaf than anyone I have ever met. Again and again I have read to her words of lofty, of almost impassioned commendation from men of genius or holiness, of rank and position. She listened without a remark and looked up almost with a frown. Last year some good man (I think an English Non-conformist minister) sent me a little tract. It contained a history (for whose truth the writer vouched) of a great change in the heart and life of a very worldly man. He happened to hear the hymn, 'There is a Green Hill Far Away.' That became the foundation of a new feeling, the creator of new yearnings, the starting point of a new life. Mrs. Alexander almost sprang from her chair, looked me in the face, and said: 'Thank God! I do like to hear that.' * * *

"This character—based and moulded upon the best teaching of the original Oxford Movement with its profound psychology of the passive emotions and insight into the danger of playing upon them—with its severe self-analysis, its rigid reserve, its dislike of self-exhibition—might be thought unlikely to win love. It certainly would make it almost impossible to paint her as the heroine of a religious biography of the ordinary kind. Even her letters contain few expressions of religious emotion, beyond hints full of significance to those who knew her intimately. * * *

"To non-communicating attendance she was opposed. Her husband never saw her so near hysterical emotion as when at a celebration at a Congress in a very 'high' church she was prevented from communicating by the announcement (rubrical, no doubt, in a way) that no one would be received as a communicant who had not sent in notice the day before. But she was sacramental to the roots of her being, with a reverence at once sweet and awful for a great gift and a sacred mystery. She loved a large beauty in public worship, but absolutely disliked pedantic and unreal absorption in the minutiae of the service, or the enforcement of ceremonial distasteful to the worshipers generally. But she was a Churchwoman through and through, reading Scripture, and repeating the Psalms daily according to the Church's use, and attending daily service, until health and strength began to fail; then going over it partly in private, partly with her family. Up to her last illness she was a weekly communicant. If ever there had been anything hard or rigid in her religion, it softened as years went on, and as her life brought her much into contact with pious Nonconformists, especially Presbyterians—'Dear, good people!' she would say; 'how kind they are to me, how ready to give for Christ's sake! I *do* like them.' One, therefore, might have been more prepared for the extraordinary manifestation of love upon the day of her funeral. It reminded one of what is sometimes told of the death of Italian saints—suddenly, quietly, noiselessly, from house to house, from heart to heart, the announcement spreads—'she will be buried to-day, the beloved of the poor.' Upon the coffin, covered simply with purple pall, with plain cross em-

broidered in white, countless wreaths were piled from all parts of Ireland and England. The streets through which the long procession wound its way to the beautiful cemetery were thronged with crowds of people. The utter silence, the reverential hush, was something wonderful. On the hillside the perfect autumn day slept with its rainbow tints. The hearse passed on, its coffin buried in flowers. We seemed not going to a funeral, but lifted up out of time, touched by a magic and soothed by a romance which were not of earth but of Paradise. She was laid in her grave amidst the tears of a great community. The last words of hope were spoken over her by the voice she loved best. So she sleeps sweetly, until the morning breaks."

Her stirring hymn, "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult," has already been quoted. The first lines of her other hymns in our hymnal are:

- 117 He is risen, He is risen.
- 129 The eternal gates lift up their heads.
- 160 There is one way, and only one.
- 165 For all Thy saints, a noble throng.
- 256 Souls in heathen darkness lying.
- 409 The roseate hues of early dawn.
- 540 Once in royal David's city.
- 542 Saw you never, in the twilight.
- 544 There is a green hill far away.
- 575 O Lord, the Holy Innocents.

With the life of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL we are more familiar, through her sister's well-known "Memorials." She was born December 14, 1836, and died June 3, 1879. She was a sensitive child, and her early life was religiously clouded. She tells us how a sermon on hell and judgment "haunted" her. Instead of taking to her heart the thought that she was already a child of God, she spent much time and effort in praying that she might become such. "As for trying to be good," she says, "that seemed to me of next to no use; it was like struggling in a quicksand, the more you struggle, the deeper you sink." Light gradually dawned upon her darkened soul. Her confirmation, when she was seventeen years old, was a notable event and is thus described:



Charlotte Elliott



"I was the fourth or fifth on whom the bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me, but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my fellow candidates, of the many eyes fixed upon us, and of the many thoughts of and prayers for me, alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner), I cannot describe, they were too confused; but when the words, 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine forever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come into Thy everlasting kingdom,' were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then; if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words, 'Thine forever.' But, as if in no feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing 'oh, that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully.' We returned to our seats, and for some time I wept, why, I hardly know; it was not grief, nor anxiety, nor exactly joy. About an hour and a quarter elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the rails; part of the time being spent in meditation on the double transaction which was now sealed, and in thinking that I was now more than ever His; but I still rather sadly wished that I could *feel* more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind, particularly part of Romans viii. * * * Each time that the 'Amen' was chanted in a more distant part of the cathedral, after the 'Defend' had been pronounced, it seemed as though a choir of angels had come down to witness, and pour out from their pure spirits a deep and felt 'Amen.'"

The story of a subsequent experience is told by her sister as follows:

"One day she received in a letter from N—— a tiny book with the title, 'All for Jesus.' She read it carefully. Its contents arrested her attention. It set forth a fulness of Christian experience and blessing exceeding that to which she had as yet attained. She was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in His service; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of

a holy walk and conversation, as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment in the divine life. * * * God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He Himself had shown her that there were 'regions beyond' of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her very soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them; and now, in His own grace and love, He took her by the hand, and led her into the goodly land. * * * The 'sunless ravines' were now forever passed, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widening under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received had (to use her own words) 'lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fulness of summer glory.' "

Miss Havergal was one of our modern queens of hymnody, and, as such, worthy of all honor. Her testimony is that her poems came to her without effort, as a breath from heaven. Her words are: "I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it."

Eight of Miss Havergal's hymns appear in our hymnal. The first lines of these are:

- 134 To Thee, O Comforter divine.
- 205 From glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song.
- 317 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.
- 545 Golden harps are sounding.
- 578 God in heaven, hear our singing.
- 586 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.
- 603 I could not do without Thee.
- 604 Thy life was given for me.

Six of our hymns come to us through CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Their first lines are:

- 84 O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.
- 341 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.
- 606 Just as I am, without one plea.

- 610 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen.
631 With tearful eyes I look around.
667 My God, my Father, while I stray.

All of these hymns are memorable, one of them particularly so, beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea."

When Bishop McIlvaine lay dying in Italy, he asked that three hymns should be read to him: "Just as I Am," "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." His previous testimony had been the following:

"At the Convention of my diocese this year (1860), I was requested in writing, by a large number of clergy, to reinstate the practice of calling the clergy, at the close of Convention, around the chancel, and making a parting address to them. This I had been accustomed to do on the Sunday night, at the end of the services, uniting it with a hymn and extempore prayer. At the request above mentioned, I concluded to renew it this year, at an evening service near the close of the Convention. And now I intend to continue it as long as God shall enable me. It is a good opportunity of leaving a solemn, devotional, affectionate impression on the clergy, and of cementing bonds of spiritual union.

"I had chosen a sweet hymn to be sung, and had it printed on cards. And I have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as *my hymn*, always to be sung on such occasions, and always to the same tune. It is that precious hymn by Miss Elliott, 'Just as I Am, Without One Plea,' etc., which so beautifully expresses the very essence of the Gospel.

"That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health it expresses all my refuge: in death I desire that I may know nothing else, for support and consolation, but what it contains. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that all my ministry may be so associated—'Just as I am,—without one plea,—but that Thy blood was shed for me,—and that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,—O Lamb of God, I come!' I have no other plea. I

can come in no other way. O Lord, help me so to come, in more simplicity and strength of trust; in more of that love which true faith always works by; in more of that 'peace in believing' which strong faith imparts; in more ability to mount above the sense of my deep unworthiness, to a full embracing of Thy promises; not feeling the less unworthy, but resting more in Thy merits; not the less realizing how all my righteousness is but filthy rags, but more putting on by faith Thine own—Thee, blessed Lord, who Thyself art my righteousness."

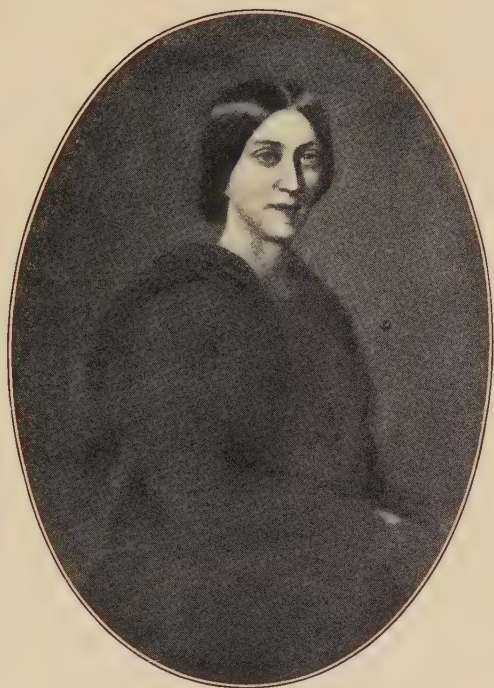
Miss Elliott was born March 18, 1789, and died September 22, 1871.

For the greater part of her earthly life, spent chiefly at Clapham, Brighton, and Torquay, she was an invalid. This was true of her youthful days, though she always rallied during the summer months, when the companionship of gifted and cultivated literary friends was hers. Even this failed to satisfy, and heavy hours came to her, followed by a serious illness in 1821. Concerning this her sister writes:

"Then followed a period of much seclusion and bodily distress, from the continuance of feeble health. Her views, too, became clouded and confused, through an introduction to religious controversy, and the disturbing influence of various teachers, who held inadequate notions of the efficacy of Divine grace. She became deeply conscious of the evil in her own heart, and having not yet fully realized the fulness and freeness of the grace of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, she suffered much mental distress, under the painful uncertainty whether it were possible that such an one as she felt herself to be could be saved."

At this juncture, she fell under the friendly influence of Dr. Cæsar Malan of Geneva, who preached to her the genuine gospel. These were some of his words, written at the time:

"To say to oneself that the Lord loves us, that he is *our Father*, that He cherishes us, that He sees, follows, guides, guards us; to believe, but to believe *indeed*, that Jesus is our friend each day, each hour; that His grace surrounds us, that His voice continually bids us be happy and holy in Him; to dwell, child-like, in the joy of that love, and to repeat to one's



Adelaide Anne Procter



soul, 'O my soul, my soul, dwell thou in peace, and bless thy God:'—all this which is life, and without which there is no life, either here below, or in the world above, is not the work of our own will; it is the direct achievement of the merciful and freely given power of Him who is 'over all, God blessed forever:' who is love, and who desires to be called and recognized as the Father of infinite compassion."

Mrs. Babbington adds: "The Spirit of God accompanied his teaching. The burden was lifted off that weary spirit; and from that ever memorable day, my beloved sister's spiritual horizon became for the most part cloudless. It is true that the suffering body would at times weigh down her soul to the dust; but no doubt ever again assailed her. Her faith never was shaken. She might shrink from present suffering, or from unknown imagined terrors as to the circumstances of her dying hour. But all beyond was light and joy. Her constant testimony was: 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"

Her subsequent religious experience was one of growing intimacy with the Lord Jesus Christ. This is evident from her poems and other published utterances. Her sister's testimony is: "She was as the limpet on the rock (she would often say), so clinging to her blessed Saviour that any effort to tear her from Him was like rending her soul asunder; or, she was as the happy infant on its mother's lap, with no strength, but needing none; fully supported by those loving arms, and only looking up to the beam of light and love on that blessed countenance, when the sweetest joy would steal into her soul.

"Or, again, she would retrace in her own mind all she had ever known or read of worth and beauty in man or nature,—all of genius and glory, the highest and best on earth,—all the loveliest and most notable characters that had ever evoked admiration or esteem. She would review them all, with a rich unfolding of the several pictures, and a comparison of them with the portraiture, in her own mind, of Him 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' She would speak of each one—Milton, Dante, Newton, St. Paul, etc.—as but

a faint outline, a shadowy reflection, of His glorious excellency. And thus, when no one was by, in the silent hours of darkness, her solitary musings, of which she would give an account the following day, often made even wakefulness to be no weariness, and her sick chamber as the pavilion of her Saviour's presence.

* * * * *

"At one period, when her weakness made it no longer possible for her to attend the public sanctuary that she so dearly loved, this was the expression of her mind: 'My Bible is my Church. It is always open, and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my psalms of praise, a field of promises, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy—prophets and apostles, and martyrs and confessors—in short, all I can want I there find.'"

One of her poems, wrought out of her own experience, and which is comparatively unfamiliar, is here given as a specimen of many, telling of her life hid with Christ in God.

What is the lesson I am taught
Daily and hourly, Friend Divine?
O could I learn it as I ought!
To have no will but Thine.

Oft I feel eager to fulfil
Some right intent, as best I may;
Then comes the mandate "to be still,"
To work not, but obey.

I meekly plead, "Life's little hour
For me, far spent, will soon expire;"
My Lord replies, "Thou wilt have power
When thou shalt come up higher."

In others, in myself, I see
Evils I long at once to cure;
Then comes this gentle check to me:
"Be patient, and endure."

I think, if this or that were changed,
I could do better and do more;
But is not every step arranged
By Thee, whom I adore?

That wisdom which can never fail,
That love whose depths can ne'er be scanned,
E'en in its most minute detail,
My daily life has planned.

Then let me with implicit faith,
In Thee confide, on Thee depend,
And say, "Choose Thou my hourly path,
E'en to the end."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER has given us three hymns, of which the first lines are:

- 15 The shadows of the evening hours.
624 My God, I thank Thee, who hast made.
633 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.

Of the second of these hymns Bishop E. H. Bickersteth writes that it touches the chord of thankfulness in trial as perhaps no other hymn does, and is thus most useful for the visitation of the sick.

Concerning Miss Procter the following is of more than ordinary interest:

"She was the authoress of the well-known and delightful 'Legends and Lyrics,' to which, after her death, her friend, Charles Dickens, prefixed a beautiful and touching sketch of her life, in which the following incident is recorded: 'In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually seething through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel Miss Berwick was informed

that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish at the office of *Household Words* that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably businesslike, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable, so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick, the governess, became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled "The Seven Poor Travelers," was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick, and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.' * * *

"Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. * * *

"Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life



Femina Thompson Luke



must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

"To have saved her life then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

"All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

"At length, at midnight, on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up.

"The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one, 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'

"‘I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.’

"‘Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!’

"Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, ‘It has come at last!’ And with a bright and happy smile looked upward, and departed.

"Well had she written :

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

Miss Procter was born October 30, 1825, and died February 2, 1864. In religion she was a Roman Catholic.

ANNE STEELE was the daughter of a Baptist minister, living in England two centuries ago. She was born in the year 1716, and died in the year 1778. Her life was full of trouble. Illness was her lot, and loneliness, as her fiancé was drowned almost immediately before the day appointed for her wedding.

Under date of November 29, 1757, her father wrote: "This day Nanny sent a poem of her composition to London, to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct it, and bless it for the good and comfort of many." The prayer was abundantly answered.

In the year 1808 the congregation of Trinity Church, Boston, having grown tired of singing Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, with only twenty-seven hymns appended, the vestry of that church ventured upon a hymnal for parochial use. One-third of the hymns contained therein were written by Miss Steele, who was the first of her sex to gain large recognition as a writer of hymns, and who is still the most generally accepted hymn writer among millions of the people called Baptists.

The compilers of our hymnal have given Miss Steele a place to the extent of accepting only five of her popular hymns.

The first lines of these hymns are:

- 283 Father of mercies! in Thy word.
- 338 O gracious God, in whom I live.
- 451 To our Redeemer's glorious name.
- 644 Great God, to Thee my evening song.
- 670 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

Four of MARY ANN THOMSON'S hymns have found welcome to our hymnal.

One for the Feast of the Annunciation, beginning:

- 157 Now, the blessèd Dayspring.

One for All Saints' Day, beginning:

- 177 O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glory.

One for the Burial of a Child, beginning:

- 247 Saviour, for the little one.

And the last, her splendid Missionary Hymn, which is steadily increasing in favor with the best of our people, of which the following is the first stanza:

- 249 O Sion haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
 To tell to all the world that God is Light;
 That He who made all nations is not willing
 One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:
 Publish glad tidings;
 Tidings of peace;
 Tidings of Jesus,
 Redemption and release.

Upon special request Mrs. Thomson has kindly sent the following information:

"I am an English woman and was born, baptized, and confirmed in London, and I am, and for many years have

been a member of the Church of the Annunciation, Philadelphia.

"I am the wife of John Thomson, the Librarian of the Free Library of Philadelphia, and he is the Accounting Warden of the Church of the Annunciation.

"I wrote the greater part of the hymn, 'O Sion, Haste,' in the year 1868. I had written many hymns before, and one night, while I was sitting up with one of my children who was ill with typhoid fever, I thought I should like to write a Missionary hymn to the tune of the hymn, 'Hark, Hark, My Soul, Angelic Songs are Swelling,' as I was fond of that tune, but as I could not then get a refrain I liked, I left the hymn unfinished and about three years later I finished it by writing the refrain which now forms part of it. By some mistake 1891 is given instead of 1871, as the date of the hymn, in the hymnal.

"I wrote some lines of Hymns 177 and 247 about the same time, but the greater part of them and the whole of the hymn out of which Hymn 157 is taken, I wrote many years later. Hymn 177, for All Saints, and the hymn or poem for the Annunciation from which Hymn 157 is taken, first appeared in 'The Living Church,' to which I have contributed about seventy hymns and poems. The late Rev. John Anketell read many of them there and was much pleased with them and it was through him that several of my hymns were sent to the Hymnal Commission and four of them were accepted for the hymnal. The whole of my hymn for the Annunciation was reprinted in 'Lyrics of the Living Church.'

"I do not think my hymn, 'O Sion, Haste,' is ever sung to the tune for which I wrote it. Mr. Anketell told me, and I am sure he was right, that it is better for a hymn to have a tune of its own and I feel much indebted to the author of the tune 'Tidings,' for writing so inspiriting a tune to my words.

"In the first edition of the hymnal a 'p' was by mistake inserted in my name Thomson and it is still found in a large number of the copies in use."

The entire poem from which Hymn 157 was taken is as follows:



Phoebe Cary



THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Through the sins and sorrows
Of four thousand years,
Earth has watched and waited,
Smiling through her tears;
Watched to greet the dawning
Of a brighter morn;
Waited for a Saviour,
Man, of woman born.

Now, the blessèd Dayspring
Cometh from on high;
Now, the world's Redeemer,
To her aid draws nigh;
Bearer of the tidings
From the throne of light,
To a lowly maiden
Speeds an angel bright.

In the chosen daughter
Of King David's line,
God fulfils the promise
Of King Ahaz's sign:
Gabriel hath spoken;
Mary hath believed;
And, behold, a virgin
Hath a Son conceived.

Earthly sire He hath not;
For the promised Rod
Of the stem of Jesse
Is the Son of God;
Virgin pure the Temple
Where he lies enshrined,
Holy One of Jacob,
Hope of all mankind!

Though He take our nature,
Linked to low estate,
Though He stoop to suffer,
Yet shall He be great;
Though His crown and scepter
Be of thorn and reed,
His shall be the Kingdom
Sworn to David's Seed.

Light to light the Gentiles
 Bending at His throne;
Glory of His people,
 When His sway they own;
He shall reign forever,
 King of kings confessed,
And all tribes and kindreds
 Shall in Him be blest.

Through the brightened ages,
 O'er the ransomed earth,
All shall bless and honor
 Her who gave Him birth;
Her of whom, Incarnate,
 Came the Lord of all,
To uplift creation
 From the primal fall.

Only a word can be added concerning some of the "chief women, not a few," when many words would be desirable.

MISS HARRIET AUBER has given us two valued hymns; one (No. 29) a "Lord's Day" hymn, and the other beginning with those exquisite words:

375 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

MRS. CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN has given us a strong Lenten hymn, beginning:

78 Lord! who throughout these forty days,
 For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,
 And close by Thee to stay.

To MRS. MARY FOWLER MAUDE we are indebted for one of the best Confirmation hymns ever written, beginning:

216 Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY saw on a tombstone in a country churchyard the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and at once there leaped into being the familiar hymn, beginning:

- 244 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

MRS. MARY DUNCAN, wife of a Scotch clergyman, praying for her own children, brought to us the touching hymn, beginning:

- 534 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

TO MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE, the wife of an English Congregational minister, we owe that most familiar children's hymn, beginning:

- 562 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

From the brain and heart of a Canadian woman, MISS ANNA L. WALKER, there came to us the stirring hymn, beginning:

- 583 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.

A plaintive hymn, beginning:

- 589 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free!
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some portion fall on me,
Even me!

has reached us through MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER, the wife of an English clergyman. It was born of the revival in Ireland in 1861, and has touched many souls and brought great blessing.

ANNA SHIPTON wrote, for "Home Missions," a hymn that should move us mightily, beginning:

619 Call them in, the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer!
Can you weigh their worth with gold?

MRS. CAROLINE LOUISA SMITH has lifted up for us that pleading cry:

642 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Of the hymns contained in our hymnal, six hundred and seventy-nine in number, including translations, ninety-three were written by women; a little more than one-seventh of the whole. In the earlier period of our modern hymnody women contributed but little. Now they are doing much more, especially in poems suited to "Home and Personal Use." Already we owe to them some of our chiefest treasures.

Of those remaining to be considered, one came to birth in a novel. The story of its first appearance and use has been frequently narrated. I give it as told by Dr. Charles S. Robinson in his volume of "Annotations upon Popular Hymns."

"Some years ago, while Charles Dickens was the editor of the magazine called *Household Words*, there was issued each season an extra number especially appropriate to Christmas and the holidays, filled with stories, often taken up entirely with one of good length and fine skill. In 1856 there was published a tale entitled, 'The Wreck of the Golden Mary.' This was written by a lady who keeps herself in much reserve; she then lived in York, England, and was known by the literary name of 'Holme Lee,' but her real name was HARRIET PARR.



Elizabeth Payson Prentiss



Now in this story some shipwrecked sailors and passengers are floating around, night and day, shelterless, upon the sea in an open boat; the vessel struck an iceberg and had already gone down; no land, no help in sight, no hope. They fall to telling incidents of their previous lives, and one of them, Dick Tarrant by name, a wild youth in his history, breaks out with the question, 'What can it be that brings all these old things over my mind? There is a child's hymn I and Tom used to sing at my mother's knee when we were little ones, keeps running through my thoughts. It's the stars, maybe; there was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at, a window in my room at home in Cheshire; and if I were ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost-story, I would keep on saying it until I fell asleep.' Then another took up the conversation: 'That was a good mother of yours, Dick; could you say that hymn now, do you think? Some of us might like to hear it.' Then the sailor replied: 'It is as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me.' And so he repeated this wonderful little poem. It was evidently composed for the story in the magazine, for we know of no other religious song by the same writer. But it proved so pathetic and beautiful that each reader was touched by it; and at last it was caught up for real use by the compilers and transferred to their hymn books."

I quote the whole of this plaintive hymn:

647 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE'S "Memories of Eighty Years" is a volume worth looking at, if only to find in it this testimony: "When I was six weeks of age a slight cold caused an inflammation of the eyes, which appeared to demand the attention of the family physician; but he not being at home, a stranger was called. He recommended the use of hot poultices, which ultimately destroyed the sense of sight. When this sad misfortune became known throughout our neighborhood, the unfortunate man thought it best to leave; and we never heard of him again. But I have not for a moment, in more than eighty-five years, felt a spark of resentment against him because I have always believed from my youth to this very moment that the good Lord, in His infinite mercy, by this means consecrated me to the work that I am still permitted to do. When I remember His mercy and loving kindness; when I have been blessed above the common lot of mortals; and when happiness has touched the deep places of my soul,—how can I repine?"

"Fanny Crosby" is unsurpassed in one particular. She has written more hymns than she can remember, "eight thousand, perhaps." Most of these are without value, but a few have met with large popular favor.

One of these which has gained entrance to the "English Hymnal" of 1906, is as follows:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin shall not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Free from my daily trials,
Free from my frequent tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Then may I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

The one which has been admitted to our hymnal is this:

618 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

An incident in the varied life of Fanny Crosby worthy of special mention is her early friendship with Grover Cleveland, afterwards President of the United States. This friendship began in 1853 when Miss Crosby was "Preceptress" in the New York Institution for the Blind, William Cleveland, the principal teacher, and his brother "Grove," a private secretary, seventeen years of age. It has continued for more than half a century. Witness the following letter:

"My Dear Friend: It is more than fifty years ago that our acquaintance and friendship began; and ever since that time I have watched your continuous and disinterested labor in uplifting humanity, and pointing out the way to an appreciation of God's goodness and mercy.

"Though these labors have, I know, brought you abundant rewards in your consciousness of good accomplished, those who have known of your works and sympathized with your noble purposes owe it to themselves that you are apprized of their remembrance of these things. I am, therefore, exceedingly gratified to learn that your eighty-fifth birthday is to be celebrated with a demonstration of this remembrance. As one proud to call you an old friend, I desire to be early in congratulating you on your long life of usefulness, and wishing you, in the years yet to be added to you, the peace and comfort born of the love of God.

"Yours very sincerely,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Van Alstyne prizes this letter among her "most valued treasures."

However, had she known of it, she might have prized even more a simple testimony in the Journal of James Hannington, first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, as follows:

"They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a



Anna Laetitia Barbauld



club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation."

It was the hour of his martyrdom, and her (Fanny Crosby's) words were dear to him as sacramental wine. To comfort a dying saint, how great her privilege! To lift up the eternal gates and bid a Christian hero enter triumphantly, how vast her power and her joy! Earth knows no higher bliss.

ALICE and PHOEBE CARY were women of rare intellectual gifts as well as of great personal loveliness. A memorial of them has been written by Mary Clemmer Ames. Our final quotation at this time will be from this volume, giving first Phoebe Cary's noteworthy hymn, as follows:

676 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the "many mansions" be;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown;

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith:
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;

Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Concerning this widely known and much appreciated hymn Mrs. Ames says:

"Yet like Alice with her 'Pictures of Memory,' she did not set a high intellectual value upon it. Until within a year or two of her death she was not conscious of its universal popularity. Before that time this lovely pilgrim of a hymn had wandered over the world, pausing at many thresholds, filling with 'sweetly solemn thoughts' how many Christian hearts! It had been printed on Sabbath-school cards, embodied in books of sacred song, pasted into scrap-books, read with tearful eyes by patient invalids in twilight sick-chambers and by brave yet tender souls at their heyday, on whose wistful eyes faint visions of their immortal home must sometimes dawn, even amid the dimness of this clouded world.

"Within the last year of her life Phœbe heard of an incident connected with this hymn, which made her happier while she lived:

"A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited, in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily

back in his chair while the older shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phœbe Cary, above quoted. The words,' says the writer of the story, 'repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed, "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, that one you've been singing."

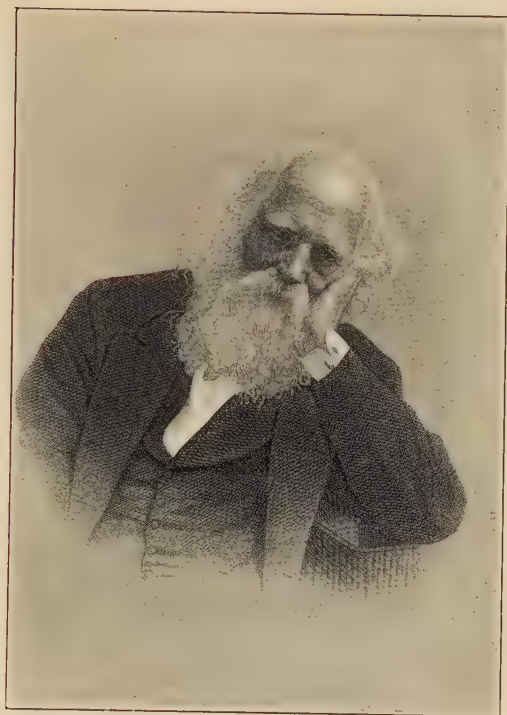
"The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

" "Come," said the elder man, getting up; "come, Harry; here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

"The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in the *Boston Daily News*) saw these two men leave the gambling-house together, and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks, 'It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life.'

"It was a great joy to the writer. In a private letter to an aged friend in New York, with the story inclosed, she added:

"I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I felt you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world.' "



William Cullen Bryant



XII.

William Cullen Bryant
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Edmund Hamilton Sears
And Other Unitarian Hymn Writers .

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good Night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good Morning."

ANNIE LAETITIA BARBAULD.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under Thy wings;
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS,
AND OTHER UNITARIAN HYMN WRITERS.

We have already said that "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is one of the great hymns of the English language. It does not follow that it is one of the great bits of poetry, but it is one of the great hymns. Bishop Boyd Carpenter has written truly that "the great poet is not necessarily a good hymn-writer. This will be apparent to any one who studies our collection of hymns. Two things will strike such a student. He will find that among the hymn-writers there are few men of first-class literary rank. He will further find that the most popular hymns are not from the pens of these few. In other words, the highest poetic gift does not insure the power of writing a good hymn. Less gifted men succeed where men of higher endowments fail."

Dryden gave shape to one of our hymns, beginning:

381 Creator Spirit, by whose aid.

Pope wrote another, beginning:

487 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise.

And Thomas Moore still another, beginning:

637 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.

These are almost the only noted poets from whom any of our hymns have come. Milton could write gloriously of "Para-

dise Lost," and also of "Paradise Regained," but he left us no hymns that endure. Wordsworth could give to the world his matchless "Intimations of Immortality," but no hymn sprang from his great brain and heart. Coleridge could also write his "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," but no hymn pleading the infinite love of Jesus Christ. Yet all these were deeply religious men. It falls to the lot of lesser men and women to write the hymns of the Ages. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Another subject, however, is to engage our attention for a time. This may well be introduced by a statement taken from Dr. Julian's great "Dictionary of Hymnology," under the heading, "Nearer, My God, to Thee":

"This hymn is a curious illustration of the coloring which is given to a hymn by the antecedents of its author. In the case of Addison's 'When all Thy mercies, O my God,' and many other hymns of a like kind, no attempt has ever been made to alter its distinctive character as a hymn to the *Father* alone. With Mrs. Adams, being a Unitarian, the treatment is changed, notwithstanding the redeeming lines,

E'en though it be a *cross*
That raiseth me,

in the opening stanza. The following alterations and additions have been made to bring the hymn more in harmony with the views of the editors by whom it has been adopted:

"1. The first change with which we are acquainted was the addition of the following stanza:

Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint heir He maketh me
Of the Divine:
In Christ my soul shall be,
Nearest, my God, to Thee,
Nearest to Thee!

"This is by the Rev. A. T. Russell.

"2. The second change and addition are:

Though by Thy bitter cross
We raised be,

and the doxology:

Glory, O God, to Thee;
Glory to Thee,
Almighty Trinity
In Unity
Glorious mystery,
Through all Eternity
Glory to Thee!

"This addition is given in Skinner's 'Daily Service Hymnal.'

"3. Another change in the same direction is:

And *when* on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Unto the Light of Lights,
Upward I fly,

by Dr. Monsell in his 'Parish Hymnal.'

"4. In Kennedy, 1863, the following is substituted for Stanza V.:

And when my Lord again
Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling place
In Thy bright home,
There evermore to be
Nearer to Thee, my God;
Nearer to Thee!

"This same stanza is repeated in the 'Hymns for the Church Catholic.'

"5. In Bishop Bickersteth's note to this hymn in his annotated edition of the 'Hymnal Companion' he says:

“The editor shrunk from appending a closing verse of his own to a hymn so generally esteemed complete as this, or he would have suggested the following:

There in my Father's home,
Safe and at rest,
There in my Saviour's love
Perfectly blest;
Age after age to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'

“In addition to these alterations and changes, it has been entirely rewritten, by Bishop How, as ‘Nearer, O God, to Thee, hear Thou our prayer.’”

Bishop How's rendering is as follows:

Nearer, O God, to Thee!
Hear Thou our prayer;
Ev'n though a heavy cross
Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

If, where they lead the Lord,
We too are borne,
Planting our steps in His,
Weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

If Thou the cup of pain
Givest us to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found:

Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

And when Thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shall come,
Oh, for a dwelling place
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Of the thirty-two "Best Hymns," collated by Dr. Benson, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is the only one written by a Unitarian. Its immense popularity, its high prominence, have invited attack.

Now concerning this, what is to be said?

First: The Christian world bows before the throne of Jesus Christ, and crowns Him "Lord of All." It has, for itself, settled the question of the Deity of Jesus Christ. Church historians tell us that the highly metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity had its origin, primarily, in a living belief, in the faith and feeling of the primitive Christian that Christ is the co-equal Son of God.

That was the decision in the early days of the Christian Church. It is the decision now.

I do not know where the general judgment is better expressed than in a fugitive sermon of a great popular preacher, who said:

"For when I candidly read the New Testament, and see how Christ ingratiated, and sought to ingratiate Himself with every loving and believing soul, how He taught me to regard myself as inseparably united to Him as the branch is to the vine, to accept Him as my guiding star, bright and morning star, after the troublous night of unbelief and wickedness, to believe Him the beginning, the end, the Alpha, the Omega, the First, the Last, do I believe that any result is possible, or any result designed by God, but that I should give to Christ all that the human soul can give to any being? When I have fulfilled all the acts of reverence, of worship, of adoration, and ecstasy that are com-

manded toward the Lord Jesus Christ, I have exhausted the possibilities of my mind, I have nothing higher to offer before any other throne. And when I have walked by His strength, and my life has been hid with God in Him, when, by His conscious presence, I have trod down temptation, and walked the appointed waves of trial unsubmerged, when he has dwelt as a light in my dwelling, and lit the candle of love in my heart that never goes out, when all my affections and enterprises have been quickened by my faith in Him, when sickness and loss and disappointment of every varied kind by Him have been irradiated as clouds are by the sun and changed from misfortunes into gorgeous decorations of life, when, leaning upon Him, I languish, I die, I have no fear that life will then burst as a bubble, and reveal to me that I have been the dupe of a phantasy. Assuredly I shall behold Him as He is, no whit less the God, and if then likewise also, before my clarified vision, there shall arise, in equal proportions of majesty, the then revealed Father and Holy Ghost, they shall not overshadow my Christ, nor take one whit from the glory of His divinity. What this final revelation of the majesty of God shall be I am content to leave to that hour of birth which men call death. But O, if then I find that I am left with no Christ to adore, no Christ upon whom it is lawful to put my long-trained worshiping feelings, with complaints more piteous than Mary gave in the garden and with worse despair, I shall call out to the heavens, They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him! But I fear no such disaster; no such blackness shall cloud the future. I shall behold Him as He is, and shall be satisfied."

No! The Christian Church need not fear attack as to one of its fundamental verities. That being regarded as settled, this is to be said in addition:

Second: There are Unitarians and Unitarians.

In the "Life and Letters of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson" is to be found the following interesting passage concerning the foremost of all American Unitarians, Dr. William Ellery Channing:

"He was a Unitarian, but that is a very wide term,

including a vast variety of persons thinking very differently on essentials. I can only say that I should be very glad if half of those who recognize the hereditary claims of the Son of God to worship, bowed down before His moral dignity with an adoration half as profound, or a love half as enthusiastic, as Dr. Channing's. I wish I, a Trinitarian, loved and adored Him, and the divine goodness in Him, anything near the way in which that Unitarian felt. A religious lady found the book on my table a few days ago, and was horror-struck. I told her that if she and I ever got to heaven, we should find Dr. Channing revolving round the central Light in an orbit immeasurably nearer than ours, almost invisible to us, and lost in a blaze of light, which she has no doubt duly reported to the Brighton inquisition for heretics. But, by the bye, I began on that very day to write out the conversation. Here it is, all incomplete:

"A lady called to-day, and when she came into the drawing-room, she put her hand on Channing's 'Memoirs.' 'I am sorry to see you read this book, Mr. Robertson.' I replied: 'Dr. Channing was one of the highest of his species. For a minister to refuse to read such a book would be miserable. I am not so sensitively afraid of error as that. I throw myself on the Father of Lights, read all, and trust that He will answer a desire for light. An immoral book I refuse to read, but a book containing merely false doctrine, or what is supposed to be false, I dare not refuse to read, or else I could not, with any consistency, ask a Roman Catholic to read my book of Protestant heresy.' 'But, Dr. Channing could not be a good man, because he did not believe in Christ.' 'Pardon me, he did—he loved Christ. I wish I adored Him half as much as Dr. Channing did.' 'But he denied that he adored Him.' 'I cannot help that. If the lowliest reverence and the most enthusiastic love constitute adoration, Dr. Channing worshiped Christ. I care not what a man says. His homage was more adoring than that of nine out of ten who call Him God. Besides, do you remember the story of the two sons, one of whom said, 'I go, sir,' and went not, the other refused to go and went? What care I if Dr. Channing adores *saying* that he does not adore?"

She replied, 'I believe he adored himself much more.' I returned that some passages in his diary expressed the deepest self-abasement. 'Well, probably, he had a high ideal: he was mortified at not attaining that before the world.' 'Do you recollect,' I answered, 'how the Pharisees got over a similar difficulty to yours? There was a holy man before them, and because they could not deny the beauty of His deeds, they found out that they were done from diabolical motives, for Beelzebub's cause. Take care. Do you recollect what sin they committed by that—seeing good and refusing to recognize it as good? It is a perilous thing to set out with the assumption that a doctrine is true, and that all who do not hold that doctrine are bad. Christ reverses that order of procedure. "Believe Me for the work's sake." I would just as soon disbelieve in God as contemplate a character like Dr. Channing's, and hesitate to say whether that was a divine image or not: whether God had accepted him or not: whether those deeds and that life were the product of evil, or the fruit of the Heavenly Spirit.' "

This utterance was evidently written under deep feeling, and is somewhat unguarded. But, fairly interpreted, it is undoubtedly true. In December, 1859, Frederic Dan Huntington (afterwards Bishop of Central New York), issued a volume containing his famous sermon, entitled, "Life, Salvation, and Comfort for Man in the Divine Trinity." He had finally reached conclusions which carried him into the Episcopal Church; but before that time he had certainly been doctrinally an orthodox Christian. Much of the Unitarianism about him had been a reaction against ultra-Calvinism. With that attitude he had been in sympathy. He was right as far as he went. He simply needed to go further. So with a multitude of other men and women; and to-day there are Christian Unitarians as well as agnostic Unitarians, just as there are unbelieving Roman Catholics, and devout Roman Catholics who live in fellowship with our Master Christ.

But, *third*: Even if Sarah Flower Adams had been no more than an ordinary Unitarian, it would still seem wise to sing her uplifting words because she believed God, and that was counted unto her for righteousness, and she was called the

friend of God. I am not an Israelite, but a Christian. Nevertheless, I rejoice in the songs which have come to us through Moses and David and Isaiah; and I should have no difficulty in joining with Jew and Mohammedan in singing not only "The God of Abraham praise" as well as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but many other hymns we are wont to sing, without any inquiry as to the Christian beliefs of the authors of these hymns. The first of our Thirty-nine Articles is this: "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness: the Maker and Preserver of all things, both visible and invisible." The Jew believes that. The Mohammedan believes that. The Christian goes on to add: "And in unity of this Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power, and eternity: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." If I am to have this Christian doctrine of the Trinity connected with every hymn, I will not spoil the unity of the hymn by bringing it in where it does not belong, rather will I change the metre, and sing:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
 Praise Him, all creatures here below!
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Or, if not that, I should try to have it arranged that, at the same service at which "Nearer, My God, to Thee" were sung, there should also be sung that wonderfully touching distinctively Christian hymn of Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss:

654 More love to Thee, O Christ!
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee.
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest:
 Now Thee alone I seek:
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee!
 More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain.
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry;
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Two men, closely resembling each other in lyric power, were Frederick W. Faber and John G. Whittier—the one, when his hymns were written, a Roman Catholic, the other a Quaker, certainly not altogether “orthodox.” Let me give you a hymn from each. Faber was orthodox, and intense in his distinctively Christian beliefs, yet an Israelite might join with him in singing,

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!



Oliver Wendell Holmes



Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

I am willing to sing that hymn and stop there, and yet to me these verses of Whittier's hymn taken from "Our Master" are much more definitely Christian. They form really a hymn to Christ. Take a look at a few of its stanzas:

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn:
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

And now a word as to the hymns in our hymnal which have been brought to us from Unitarian sources.

These have come, three from Oliver Wendell Holmes, two from William Cullen Bryant, two from Edmund Hamilton Sears, two from Sir John Bowring, one each from Henry Ware, Jr., William Henry Burleigh, Anna Laetitia Barbauld, and Helen Maria Williams.

Bryant and Holmes stood as chiefs amongst our American literary men; Sears was a Unitarian minister of charming personality, and exceptional scholarly attainments; Sir John Bowring, an English statesman, cultured and renowned; Henry Ware, Jr., a preacher of power; William Henry Burleigh, an editor and reformer; Mrs. Barbauld, a well-known poetess; and Miss Williams, a woman of experience in the French reign of terror, and a political writer of no inconsiderable influence. To these, possibly, Samuel Johnson should be added, as he is by some, on account of his Unitarian affiliations; yet Octavius B. Frothingham, who knew him intimately, writes thus concerning him:

"SAMUEL JOHNSON should be known as the apostle of individualism. The apostle, I say, for this was with him a religion, and the preaching of individualism was a gospel message. He would not belong to any church, or subscribe to any creed, or connect himself with any sect, or be a member of any organization whatever, however wide or elastic, however consonant with convictions that he held, with beliefs that he entertained, with purposes that he cherished, with plans that were dear to him. He never joined the 'Anti-Slavery Society,' though he was an Abolitionist; or the 'Free Religious Associa-

tion,' though its aims were essentially his own, and he spoke on its platform. He made it a principle to act alone, herein being a true disciple of Emerson, whose mission was to individual minds."

Yet he gave us a thoroughly good hymn, as follows:

620 Onward, Christian! though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on!

Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD'S hymn of thanksgiving with many changes has been sung for eighty years in our churches. Its words are very familiar:

192 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty summer pours:
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best:
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS' hymn has been sung for an equal length of time, and is equally familiar:

671 While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' hymns are these:

197 O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm Thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires.
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!

313 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, our heavenly flame.

627 O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT's hymns are as follows:

251 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

279 When, doomed to death, the apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

HENRY WARE, JR., has given us a hymn characteristic of his spirit, for the laying of a corner-stone:

293 O Thou, in whom alone is found
The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

In Thy great name we place this stone;
 To Thy great truth these walls we rear:
 Long may they make Thy glory known,
 And long our Saviour triumph here.

And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
 Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
 Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
 With living fire touch every tongue.

Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;
 Let sin and error pass away,
 Till truth's full influence from above
 Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

His resurrection hymn might also well have been used, for its truth and lyric fire:

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save;
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
 The being He gave us death cannot destroy;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

To WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH we are indebted for a hymn of simplicity and pleading fervor:

422 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
 Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.



John Bowring



Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

From EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS have come to us two
Christmas gems of rare and exquisite beauty:

55 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

59 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Let SIR JOHN BOWRING sing for all of us, as follows:

331 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Also

359 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

The great lesson of the Christian religion is the lesson of Christian charity. Let us apply that lesson and sing, in inward if not in outward communion, even with a Unitarian, STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, a hymn worthy to be sung by all who profess and call themselves Christians:

We gather to the sacred board,
Perchance a scanty band:
But with us in sublime accord
What mighty armies stand!

In creed and rite howe'er apart,
One Saviour still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
Before our Father's throne.

A thousand spires, o'er hill and vale,
Point to the same blue heaven:
A thousand voices tell the tale
Of grace through Jesus given.

High choirs, in Europe's ancient fanes,
Praise Him for man who died;
And o'er the boundless Western plains
His name is glorified.

Around His tomb, on Salem's height,
Greek and Armenian bend;
And, through all Lapland's months of nights,
The peasants' hymns ascend.

Are we not brethren, Saviour dear?
Then may we walk in love,
Joint subjects of Thy Kingdom here,
Joint heirs of bliss above.

When James Freeman Clarke lay dying at Lakewood, he asked that there should be read to him Henry Francis Lyte's great hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." Was that a "Unitarian," or an "orthodox" request? It was both, inasmuch as it came from a man who was outwardly a Unitarian, but whose lifelong inward fellowship had been with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. He remembered his

Master who had climbed the steep of Calvary, and so his spirit cried :

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes :
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Let that be the cry of our spirits also, and for us "the valley of the shadow" will blaze with light.

XIII.

John Mason Neale

And Some Hymns from the Greek and Latin

Christ's own Martyrs, valiant cohort,
White-robed and palmiferous throng,
Ye that 'neath the Heavenly Altar,
Cry "How long, O Lord, how long?"
Tell us how the fiery struggle
Ended in the Victor song?

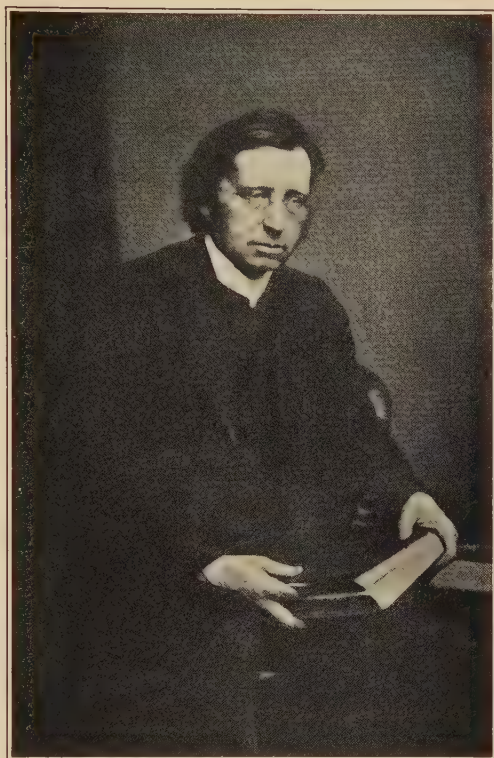
"'Twas His love that watch'd beside us,
His Right Arm that brought us through;
So, the fiercer wax'd our torture,
Sweeter His consoling grew,
Till the men that killed the body
Had no more that they could do."

* * * * *

All Christ's saints, that none may number,
Out of every land and tongue,
Ye that by the fire and crystal
Have your crowns in worship flung,
Tell us how ye gained the region
Where the Unknown Song is sung?

"Glory, honor, adoration
To the Lamb that once was slain;
Virtue, riches, power, the kingdom,
To the Prince that lives again;
His entirely, His forever,
His we are, and His remain."

JOHN MASON NEALE.



John Mason Neale



XIII.

JOHN MASON NEALE,

AND SOME HYMNS FROM THE GREEK AND LATIN.

Many millions of English-speaking people owe to JOHN MASON NEALE an unspeakable debt of gratitude for his translations of Greek and Latin hymns. Before his time such sacred work had hardly been attempted. By him it was not only attempted, but splendidly performed.

His biographer tells us:

“He had great qualifications for the work; and so far as his translations are concerned, his facility had no power to lead him astray. He had too deep a reverence to touch the work of great saints and writers with a rash, unpracticed hand. Upon his translations he spent an unstinted and elaborate care sometimes lacking in the case of his original verse. It is one striking evidence of his love for the past, that the old gems which he reset were neither dimmed nor defaced in the process.
* * * He was no mere imitator. Accuracy of expression and perfection of form might in themselves have failed to preserve the beauty and the essence of a poet’s conceptions. Like the artist of whom Nathaniel Hawthorne writes, Neale’s translations had ‘that evanescent and ethereal life—that flitting fragrance, as it were, of the originals—which it is as difficult to catch and retain, as it would be for a sculptor to get the very movement and varying color of a living man into his marble bust.’

“His acknowledged success was the result of religious endeavor and reverent perceptions. Archbishop Trench, to whom Neale over and over again pays a grateful tribute of praise and admiration for his labors in the same field, speaks with the authority of a distinguished expert as to Neale’s exceptional gifts as a translator. In his preface to his ‘Sacred Latin

Poetry,' 1864, he affirms, that, 'by patient researches in almost all European lands, he has brought to light a multitude of hymns unknown before; in a treatise on sequences properly so called, has for the first time explained their essential character, while to him the English reader owes versions of some of the best hymns, such as often successfully overcome the almost insuperable difficulties which some of them present to the translator.' "

He was as familiar with Greek as he was with Latin, and nearly as familiar with both as with English. A playful proof of this statement is contained in the story of an incident, which has often been told. It is thus narrated by his last biographer:

"When the Bishop of Salisbury and Keble were compiling a hymn-book, Neale was invited to assist them. He called at Hursley parsonage, and after talking with his guest Keble left the room to search for papers, and was unexpectedly detained. When he returned, Neale observed with a touch of reproach that he had always understood the 'Christian Year' to be entirely original. Keble replied that it most certainly was. 'Then how do you explain this?' and Neale drew forth a Latin version of one of the poems, and placed it before him. Keble, too simple-minded to be suspicious, was confounded, and could only protest in distressed astonishment that he had never seen the original before; but though relieved, he can hardly have been less surprised when Neale explained that he had taken advantage of his absence to turn the English into Latin.

"This ease, however, never led him into careless haste; and, in the case of some hymns, he would spend hours and even days in seeking for an English word most faithfully expressing the mind of the writer."

To John Mason Neale we owe six hymns which have been welcomed to our hymnal, and twenty-three translations. The first lines of these translations are as follows:

16 The day is past and over.

21 Before the ending of the day.

- 45 Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel.
52 Of the Father's love begotten.
73 Alleluia, song of gladness.
81 Christian, dost thou see them.
90 All glory, laud and honor.
94 The royal banners forward go.
110 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.
115 The day of resurrection.
167 O wondrous type! O vision fair.
170 Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright.
220 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord.
321 To the name of our salvation.
395 Those eternal bowers.
397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
399 Light's abode, celestial Salem.
400 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
405 The world is very evil.
406 Brief life is here our portion.
407 For thee, O dear, dear country.
408 Jerusalem, the golden.
461 The strain upraise of joy and praise.

Of his original hymns the first lines are:

- 92 O Thou, who through this holy week.
291 O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills.
326 O very God of very God.
483 Christ is made the sure foundation.
571 Great Shepherd of the sheep.

To these must be added one, which is sometimes referred to as coming from St. Stephen, the Sabaite, but ought not to have been so regarded, and which I must not fail to give in full, as perhaps his most characteristic utterance:

- 342 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

How wonderfully touching these words are, and how wonderfully true and beautiful! Besides, in lyric power, they are as moving as his translation of the hymn of St. Anatolius, which had a place in our hymnal of 1871.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest;
 Wail of the tempest-wind,
 Be thou at rest!
 Peril can none be,
 Sorrow must fly,
 Where saith the Light of light,
 "Peace! It is I."

Jesus, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea:
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of truth—
 "Peace! It is I."

Of JOHN MASON NEALE himself there is this to be said, in brief: He was born in the city of London, January 24, 1818, and died at East Grinstead, August 6, 1866. His father was a distinguished Cambridge graduate, his mother a saintly woman, who was his teacher in his early days. His college career was, in classics, an immense success, and in mathematics a dismal failure. Athletics had no attraction for him. Books were his chiefest pleasure. He was ordained deacon June 6, 1841, and began work as a chaplain. This did not long continue. His only pastorate was at Crawley, and that also was very brief. His biographer tells us as to this period:

"During his short residence at Crawley his power of adapting himself to new scenes and untried work was strikingly exemplified. The life of the student and the antiquary was left behind; he had no time to gratify his taste for books and manuscripts, and rare chances of intellectual companionship; but to build up the spiritual fabric of the Church in the eyes of his people, to dispense its treasures and make known its power was a work for which everything else might be gladly and thankfully relinquished."

One picture in the narrative stands out vividly, the picture of an earnest parson, "armed with a hatchet and the church-

warden's consent, hacking down pews as representing worldly distinctions out of place in the house of God."

Perhaps this needs a word of explanation. In England, the Established Church is supported, through the State, by endowments built up in centuries long since gone by. Church buildings are not the property of a favored class, intended chiefly for their use, but a sacred trust suggesting the inscription, "Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee." For persons of rank and position to appropriate to themselves chosen parts of these sacred structures, Neale rightly thought to be an abomination. The churchwarden's consent made his action legal. That action recalls a scene in the Temple at Jerusalem when the Master drove out the money-changers, saying, "Take these things hence."

He would have been glad to linger in faithful ministerial service, but ill-health took hold of him, and he had to flee for his life. For three years a considerable portion of his time was spent in Madeira, where he found at Funchal an excellent ecclesiastical library, and did most studious work in a balmy clime.

In 1845 he returned permanently to England, and soon afterwards accepted the wardenship of Sackville College, where a house was provided for him, and an annual income of less than thirty pounds. This institution was not a college, as we understand that term, but more nearly an almshouse, founded in the year 1606 to make provision for the permanent support of thirty poor and aged householders, which number had been much decreased by "interminable lawsuits." In this humble position he remained for twenty years, until he died.

There was one year of peace; then trouble came. The common people regarded him as a Romanist in disguise. The Bishop thought him to be a purveyor of "spiritual haberdashery," and so inhibited him from "the exercise of clerical functions" in his diocese. This he resisted, though without success.

The great work of his life remained before him; first in sacred literature, where his toil and its results were alike great, and afterwards in the foundation of that Sisterhood

whose branches have spread over the earth. The origin of the Sisterhood is thus stated by his biographer:

"Neale's pitiful sense of the embittering contradistinctions between the condition of the wealthy and the indigent first instigated what was destined to be the great practical work of his life, the foundation and supervision of St. Margaret's Sisterhood, East Grinstead."

One incident of his experiences is thus recorded:

"On October 30, 1857, he wrote: 'The success of the Sisterhood is really surprising. * * * Considering the tremendous opposition we have encountered, is not that a triumph over prejudice?' And then, only a fortnight later, the storm broke.

"The occasion was the death of a Sister who had but lately joined the Community. Her father had been summoned, but the end was somewhat sudden, and he arrived too late to see her alive. In the meantime, she had been permitted (perhaps, under the circumstances, indiscreetly) to make a will in which she left the bulk of her little property to a favorite brother, a legacy to her sisters, and £400 to St. Margaret's. She had expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault at Lewes, and her father, on his arrival, at first professed to be satisfied that everything right and possible had been done, and was prepared to make funeral arrangements in accordance with her request. Before the funeral (which, contrary to the wishes of Dr. Neale and the Sisters, he had fixed for the evening), he appears to have conceived an unreasonable hostility towards those under whose care she had died, a hostility possibly aggravated by natural distress and the provisions of the will. His displeasure, unrestrained and violent in its expressions, set all manner of exaggerated reports afloat in the town; and by the day fixed for the interment an adverse party had organized a public protest. Carried out by an uncontrollable mob drawn from the lowest dregs of the population, it assumed proportions and led to actions it may be trusted its promoters had not anticipated. A threatening crowd filled the churchyard, and it was with difficulty that the mourners followed the coffin to the vault. There was nothing unusual to excite angry

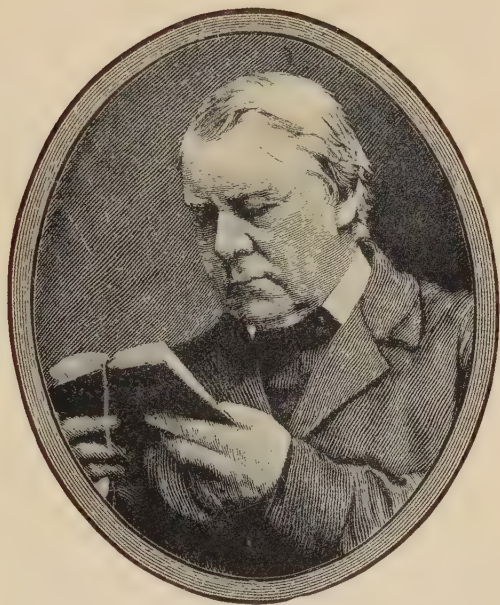
feelings, all arrangements having been left to the Sister's family; but during the service the rabble in the churchyard raised turbulent shouts, their attitude every moment becoming more inimical. In the half-darkness the worst characters had no fear of recognition. They made way for the family to pass out; and then lights were extinguished, or flashed in the faces of those they attacked, so as to make confusion worse than darkness, and a fierce rush was made upon the band of Sisters. Neale was knocked down before he could prevent them from being hustled and insulted, and the whole company were borne along the street at the mercy of the crowd, until at last the police gathered sufficient force to secure their retreat—some into the schoolmaster's house, and some into a friendly inn, where, at least, a siege was less intolerable than a street fight. It was not until after strenuous police efforts that the train could be reached, for the return journey to East Grinstead, the rabble besetting the station to the very last.

"Still the father's vindictive instincts were not appeased. He published a scandalous account of the cause of the disturbance, asserting that his daughter had been entrapped into the Sisterhood, purposely placed in the way of infection (she died from nursing scarlet fever), and then induced to make a will in favor of the Community."

This storm, however, passed over, and large prosperity came.

What a conglomerate man we are considering! At once a scholar, a hero, a child, a saint. Twenty different languages were his ready servants. Such was his sturdy stature that he feared no man on earth. At the same time, he had his decided peculiarities. We read concerning him:

"Neale had undeniably little worldly wisdom, and, with regard to money matters, very imperfectly developed business qualifications. He was culpably careless in regard to his personal expenditure; would drop a check out of his pocket and never miss it, and leave five-pound notes scattered upon his table, or simply thrust into a chimney-piece ornament or into a money box."



Edward Caswall



We read also:

"He was ever ready to answer inquiries, clear up disputed points, and freely bestow information upon almost every conceivable subject, turning from one thing to another with extraordinary facility. His mind was a labyrinth, but it was one to which he never lost the clue. All this stood him in good stead when his conversational powers were put in requisition. On the other hand, he was deficient in those social capabilities, either natural or acquired, enabling a man to take his right place in mixed company. As a guest at a country house or a London dinner party, he might easily have given a poor or wrong impression of his powers. Indeed, on one of his visits to Lavington, it is recorded that, though he had been expressly invited to meet the Bishop of Oxford, when the dinner-hour arrived he could nowhere be found; and when a search was instituted it was discovered that in a sudden access of shyness he had gone to bed as the only possible excuse for not appearing at dinner."

A page or two must be added from the concluding paragraph of Miss Towle's very interesting biography.

"Ubiquitous, aggressive, persistent, with decided antipathies and equally strong predilections, he went on his way, unsparing of effort, indifferent to censure, in his sanguine search for buried knowledge; his endeavors sanctified by reverence for each manifestation of grace or truth.

"But in spite of his vigorous vitality and inordinate efforts, there were disquieting symptoms in the early part of 1866, indicative of approaching disabilities. The flesh would impose limitations, though, like a recurrent wave, the spirit beat against the barriers. In very literal truth, he went forth 'to his work and labor until the evening.'

"He had been doomed by physicians to an early death, yet their prognostications had remained unfulfilled. He had conquered in the first struggle against disease, and though at intervals he had suffered and failed, he had rarely experienced the lassitude and depression attending upon sickness in its various forms; and it is possible that thus he had unconsciously led others to overestimate his strength. It was not a gift he

had even thought it his duty to measure or husband. He had been a generous, if unwise, spendthrift of his talents, his powers, and his time. He had let the world's prizes slip through his fingers as things of no account, but he had amassed a strange medley of possessions, for which he counted them well lost.

"The journals of 1866 show that he toiled as long as he was able, with energy and hopefulness, for the development of the Sisterhood. He took no warning from increasing weakness and attacks of illness; in the intervals of services and other spiritual work he was out in all weathers, superintending workmen and revising plans. He often came back wet, chilled, and exhausted; and still, with restless unflagging courage, he refused to abandon his post.

"Nevertheless, it was apparent to those who knew him that the sands of life were too rapidly running out. He was only forty-eight, and it is possible that precautions might have preserved his health for many years. It would have been, however, hard if not impossible to associate the passive serenity of old age with his unbounded spirit of enterprise and insatiable love of work. He had delighted in spiritual discoveries and literary adventures, and had climbed the hill of difficulty with a light heart. Even in the antechamber of death he would have welcomed a reprieve. He was no tired traveler seeking repose, no weary warrior anxious to lay down his arms; the world for him was still in its springtime, and the sunshine lay not alone upon untraveled realms of thought, but upon the familiar roadway beneath his feet. * * *

"He had never lingered over a task, and death itself made no long delay. The conflict was short though sharp; but a few days of acute suffering and fever, and upon the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1866, his work and life upon earth were over.

"Twenty years before, full of young and generous hopes, he had come without a regret within that remote enclosure. Twenty years had passed of strenuous unremitting labor. Thoughts and aspirations had been wrought into divers forms in the crucible of his restless brain. Numerous schemes for alleviating the lot of the poor and desolate, and bringing the

light of Divine Truth to shine into misguided or darkened understandings, had been evolved. In a patient study of the past, uniting a monk's love for an old missal to a scholar's value for the treasures of antiquity, he had unearthed and discovered jewels of great price—the crown jewels of the Church.

"Now, when his active brain was quiet, when the hot pursuit of ideals was ended, and the pen had dropped from his fingers, it was fitting that he should rest in the room next to his study. Thence might be seen, framed in the vine-leaves about the window, the soft lines of woods and hills rising against the horizon where his eyes had so often rested, which had prompted thought, silenced anxieties, and brought peace to his soul. * * *

"About a mile away, amidst woods and lawns and sheltered gardens, there is a monument raised to his memory—the Mother House of the East Grinstead Sisterhood. The beautiful pile of gray stone, with its tiled roofs and belfry tower and long double cloisters bordering a wide quadrangle; its schools and orphanage, and guest-chambers, affording accommodation to over sixty Sisters and more than two hundred inmates; and the lofty dignified chapel of severe Early English design;—all bear a striking silent witness to what his life and death have wrought. Faithful to that pitiful affection for the poor and destitute so often in life the motive power of action, his last bequest was an annual dinner to the pensioners at Sackville College. But more honored in his death than in his life, the Great Convent was erected to his memory at the cost of over £70,000.

"The quest was over. His labors were ended. His dreams had found an interpreter. Sorrow and sickness and poverty could no longer cast a shadow of vicarious suffering, for beside the river there stood the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. The mysterious problems of life were solved, and the perplexing divisions of Christendom forgotten within the walls of a city at unity in itself, and the unslaked thirst for active service satisfied in that land where the servants of God forever serve Him."

How appropriate that his own hymn entitled "The Return Home" should have been sung at his funeral, as follows:

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears,—
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last;
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up!

Canon Overton's words concerning Dr. Neale are just and true, as follows:

"One trait of his singularly lovable character must not pass unnoticed. His charity, both in the popular and in the truer Christian sense of the word, was unbounded; he was liberal and almost lavish with his money, and his liberality extended to men of all creeds and opinions. * * * If, however, success in life depended upon worldly advantages, Dr. Neale's life would have to be pronounced a failure; for, as his old friend, Dr. Littledale, justly complains, 'he spent nearly half his life where he died, in the position of warden of an obscure almshouse on a salary of £27 a year.' But measured by a different standard, his short life assumes very different proportions. Not only did he win the love and gratitude of those with whom he was immediately connected, but he acquired a world-wide reputation as a writer, and he lived to see that Church revival, to promote which was the great object of his whole career, already advancing to the position which it now occupies in the land of his birth."

It is pleasant to read in Miss Towle's biography:

"In politics Neale was naturally, we had almost said inevitably, a Liberal. He was a constant reader of newspapers, and, at the time of the war in America, absorbed in public affairs. He had an unbounded admiration for Abraham Lincoln, and felt his death to be a personal bereavement as well as a national calamity."

That an Englishman of the favored class should have learned so quickly to bow before the immense and genuine majesty of our great Martyr President is greatly to his credit. It was soul meeting soul in noble communion.

In reply to a special request for a characterization of Dr. Neale, the Rev. Frederic M. Bird has kindly written as follows:

"The fact that he was poor, lonely, almost friendless (being a Cambridge, not an Oxford man), and the victim—partly from his own temperament and unworldly courage—of scandal, persecution, and continuous neglect, excuses the suspicion that still hangs about his memory only from the viewpoint of the vulgar world, which distrusts and dislikes anything not on approved conventional lines.

"As to certain disparagements: I fancy much of what little wine he could afford went to that poor and sick dissenting minister who, abandoned by his own people, was kept alive partly by this Romanizer's charity. And how many £5 notes had one to fling about and lose whose official income was less than thirty pounds, and who labored long at writing fiction to support his family?

"His literary results, however unequal, were vast and memorable. He preferred to produce learned works like that on the Eastern Church, which won highest praise from the chief Russian authority, and devotional books, such as could bring in little money; but from his potboiling came such a wonderful series of tales from Church history in every age and land as nobody else has paralleled—I mean the numerous best, mostly short, reprinted in (I think) ten or twelve volumes. What hindered their currency was Protestant fears, for he swallowed the hugest miracles, and his martyrs were Roman Catholics, preferably Jesuits, and his persecutors Huguenots or Dutch Calvinists. All this amused me much when I read the tales some thirty years ago, and seemed a fair set-off to the Covenanted legends, etc., of my Sunday School days.

"If he was a fighter it was only in bearing testimony; I never heard of his denouncing or attacking anybody. When that partisan bishop, after thirteen years, took off the inhibition with a scant apology, intimating that he had mistaken the man, Neale dedicated the next edition of his *Seatonian* poems to him—not as tuft-hunting, but as carrying Christian forgiveness to the limit of the New Testament or Marcus Aurelius. This was the man's spirit. Read his 'Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.' You must have seen that the feeling in his best hymns is as deep and genuine as it ever is anywhere. The splendid 'Jerusalem the Golden' series came as hot from his heart and as straight from his experience as from the poor Cluniac monk.

"The Congregationalist, Josiah Miller, writes truly of him when he says: 'His life was divided between excessive literary toil and exhausting labors of piety and benevolence.' What a tribute, and how few could deserve it! The words refer to Neale's outer life, but plainly imply the inner. It is heart

answering heart—a good heart overleaping high hedges of doctrinal difference and thick walls of ecclesiastical severance at the appeal of a great man's great heart."

To one other man only, EDWARD CASWALL, does our hymnal owe a really great debt for his most acceptable Latin translations. Suffice it to say concerning him that he was a Christian gentleman of many gifts and much culture, a graduate of Oxford, who was first a clergyman of the Church of England, and afterwards followed John Henry Newman into the Church of Rome. He was born July 15, 1814, and died at the Oratory, Edgbaston, January 2, 1878. He loved God and little children. His ministries of compassionate care were expended chiefly amongst the poor.

The first lines of his translated hymns are as follows:

- 10 The sun is sinking fast.
- 41 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.
- 50 Come hither, ye faithful.
- 63 Earth has many a noble city.
- 98 Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle.
- 103 At the cross her station keeping.
- 227 O saving Victim, opening wide.
- 362 Glory be to Jesus.
- 378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.
- 380 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.
- 434 Jesu, the very thought of Thee.
- 445 When morning gilds the skies.
- 653 My God, I love Thee: not because.

There is also an original hymn of his composition, the first line of which is:

- 621 Days and moments quickly flying.

In all there are sixty-one of our hymns which have come to us from the Greek and Latin, too many, of course, for annotation here. I make choice of seven to engage us with a passing

word; and eight others, possibly the more important, for fuller consideration.

The oldest Christian hymn known to us is to be found in the writings of CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, who was born about the year 170. He was a seeker for truth, first in schools of Greek philosophy, and afterwards in the school of Jesus Christ. He found his Divine Master, and yielded to Him the homage of his soul. Origen was one of his pupils, and Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem. His theology was large and liberal.

This is the first stanza of his hymn, in all of which we rejoice, translated for us by the Rev. Dr. HENRY M. DEXTER, a New England Congregational minister.

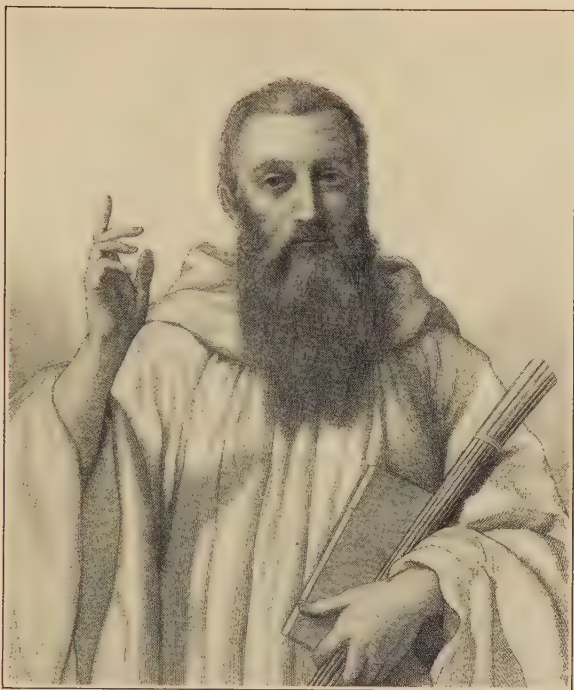
446 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
Tributes of praise.

Another ancient hymn of sweetness and light is that evening hymn probably written by ST. ANATOLIUS, the first stanza of which is:

16 The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

Concerning this hymn Dr. Neale writes, "It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's hymn is to the villages of our own land, and its melody is singularly plaintive and touching."

One of our Lenten hymns, translated by Dr. Neale, is a hymn to rouse and stir. How its words ring out like some battle cry:



Saint Bernard of Clairvaux



81 Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

One of our great Easter hymns must not go unnoticed.
It thus begins:

115 The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

This hymn is sung every Easter day at Athens, in connection with a service of which Dr. Neale quotes this description:

"As midnight approached, the Archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the King and Queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Everyone now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and the Easter day had begun. Then the old Archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud exulting tone, 'Christos anesti, Christ is risen!' and instantly every single individual of all the host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled forever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, com-

municating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowds; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drum through the town and, further on, the pealing of the cannon announced far and near these 'glad tidings of great joy;' while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed—and so in truth it was—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath His feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life.'"

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE was one of the most interesting figures of the eighth century. He is thought to have been the greatest poet of the Grecian Church. Born in what is said to be the oldest city of the world, he turned away from scenes which afterwards so fascinated Mohammed, unmindful of the music of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, and of the hills round about rising in their splendor, and sought that desolate spot where stood, and still stands, the monastery of St. Sabas, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. There he lived in the midst of the stony wilderness of Judea. There he mourned and prayed. We are thankful that we can sing his words as follows:

395 Those eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:

Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

Of ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, Archbishop Trench writes thus:

"His profound acquaintance with the whole circle of the theology of his time, and eminently with its exposition of Scripture; the abundant and admirable use which he makes of it, delivering as he thus does his poems from the merely subjective cast of those, beautiful as they are, of St. Bernard; the exquisite art and variety with which, for the most part, his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed—their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close; the strength which he often concentrates into a single line; his skill in conducting a narration; and most of all, the evident nearness of the things which he celebrates to his own heart of hearts—all these, and other excellences, render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages."

In oft-quoted words, Dr. Neale says also:

"It is a magnificent thing to pass along the far-stretching vista of hymns, from the sublime self-containedness of St. Ambrose to the more fervid inspiration of St. Gregory, the exquisite typology of Venantius Fortunatus, the lovely painting of St. Peter Damiani, the crystal-like simplicity of St. Notker, the Scriptural calm of Godescalcus, the subjective loveliness of St. Bernard, but all culminate in the full blaze of glory which surrounds Adam of St. Victor, the greatest of all."

And so our souls move exultingly as we sing with him, in ROBERT CAMPBELL'S translation:

497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
 Sing of those who spread the treasures
 In the holy gospels shrined!
 Blessèd tidings of salvation,
 Peace on earth their proclamation,
 Love from God to lost mankind.

Of one picture brought to us by one of Dr. Neale's translations, Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs has thus sketched an outline:

"In A. D. 1118 the most distinguished and engaging maiden

in Paris was Heloise, niece of one Fulbert, a canon of the Cathedral, and living in his house. She may not have been in person so surpassingly beautiful as the feeling of after times has loved to fancy her. At least Abelard, writing afterward, did not so describe her. But she was intellectually superior to any other woman of the time whose name has come to us, and was, as her subsequent life and letters abundantly show, of a remarkably engaging and noble nature. She had been educated by the nuns in the convent of Argenteuil, not far from Paris, and had now come back to the gay capital, at the age of eighteen, to become a center of attraction and admiration to all who knew her rare qualities of mind and heart. Her acquirements were unusual, her speech charming, her manner delightful; her aspirations were high, and her peculiarly winning and splendid spirit must already have found recognition. To the work of seducing her from the path and law of feminine virtue Abelard applied himself, with a success which is known of all. The renown of his learning, the fascination of his real and striking genius for letters, his fine and grand manners, and the glamour of universal admiration with which he was attended, made the conquest more easy, as he had foreseen; and he was not long in finally subduing the brilliant young girl to his relentless and vehement passion. The birth of their son, their subsequent marriage, the savage punishment inflicted upon Abelard by the desperately enraged uncle of Heloise, their final separation into convents, and the touching and memorable correspondence between them, which began later, and never has ceased to interest the world,—all these are known, and upon them it is not needful to dwell."

It is, however, needful to say that in the works of ABELARD are to be found ninety-three hymns, written by him for use at the Paraclete by Heloise and her nuns, the first stanza of one of which is:

- 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
 Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
 Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
 God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

Dr. Storrs adds:

"Reminiscences and hopes blended, we may be sure, in his crowding thoughts, as his quiet hours wore on. We may believe that the sad bitterness of remembrance was merged and lost in the brightening expectation which reached forward to things celestial."

Sorrow followed transgression, bitter sorrow and anguish, but the light of hope had not gone out in despair.

Coming now to those few hymns of the Latin Church that are valued as great, we have first what is known as the *Vexilla Regis*, written by VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, sometimes referred to as the Troubadour. Dr. Julian says truly that, "to appreciate this hymn we must bear in mind the circumstances under which it was written. The details are of more than usual interest, as a short summary will show:

"Fortunatus was then living at Poitiers, where his friend, Queen Rhadegund, founded a nunnery. Before the consecration of the nunnery church she desired to present certain relics to it, and among these she obtained from the Emperor Justin II. a fragment of the so-called True Cross. This relic was sent in the first instance to Tours, and was left in charge of the Bishop, in order that he might convey it to Poitiers.

"Escorted by a numerous body of clergy and of the faithful holding lighted torches, the Bishop started in the midst of liturgical chants, which ceased not to resound in honor of the hallowed wood of the Redemption. A league from Poitiers the pious cortège found the delegates of Rhadegund, Fortunatus at their head, rejoicing in the honor which had fallen to them; some carrying censers with perfumed incense, others torches of white wax. The meeting took place at Migne, at the place where, twelve centuries and a half later, the cross appeared in the air. It was on this occasion that the hymn *Vexilla Regis* was heard for the first time, the chant of triumph composed by Fortunatus to salute the arrival of the True Cross—it was November 19, 569.

"The hymn was thus primarily a Processional hymn, written for use at the solemn reception of a relic of the Holy Cross. Inspired by the occasion, the poet composed this poem

of the Crucified King, one of the grandest hymns of the Latin Church, in which in glowing accents he invites us to contemplate the mystery of love accomplished on the cross."

What a swing there is to its mighty words:

- 94 The royal banners forward go,
 The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Another of these hymns of power is the only metrical hymn which has found a place in our Book of Common Prayer, the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, beginning, as translated by BISHOP COSIN,

- 289 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire,

with an alternate rendering,

 Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above.

This is one of the hymns of the ages. Its authorship is uncertain, but its place in the annals of the Church is sure. It has been sung for ten centuries in the whole Western Church, at the ordination of priests, the consecration of bishops, and the coronation of kings, as well as at other great ecclesiastical assemblies. Dryden's version also has become familiar, beginning:

- 381 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every humble mind;
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

Another hymn of highest rank is the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, declared by Archbishop Trench to be "the loveliest of all the

hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." He adds that it "could only have been composed by one who had been acquainted with many sorrows, and also many consolations." Its authorship is not positively known, but its sweetness and strength have been thankfully recognized by a great multitude of the faithful. The first stanza of Caswall's translation reads thus:

378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine!
Come, Thou father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine!

Reference to two of the greatest of all Latin hymns is linked together in a passage in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (he is writing of the great man's dying hours) as follows:

"But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of the Book of Job) or some petition in the Litany—or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version)—or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard very distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite:

Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

The *Stabat Mater* is a hymn that must touch all hearts, picturing as it does the mother of our blessed Lord as she stood by Calvary, in deepest sorrow. Another has truly said:

"This noble poem has been, not unjustly, styled the most pathetic hymn of the Middle Ages. The vividness with which it pictures the weeping Mother at the Cross, its tenderness, its

beauty of rhythm, its melodious double rhymes almost defying reproduction in another language, and its impressiveness when sung either to the fine plain-song melody or in the noble compositions which many of the great masters of music have set to it, go far to justify the place it holds, and has long held in the Roman Catholic Church. It was not indeed officially sanctioned for general use, or regularly incorporated in the *Roman Breviary* or *Missal*, till by decree of Pope Benedict XIII., in 1727; but long before that date it was in popular use, especially after the Flagellants in the fourteenth century had brought it into notice by singing it on their way from town to town. The passages of Holy Scripture on which it is based are St. John xix. 25; St. Luke ii. 35; Zechariah xiii. 6; 2 Corinthians, iv. 10; and Galatians vi. 17."

The first stanza in our rendering, given to us by Bishop Mant and altered by Edward Caswall, is this:

103 At the cross her station keeping
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Where He hung, the dying Lord;
 For her soul, of joy bereaved,
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Turning to another hymn of resistless strength I quote from Frederick Saunders:

"Earnest and stirring as were those many-voiced melodies, re-echoed back to us from the far-distant past, a yet more stately and majestic chant bursts now upon our ears, with its trumpet-like cadences,—in the *Dies Irae*. This grand outburst is the kingliest of them all. A short but significant silence preceded this great hymn of the Mediæval Church, which seemed to usher it in with the greater solemnity. Its tone is a reflex of the theology of the time,—austere and severe, rather than loving and hopeful. It is a single voice,—low, trembling, and penitential; yet it breaks the stillness, and spreads itself abroad over Christendom, awakening and thrilling multitudes of hearts. This voice was lifted up by one solitary Franciscan monk,—THOMAS OF CELANO, a Neapolitan village,—early in the thir-



Saint Francis Xavier



teenth century. This celebrated lyric forms a part of the Burial Service in the Romish *Missal*, and is chanted in magnificent style at the great Sistine Chapel at Rome; while portions of it enter into the worship of a large proportion of those who 'profess and call themselves Christians.' As a literary composition, such is its wondrous fascination that it has elicited the admiration of many of the greatest scholars, and it has passed into upwards of two hundred translations. This acknowledged masterpiece of Latin poetry has been pronounced the most sublime of all uninspired hymns. Dr. Philip Schaff remarks that the secret of 'the irresistible power of the *Dies Irae* lies in the awful grandeur of the theme, the intense earnestness and pathos of the poet, the simple majesty and solemn music of the language, the stately metre, the triple rhyme, and the vowel assonances chosen in striking adaptation to the sense,—all combining to produce an overwhelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the opening graves, the trumpet of the archangel, summoning the quick and the dead, and saw the King of "tremendous majesty," seated on the throne of justice and mercy, and ready to dispense everlasting life, or everlasting woe.' Goethe describes its effect upon the guilty conscience, in the cathedral scene of 'Faust.' "

From another standpoint, Archbishop Trench says:

"Nor is it hard to account for its popularity. The metre so grandly devised, of which I remember no other example, fitted though it has here shown itself for bringing out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language—the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, which has been likened to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the confidence of the poet in the universal interest of his theme, a confidence which has made him set out his matter with so majestic and unadorned a plainness as at once to be intelligible to all—these merits, with many more, have given the *Dies Irae* a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song."

The rendering of the *Dies Irae* admitted to our hymnal is by Dr. WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS. Its number is 36. As to the circumstances which gave rise to its translation, Dr. Julian says:

"It is well known that the Revolution in Paris in 1848 led to many scenes of terror and shame. Foremost was the death of Monseigneur D. A. Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot on June 25 on the barricades on the Place de la Bastille whilst endeavoring to persuade the insurgents to cease firing, and was buried on July 7. As soon as it was safe to do so his funeral sermon was preached in Notre Dame, accompanied by a religious service of the most solemn and impressive kind. Throughout the service the Archbishop's heart was exposed in a glass case in the Choir, and at the appointed place the *Dies Irae* was sung by an immense body of priests. The terror of the times, the painful sense of bereavement which rested upon the minds of the people through the death of their Archbishop, the exposed heart in the Choir, the imposing ritual of the service, and the grand rendering of the *Dies Irae* by the priests, gave to the occasion an unusual degree of impressiveness. Dr. Irons was present, and deeply moved by what he saw and heard. On retiring from the church he wrote out his translation of the *Dies Irae*. The surrounding circumstances no doubt contributed greatly to produce this, which is one of the finest of modern renderings of the grandest of mediæval hymns."

Under circumstances of somewhat similar excitement, General JOHN A. DIX (a leading layman of Trinity Church, New York, and father of its distinguished rector, Dr. Morgan Dix), put forth a version during our Civil War, "amidst its tumult," as he informs us, and "as a relief from its asperities." I give his version:

Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended.

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of pity, safety send us.

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me;
By Thy cross and passion bought me;
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh, give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning.
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

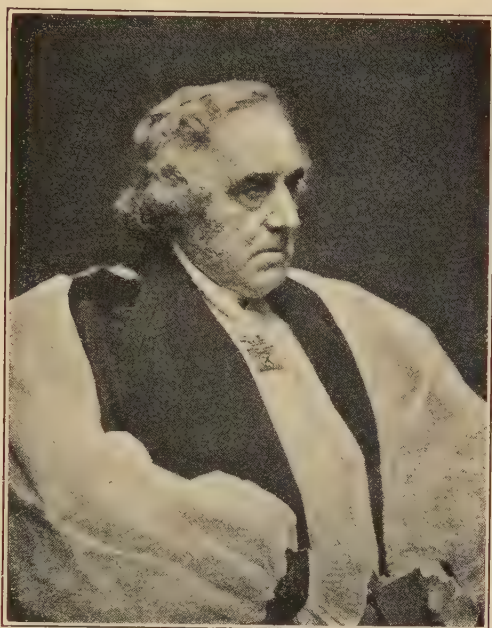
Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

Three other great Latin hymns remain to be considered: one, *De Contemptu Mundi*, by BERNARD OF CLUNY; another, *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*, by BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX; and still a third, *O Deus Ego Amo Te*, by ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. With the first of these hymns Dr. Neale has made the English-speaking world familiar by his translation. The second brings before us one of the giants of the Middle Ages, called by Luther "the best monk that ever lived." The third stirs with a blast from one of the greatest missionary heroes the world has ever known.

The subject of the poem of BERNARD OF CLUNY is "Contempt of the World." It is strong in its denunciation of the sins of which the earth is full, and in its painting contrasts them with the joys of heaven. Four of our hymns are taken from it, numbered 405, 406, 407, and 408. A characteristic stanza is this:

408 Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

The recognition of the merits of Dr. Neale's rhythmical rendering of this hymn has been very great, but "more thankful



Richard Chenevix Trench



still am I," he writes, "that the Cluniac's verses should have soothed the dying hours of many of God's trusting servants. The most striking instance of which I know is related in the memoir published by Mr. Brownlow, under the title, 'A Little Child Shall Lead Them;' where he says that the child of whom he writes, when suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion, while the whole four hundred lines were read."

In turning to read, or to write, about the other Bernard, it is easy to become enthusiastic. He towers like a monument in stature, the greatest man living in Europe in the twelfth century. Amongst others, Dr. Richard S. Storrs has written splendidly of "*BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX*," so that we can readily see him as he was. I quote:

"A great fame has followed him, and it will not fail or be forgotten as the centuries pass. He certainly fulfilled the description of a great man given by Cousin, representing what was noblest in the spirit of his age, while associating it profoundly with what was peculiar in his intense individuality. The monastery of Clairvaux, which was his immediate monument, has passed from existence; the many abbeys affiliated with it are generally in ruins, are all no doubt in hopeless decadence. The large influence which he left upon Europe has ceased to be distinguishable, save as one of the commingling elements out of which our civilization has come. But his soon canonized name has shone starlike in history ever since he was buried; and it will not hereafter decline from its height, or lose its lustre, while men continue to recognize with honor the temper of devoted Christian consecration, a character compact of noblest forces, and infused with self-forgetful love for God and man.

"But I do not conceive that anything of this was in his thoughts as he drew towards death, and as the great shadow, illuminated with promise, and shot through with Ascension splendors, fell on his face. He died, as he had lived, a devout believer, humble, trustful, hopeful, faithful; not regretting the earth, expecting heaven; and I am as certain as of anything

not evolved in my experience that in that hour, more even than ever before, he gave thanks to God who had moved him by His Spirit, and led him by His providence, and pressed him by his mother's inspirations, to accept and pursue in those wild times the holy contemplations, the studious self-discipline, the labors of charity, the large and manifold beneficent activities, which belonged under him to the Life Monastic."

Concerning his hymns Dr. Storrs says:

"I do not overestimate these hymns; but they show his profoundly evangelical spirit, how the meek and sovereign majesty of the Lord continually attuned and governed his thoughts, and how the same hand which wrote letters, treatises, notes of sermons, exhortations to pontiffs, reproofs of kings, could turn itself at pleasure to the praises of Him in whose grace was his hope, in whose love was his life. If these hymns had not remained after he was gone, we should have missed, I think, a lovely lustre on his work and his fame."

His best known hymn is *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*, of which in our hymnal there are two translations, one by Dr. Ray Palmer, the first stanza of which is:

430 Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

The other by Edward Caswall, with its familiar beginning:

434 Jesu, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

Great admiration is aroused in us at the mention of the name of the next man, of whom we are to write briefly, when many words might be desirable—ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. He was indeed a saint, one of the noblest and one of the best men who have lived on earth, and a man also of mighty deeds and power.

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
And leagues on leagues of land,
Amidst a wilderness of graves,
With death on every hand,—

He flew to woo and win a world;
That men might kiss the feet
Of Him, whose banner he unfurl'd,
Father,—Son,—Paraclete!

His tongue, the Spirit's two-edged sword,
Had magic in its blade,—
For while it smote with every word,
It heal'd the wounds it made!

His lips were love, his touch was power,
His thoughts were vivid flame,
The flashes of a thunder-shower—
Where'er, or when they came!

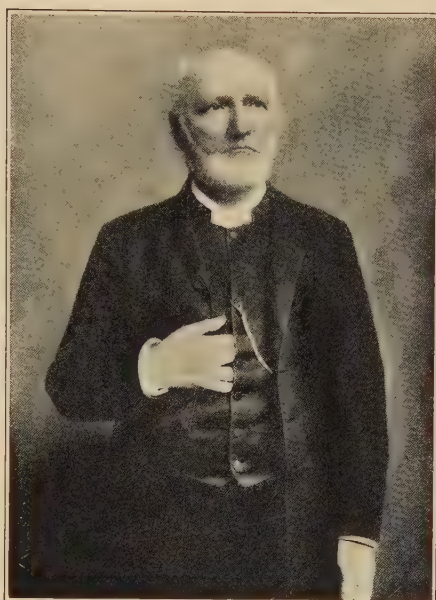
Around him shone the light of life,
Before him darkness fell—
Satan receded from the strife,
And sought his native hell!

Yet, who so humbly walk'd as he,
A conqueror in the field,
Wreathing the rose of victory
Around his radiant shield?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER was born in Spain 1506, and died in the Far East in 1552. He came of an illustrious family, and the advantages of high culture were his; but the things that were ordinarily counted gain, he counted loss for Christ. Intellectually he was not above the average, but spiritually he was without a peer; and so we do not wonder that a competent judge should write concerning him: "I know of no one of whom are recorded such instances of communicative energy as of Xavier; no one who seems to have had such influence over uncivilized people as he; none who by this alone has so thoroughly entitled himself to the appellation he was known by among his own—the *Thaumaturgus* (Wonder-worker) of the later ages of the Church."

I can give you the spirit of the man in a single passage, which I gladly quote:

“A scruple of casuistry might have kept him from a permitted pleasure, but no armed legion would have kept him from an acknowledged duty. Think you that there was much that could deter a man who, on the occasion of his friends trying to dissuade him from going to the Cannibal Islands of Del Moro, writes thus: ‘You tell me that they will certainly kill me; well, I trust if they do, it will be gain for me to die. But whatever torments or death they may prepare for me, I am ready to suffer a thousand times as much for the salvation of one soul. I remember the words of Jesus Christ, “Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it.” I believe them, and am content on these terms to hazard my life for the name of the Lord Jesus.’ They urge other ills, Cannibalism; he says, ‘though the evils you speak of are great, the evil of being afraid of them is greater. I leave it to Him who has put it into my heart to preach His Gospel to preserve me from them, or not, as He will; the only thing I fear is not to dare enough for Him who has endured so much for me.’ They tell him that to preach the Gospel to cannibals is hopeless; he replies, ‘Whatever they are, are they not God’s creatures? Did not Christ die for them? Who then shall dare to limit the power of our God who is all-mighty? Or of the love of our Redeemer who is all-merciful? Are there in the world, think you, any hearts hard enough to resist God’s Spirit, if it shall please Him to try to soften and to change them? Can they successfully oppose that gentle yet commanding influence which can make even dry bones live? Shall He who has provided for subjecting the whole world to the Cross, shall He exempt this petty corner of the earth, that it shall receive no benefit from His atonement? Verily, no. And if these islands abounded in spices and in gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither; no danger would deter them then; they are now cowardly because there are only souls to gain. Oh, while I can do anything to prove the contrary, it never shall be said that charity is less daring than avarice, or that the love of Christ is not as constraining as the love of gold.’ Verily such a man as this it is



Philip Schaff



not easy for the worldly to deal with. He and they have no common measure of motive, of principle, or of end."

As translated into English, the words of St. Francis Xavier's great hymn are as follows:

653 My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because if I love not
I must forever die.

But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself has lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

In this connection it may be well to quote the following from the second edition (1907) of Julian's Dictionary:

"The history of this hymn has recently been investigated by Father F. X. Drebitka, of Kalocsa, in his *Hymnus Francisci Faludi*, Buda-Pest, 1899; and in the *Monumenta Xaveriana*, Madrid, 1899, but it is still rather obscure. It seems fairly certain that the original was a Spanish or Portuguese sonnet, and was written by St. Francis Xavier in the East Indies about 1546."

What matters it where this hymn was written, or in what language? The great questions we want answered are: is there back of it the Spirit of the Most High God, and will it be sung joyously forever? It will be so sung because of the Spirit in it, the Spirit of the blessed Master. The heart of the Gospel is the source of its might and majesty and thanksgiving. *We love Him because He first loved us.*

In closing this chapter a word may well be said concerning a great man who was not a writer of hymns, but who was at once a poet, a theologian, a scholar, and a saint, RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Archbishop of Dublin, and who deserves our consideration here by reason of the impetus which he gave to the study of "Sacred Latin Poetry." His book, bearing that title, was heartily commended by Alfred Tennyson, and praised by others in the superlative degree. Besides, it opened the way for John Mason Neale and his translations.

Referring to "Jerusalem the Golden," the good Archbishop writes: "A new hymn which has won such a place in the affections of Christian people is so precious an acquisition that I must needs rejoice to have been the first to recall from oblivion the poem which yielded it."

Richard Chenevix Trench was born September 5, 1807, and died March 28, 1886. As to his college days at Cambridge, Bishop Thirlwall wrote to Bunsen: "In a circle which comprised the strongest minds and noblest spirits of our youth, he was distinguished for his fine literary taste, his poetical talent, and the generous ardor of his character."

He afterwards wrote many good books and wrought many good deeds. A friend's estimate of him, written just after his death, is, "If I was to attempt to name his characteristic grace, I would say it was that which is highest in the kingdom of heaven—humility. I think he was the humblest man I have ever known. He suffered a prolonged martyrdom during the struggles after disestablishment, and never was he betrayed into saying a word or doing an act which the most scrupulous would recall. The records of those debates are records of a meekness, a patience, and a forbearance which have not often been equaled, and could not be surpassed."

No wonder that such a good man, being also a gifted man,
was led to write:

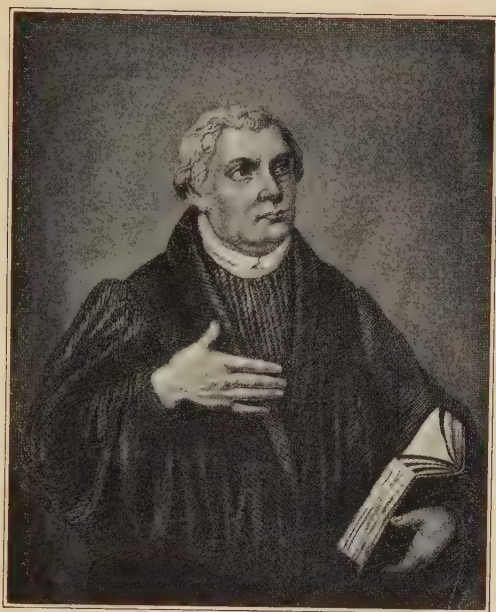
I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.



Martin Luther



XIV.

Martin Luther
And Some Hymns from the German

The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The Church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears;
And, routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.

With lifted songs and bended knee,
For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of Thy holy word.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

PAUL GERHARDT.

XIV.

MARTIN LUTHER,

AND SOME HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

The article on German hymnody, in Dr. Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, was written by that great German-American scholar, Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF. In the study of that subject it is a satisfaction to follow so accomplished, so bright-minded and so great-hearted a man.

"German hymnody," he says, "surpasses all others in wealth. The Church hymn, in the strict sense of the term, as a *popular religious lyric in praise of God, to be sung by the congregation in public worship*, was born with the German Reformation, and most extensively cultivated ever since by the Evangelical Church in Germany. The Latin hymns and sequences of Hilary, Ambrose, Fortunatus, Gregory the Great, Notker, St. Bernard, Thomas of Aquino, Adam of St. Victor, Thomas of Celano, and others, were indeed used in public worship long before, but only by the priests and choristers, not by the people, who could not understand them any more than the Latin psalms and the Latin mass. The Reformed (as the non-Lutheran Protestant Churches are called on the Continent) were long satisfied with metrical translations of the Psalter, and did not feel the necessity of original hymns, and some did not approve of the use of them in public worship.

"The number of German hymns cannot fall short of one hundred thousand. * * * About ten thousand have become more or less popular, and passed into different hymn books. Fischer gives a selection of about five thousand of the best, many of which were overlooked by Von Hardenberg. We may safely say that nearly one thousand of these hymns are classical and immortal. This is a larger number than can be found in any other language.

"To this treasury of German song several hundred men and women of all ranks and conditions—theologians and pastors, princes and princesses, generals and statesmen, physicians and jurists, merchants and travelers, laborers and private persons—have made contributions, laying them on the common altar of devotion. Many of these hymns, and just those possessed of the greatest vigor and unction, full of the most exulting faith and the richest comfort, had their origin amid the conflicts and storms of the Reformation, or the fearful devastations and nameless miseries of the Thirty Years' War; others belong to the revival period of the Spenerian Pietism and the Moravian Brotherhood, and reflect its earnest struggle after holiness, the fire of the first love and the sweet enjoyment of the soul's intercourse with her Heavenly Bridegroom; not a few of them sprang up even in the unbelieving age of 'illumination' and rationalism, like flowers from dry ground, or Alpine roses on fields of snow; others again proclaim, in fresh and joyous tones, the dawn of reviving faith in the land where the Reformation had its birth. Thus these hymns constitute a most graphic book of confession for German evangelical Christianity, a sacred band which enriches its various periods, an abiding memorial of its victories, its sorrows and its joys, a clear mirror showing its deepest experiences, and an eloquent witness for the all-conquering and invincible life-power of the evangelical Christian faith. * * *

"The leader of the Reformation was also the first evangelical hymnist. To Luther belongs the extraordinary merit of having given to the German people in their own tongue the Bible, the Catechism, and the hymn book, so that God might speak *directly* to them in His word, and that they might *directly* answer Him in their songs. He was also a musician, and composed tunes to his best hymns. Some of them are immortal, most of all that triumphant war-cry of the Reformation which has so often been reproduced in other languages (the best English translation is Carlyle's), and which resounds with mighty effects on great occasions: 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.' * * *

"Luther is the Ambrose of German hymnody. His

hymns are characterized by simplicity and strength, and a popular churchly tone. They breathe the bold, confident, joyful spirit of justifying faith which was the beating heart of his theology and piety. He had an extraordinary faculty of expressing profound thought in the clearest language. In this gift he is not surpassed by any uninspired writer; and herein lies the secret of his power."

It is not necessary that I should try to tell the story of Luther's life, inasmuch as in its general features it is already known and read of all men; and yet a rapid sketch may be of value. I choose to draw material for this sketch from what Principal Tulloch calls "a remarkable book," entitled "Lectures on Great Men." Concerning its author, Frederic Meyers, Dr. Tulloch adds: "It is strange that a thinker so really wise and powerful should have attracted so little attention."

Writing of MARTIN LUTHER, Frederic Meyers says:

"After a patient study of his character as a whole, I cannot but honor Luther as one of the greatest of mankind. For to choose Pain, and Shame, and even if need were Death, rather than pleasurable life lacking freedom to pursue and to proclaim the truth; in the midst of the fulness of bodily vigor and with adequate means of gratifying all cravings of the senses and of the mind, to put aside all those things which men naturally seek and live for, and to take up instead with lifelong toil as his work and only the hope of a Better Resurrection as his reward—to do this firmly and calmly and consistently throughout the whole vigor and maturity of manhood—not with perpetual self-applause but rather as by an irresistible impulse from within—this is truly great."

In the course of his further characterization he asks questions in part as follows:

First. "What was the work that Luther did?" And this is in part his answer:

"He emancipated half Europe (I trust forever) from the curse of great errors on matters of greatest importance to man's eternal interests, and diffused through the same the light of the knowledge of the way of access to God through Jesus Christ alone. He restored to men a true exhibition of their peculiar

relation to God through Christ, which had been obscured for a thousand years; he so proclaimed the distinguishing and life-giving doctrines of the Gospel as that they took effect upon the hearts of men then, and have lived in them till now. He saw with a clearness such as none for centuries before him had seen the importance of such truths as these: That we can learn little of God's purposes towards man anywhere but from Christ; that the desire to justify ourselves, and to depend upon our own strength in getting to heaven, is the misery and destruction of man; that by the most earnest striving to fulfil the moral law we cannot obtain peace of heart; that faith in Christ and obedience to Him flowing from that love which such faith must inspire, is the only permanent source of peace of heart and purity of life; that the principle from which anything is done can alone give it worth in God's sight, and that therefore we do not become good by doing good works, but when we are good we do good works. God's sympathy with man, and man's responsibility to God; the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence, and the efficacy of prayer; the entire absence of merit on the part of man, and the thorough freeness of remission of sin; how strong and happy we may be if united to Christ through faith, and how apart from Him we can be neither—these things Luther saw and taught when no man about him did so. Now, it was the proclamation of such truths as these that gave Luther his power over the hearts of his fellows. The faithful preaching of the Gospel of God—the earnest, bold, free assertion of the remission of sins through the blood of Christ, and through it alone—his knowing and stating the true answer to the question which every earnest man must answer somehow, What must I do to be saved?—his having and teaching the true doctrine about those things which all men are most interested in, repentance and regeneration, belief and duty, faith, hope and love—this was what gave Luther the lever whereby he moved Europe from its old foundations.”

Second. “Was Luther then a perfect character?” And this is in part his answer:

“No, a very imperfect one. He was a sincere Christian, but he was not a mature one. He was given to see some truths

and to attain to some virtues, in such degree as few others have been; but the completeness of the Christian character—its symmetry—certainly was not his. A good many fruits of the spirit were wanting in him. Meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, these were not his; and without these a man cannot be a model man. Luther was an instrument fitted for his work, but not a pattern for all time. * * *

“As to his moral faults—those unevennesses and patches on his otherwise altogether noble statue—the principal were violence of temper and intemperance of language. * * * He used to say, that he found when he spoke smoothly he was admired and forgotten, but when he spoke roughly he was hated and remembered; and he thought that, on the whole, the latter was the better. And perhaps, after all, with his mission, and especially with his own notion of his mission, he could hardly have done much otherwise. It was that of a Boanerges rather than of a Barnabas; and therefore, if he came in the spirit of Elias rather than in that of the Beloved Disciple, we must bear in mind that his lot lay amid false prophets and idol altars; and that his work was emphatically to pull down and to destroy—to rebuke Ahabs and to abolish Baalists. He therefore thought that he must be a rough man and a rude one; clothed in no courtier robe, and using no courtier phrase. He seems to have deemed his soul always among lions, and that the only way in which he could keep them from devouring him was by shouting at them. He was no performer on the harp or lute for the entertainment of those who dwelt in kings’ houses; his mission was to awake a nation, and that too with a trumpet which should give no uncertain sound. The first requisite for a voice which shall command in a storm is that it shall be heard; the second only, or the third, that it shall be musical. And a man who is struggling for a hearing, and sometimes for life itself, with loud and fierce multitudes—who must perish if he is not listened to, and who cannot prosper if he does not terrify or persuade—such an one of all men surely must not be made an offender for a word.

“And the fact is that Luther was throughout a rude, large, ponderous man; with no delicacy of any sense, with no fineness

of nerve; a born wrestler; a man of war from his youth; over-violent, but unweariable; a passionately toiling man, but awkward, with no skill of any kind, so that his chief chance of annihilating opposition lay merely in the weight and directness of his blows. Strength even to gianthood was his; and he had a giant's work to do in his unceasing struggle with popes and potentates and principalities and powers; and he did it like a giant—though not like a tyrant. * * * And then again, when you see that Luther was not free from great blemishes both in his animal and in his spiritual nature, you should always remember who he was and how he was bred, both ways. Physically, he came of no gentle race; the son of a German peasant in the fifteenth century—a miner amid the hills of Saxony; poor, very poor, in youth; a wild hardy boy, running at large when not in school; with no companions but the rudest; brought up to no patrimony or art but that of self-help; making his way in the world through the throng of his fellows by the strength of his own right arm. And spiritually what was he? For long years a monk; tied and bound with the chain of profitless forms; persecuted and worn; blinded and bandaged; and surely therefore, if he had not lost all roughness nor acquired all polish, there need be no wonder and no reproach. The imperfect vision and unsteady gait of eyes long excluded from the light and of limbs long debarred from exercise may appear uncouth to us who have been born in light and exercised daily from our youth; but surely he who first bursts such bonds asunder and then sets so many of his fellow prisoners free, may be pardoned some uncouthness of manner, some irregularity of procedure. That Luther struggled at all out of the rubbish of the massive ruins of the Church of Rome—this alone is a presumption of his possessing a strength all but superhuman. His coming forth all bruised and maimed is a proof of nothing more than of the weakness of the flesh and the hardness of the struggle.”

Surely, if he is to be judged by the results that he so splendidly accomplished, Martin Luther was a very great man.

As to his hymns there is this further to be said. There were thirty-seven of them in all, twelve of which were renderings from the Latin. They went everywhere throughout Ger-



Catherine Winkworth



many, and rose to heaven from myriads of tongues and hearts. It is hardly to be wondered at that Coleridge should have said that Luther accomplished as much by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. That is an extreme statement, and yet not altogether wanting in plausibility, inasmuch as the power of the hymns was so great and so evident. Two only of these hymns have found a place in our hymnal, a place which they worthily fill.

One, No. 320, was written for Christmas day. The other, No. 416, is said to have been called by Frederick the Great, "God Almighty's Grenadier March." It, too, sings of peace, but not the peace of a placid lake; rather the peace of a sure fortress in a mountain fastness, in days of stress and storm.

The translation in our hymnal is an excellent one, by H. J. Buckoll. For purposes of comparison I give the rugged rendering of Thomas Carlyle:

A sure stronghold our God is He.
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with might from hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost forever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He.
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.

Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife;
Yet is their profit small:
These things should vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

Heinrich Heine called this hymn the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation. Gustavus Adolphus ordered it to be sung before the struggle at Leipsic in 1631. It was sung again by his army at Lützen in 1632. The king fell, but his righteous cause triumphed gloriously.

The date of the hymn is not certainly known, but the German people have the hymn itself in their sacred keeping. It has become the great national hymn of a great music-loving people, and so doubtless will continue to be sung until that final triumphant hour when, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, shall be carried everywhere the cry, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Eight hymns from the German, to which we are to give at least a glance of consideration, were translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, who was born in London, September 13, 1829, and died in Savoy at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. Dr. Julian writes justly of her when he says:

"Miss Winkworth, although not the earliest of the modern translators from the German into English, is certainly the foremost in rank and popularity. Her translations are the most widely used of any from that language, and have had more to do with the modern revival of the English use of German hymns than the versions of any other writer."

Concerning her most interesting book Dr. James Martineau wrote to her under date of September 24, 1869:

"I received your last precious volume at a time when unusual pressure of anxiety and work compelled me to accept the dispensation which you considerately offered me from immediate acknowledgment. But I did not think that, in waiting till I could read the book, I should condemn myself to so long a silence. Only within the last few days, however, have I been able to indulge myself with your delightful echoes of the 'Christian Singers of Germany.' And most heartily do I thank you for the book. It constitutes a most interesting chapter of religious history, and gives, in a way eminently attractive, an insight into the inner life of Europe during times which would seem to have nothing in common with our own, were it not for the undying trusts and aspirations which make us one spiritual family, and which have nowhere such pure utterance as in the Christmas hymn. Congenial as such reading has always been to me, I am indebted to you for an introduction to several poems which I had not met with in the original form, and for the appropriation of one or two known pieces to their right authors. The biographical element of the volume immensely enhances the interest of the poems. Indeed, so insular is my taste in regard to religious lyrics, that the personal history of the German hymnology is almost essential to my thorough enjoyment of it; and notwithstanding some few grand exceptions, its general type seems to me considerably below the standard of our English hymns. After the Scriptures, the Wesley hymn-book appears to me the grandest instrument of popular religious culture that Christendom has ever produced. But for the German antecedents, however, it would never have come into existence."

At the time of Miss Winkworth's death, Dr. Percival, then Principal of Clifton College, wrote concerning her:

"She was a person of remarkable intellectual and social gifts, and very unusual attainments; but what specially distinguished her was her combination of rare ability and great knowledge with a certain tender and sympathetic refinement which constitutes the special charm of the true womanly character."

Dr. Martineau also bore testimony that her religious life afforded "a happy example of the piety which the Church of England discipline may implant. * * * The fast hold she retained of her discipleship of Christ was no example of feminine simplicity, carrying on the childish mind into maturer years, but the clear allegiance of a firm mind, familiar with the pretensions of non-Christian schools, well able to test them, and undiverted by them from her first love."

The first of Miss Winkworth's translations is a glorious Easter hymn, beginning:

114 Christ the Lord is risen again.

This hymn was written by MICHAEL WEISSE, one of Luther's contemporaries, a Bohemian brother, who "became pastor of the German-speaking congregations of Landskron and Fulnek, and for their benefit translated into German the finest of the Bohemian hymns, adding some of his own."

The second of these translations begins:

200 Lord God, we worship Thee.

The author of this hymn is JOHANN FRANCK, who was born June 1, 1618, and died June 18, 1677, a lawyer of ability and influence, and a hymn writer of exalted rank.

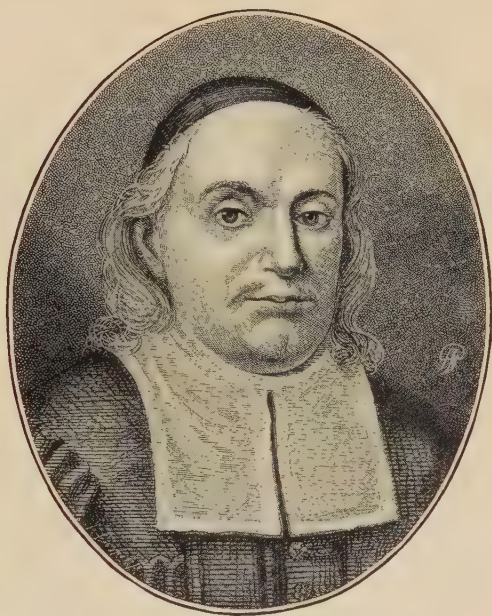
To ALBERT KNAPP, a sacred poet of distinction, we owe the hymn beginning:

206 Father of heaven, who hast created all.

The author of this hymn was born at Tübingen, July 25, 1798, and died at Stuttgart, June 18, 1864. The hymn itself was written for use upon the occasion of the baptism of one of his own children. It is all the more touching upon that account. He was a student of hymnology, a lover of good hymns and of good deeds, and a devout follower of Jesus Christ.

To JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD we owe hymn 248, beginning:

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.



Paul Gerhardt



Its author was born February 27, 1797, and died November 30, 1851. The hymn was written for the burial of his own little boy, fifteen months old.

Another of Miss Winkworth's translations is the hymn beginning:

361 Christ, the Life of all the living.

The author of this hymn, ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, was born in the year 1605 and died in 1681. I quote a brief paragraph concerning him from Julian's Dictionary.

"By his contemporaries Homburg was regarded as a poet of the first rank. His earliest poems, 1638-53, were secular, including many love and drinking songs. Domestic troubles arising from the illness of himself and of his wife, and other afflictions, led him to seek the Lord, and the deliverances he experienced from pestilence and from violence led him to place all his confidence on God."

One of the greatest of German hymns is next to be considered. I quote it in full:

466 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

This hymn is often called the *Te Deum* of Germany, inas-much as it is sung upon all great triumphal occasions. In

1880 it was used at the celebration of the completion of the far-famed cathedral at Cologne, and in 1884 at the laying of the corner-stone of the Reichstag building in Berlin by the Emperor William. More recently it was used in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in its English form, at the celebration of the completion of peace between Great Britain and the Dutch in South Africa. It was appropriately introduced by Mendelssohn into his "Hymn of Praise." As to its story Miss Winkworth's words are very interesting. She tells us:

"This simple but noble expression of trust and praise, with its fine chorale, was composed by MARTIN RINKART, in 1644, when the hope of a general peace was dawning on the country. He was one of those provincial clergymen to whom Germany had so much reason to be grateful. The son of a poor copper-smith, he made his way at the University of Leipsic by dint of industry and his musical gifts, took orders, and was precentor of the church at Eisleben, and at the age of thirty-one was offered the place of archdeacon at his native town of Eilenburg, in Saxony. He went there as the war broke out, and died just after the peace: throughout these thirty-one years he stood by his flock, and helped them to the utmost, under every kind of distress. Of course, he had to endure the quartering of soldiers in his house, and frequent plunderings of his little stock of grain and household goods. But these were small things. The plague of 1637 visited Eilenburg with extraordinary severity; the town was overcrowded with fugitives from the country districts, where the Swedes had been spreading devastation, and in this one year eight thousand persons died in it. The whole of the town council except three persons, a terrible number of school children, and the clergymen of the neighboring parish were all carried off; and Rinkart had to do the work of three men, and did it manfully at the beds of the sick and dying. He buried more than four thousand persons, but through all his labors he himself remained perfectly well. The pestilence was followed by a famine so extreme that thirty or forty persons might be seen fighting in the streets for a dead cat or crow. Rinkart, with the burgomaster and one other citizen, did what could be done to organize assistance, and

gave away everything but the barest rations for his own family, so that his door was surrounded by a crowd of poor starving wretches, who found it their only refuge. After all this suffering came the Swedes once more, and imposed upon the unhappy town a tribute of thirty thousand dollars. Rinkart ventured to the camp to intreat the general for mercy, and when it was refused, turned to the citizens who followed him, saying, 'Come, my children, we can find no hearing, no mercy with men; let us take refuge with God.' He fell on his knees, and prayed with such touching earnestness that the Swedish general relented and lowered his demand at last to two thousand florins. So great were Rinkart's own losses and charities that he had the utmost difficulty in finding bread and clothes for his children, and was forced to mortgage his future income for several years. Yet how little his spirit was broken by all these calamities is shown by this hymn and others that he wrote; some, indeed, speaking of his country's sorrows, but all breathing the same spirit of unbounded trust and readiness to give thanks."

Another of Miss Winkworth's translations is to be found in that glorious Christmas hymn for children, beginning:

538 All my heart this night rejoices.

Of the author of this hymn, PAUL GERHARDT, Miss Winkworth writes:

"He was born in 1606, in a little town, Gräfinhainichen, in Saxony, where his father was burgomaster. The whole of his youth and early manhood fell in the time of war. That it must have been a period full of disappointment and hope deferred for him is clear enough when we find a man of his powers at the age of forty-five still only a private tutor and candidate for holy orders. In 1651 he was living in this capacity in the family of an advocate named Berthold, in Berlin. He had already written many hymns, but was as yet unable to publish them; and he was in love with Berthold's daughter, but had no living to marry upon. About the close of that year, however, the living of a country place called Mittenwalde was offered him; he was ordained, and in 1655 he at last married

Anna Maria Berthold. At Mittenwalde he passed six quiet years, during which he began to publish his hymns, which immediately attracted great attention, and were quickly adopted into the hymn books of Brandenburg and Saxony. His name thus became known, and in 1657 he was invited to the great church of St. Nicholas, in Berlin, where his life was soon both a busy and an honorable one. He worked most assiduously and successfully in his pastoral duties; he brought out many hymns, which were caught up by the people much as Luther's had been of old; and he was the favorite preacher of the city, whom crowds flocked to hear. He is described to us as a man of middle height, of quiet but firm and cheerful bearing; while his preaching is said to have been very earnest and persuasive, and full of Christian love and charity, which he practiced as well as preached by never turning a beggar from his doors, and receiving widows and orphans who needed help and shelter into his own house. His religion and his temperament alike made him cheerful, and not all the many disappointments of his life seem ever to have embittered his mood; but he had a very tender and scrupulous conscience, and wherever a question of conscience seemed to him to be involved, he was liable to great mental conflict, and an exaggerated estimate of trifles."

His refuge and refreshment were in his gift of song, "under circumstances which," says one of his contemporaries, "would have made most men cry rather than sing." He died in 1676, in his seventieth year, and his last words were a line from one of his own hymns—"Us no death has power to kill." "As a poet he undoubtedly holds the highest place among the hymn-writers of Germany."

The last of Miss Winkworth's renderings from the German that has found admission to our hymnal, written by SAMUEL RODIGAST, is said to have been composed for the consolation of a sick friend. To realize how immensely strong a hymn it is, one needs to hear it enthusiastically sung by a great choir and congregation, or perfectly read. The third Bishop of Ohio, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bedell, was gifted with a voice that was a marvelous musical instrument, and with great power of expres-

sion also. His imagination was much his strongest intellectual endowment. I once heard him read this hymn from beginning to end. His deeply religious nature asserted itself, and thus a royal feast was spread. Run your eyes over the hymn with the thought of taking in its full meaning, and you will know more of its power. I quote one stanza only.

668 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
 His will is ever just;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.
 He is my God;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Of the remaining eleven hymns from the German contained in our hymnal, three were translated by John Wesley. He was much influenced by his Moravian brethren, and taught his followers to sing some of their songs. Of the first of these, NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT VON ZINZENDORF, was the author. It begins:

339 O Thou to whose all-searching sight.

With this hymn, also, I have personal association, having once heard it read at a church service by a prelate of exalted Christian character and great intellectual and moral strength, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whittingham, third Bishop of Maryland. How little he cared for human judgments! How much he cared for the approval of the Omniscient and Almighty Ruler of all! How readily he would have gone to the stake for principle! How learned he was and able, and how fervent in spirit also! Look at this hymn and put something of the enthusiasm of a great Christlike soul into it, and "dauntless, untired," your heart will burn within you.

Another hymn written by ZINZENDORF begins:

420 Jesu, still lead on.

As to Zinzendorf himself a few words quoted from Miss Winkworth will be of interest:

"Born at Dresden in 1700 of a noble, wealthy, and religious family, he had Spener for his godfather, and Francke for his tutor; while his maternal grandmother, the Baroness von Gersdorff, whose house was his home in childhood, was herself a woman of strict piety and a writer of hymns. From his earliest years he had strong religious impressions; as a child his favorite amusement was playing at preaching; as a boy at school under Francke, he founded among his schoolfellows the 'Order of the Mustard-seed,' the members of which bound themselves in an especial manner to the service of Christ, and above all to promote the conversion of the heathen. Some of his non-pietistic relations insisted on his acquiring the accomplishments proper to his station in life, such as dancing, fencing, shooting, etc., and on his being sent to the orthodox university of Wittenberg to study law. He complied with their wishes, though he himself would have much preferred studying theology; and after his university course traveled for some years. Once, in passing through Düsseldorf, he saw in a gallery a picture of the Saviour crowned with thorns, over which was written, 'All this have I done for thee; what dost thou for me?' These words struck so deep into his heart that he never lost the impression; 'from this time I had but one passion, and that was He, only He.'

"His private life was not without its trials; he devoted the whole of his large fortune to the service of the cause and himself died poor; he lost all his sons, and finally his excellent wife; but his courage never abated. He died in 1760, and by that time the United Brethren had not only spread within Europe, but had developed that remarkable missionary activity by which they have always been honorably distinguished, and the little Church had already its stations in Greenland, Lapland, Guinea, the Cape of Good Hope, Persia, and various parts of America."

He himself considered that his was "a genius inclined to extravagances"; nevertheless, he was a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Another hymn from the German is LAURENTIUS LAURENTI's stirring hymn, translated by Mrs. Findlater, beginning:

43 Rejoice, rejoice, believers.

And still another: HEINRICH THEOBALD SCHENCK's hymn, translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox, beginning:

178 Who are these like stars appearing.

Dr. Schaff has translated from an unknown writer a hymn for the Holy Communion, beginning:

223 O bread of Life from heaven.

And Edward Caswall has translated, also from an unknown source, that splendid hymn, beginning:

445 When morning gilds the skies.

Gerhardt's great hymn, translated by John Wesley, begins:

625 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.

Tersteegen's hymn was also translated by John Wesley. It begins:

658 Thou hidden love of God, whose height.

I quote part of Miss Winkworth's story of the author's life and character:

"GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, born at Mors in Westphalia in 1697, was the son of a respectable tradesman; he was educated at the grammar school of his native place, and then bound apprentice to an elder brother, a shop-keeper at Mülheim. From his childhood he was delicate in health, thoughtful, and of scrupulous conscience. At Mülheim he became acquainted with a tradesman, a very religious man, who took much notice of him, and under his influence he was converted, and resolved to devote himself entirely to the service of God. His days were busy, but he used to pass whole nights in prayer and fasting,

and as soon as his time was out he declared his intention of leaving his brother, and choosing some more retired and less disturbing mode of life. He accordingly removed to a little cottage near Mülheim, where for some years he supported himself by weaving silk ribbons, and lived quite alone, except for the presence during the day of a little girl who wound his silk for him. His habits were very simple; he usually took nothing but milk, water, and meal, never touching tea or coffee, and giving away in charity to the poor the money thus saved. His relations, who seem to have been a thriving and money-getting set of people, were so ashamed of this poor and peculiar member of the family, that they refused even to hear his name mentioned, and when he was sick he suffered great privations for want of proper care. Yet he was very happy in his solitude, with its opportunities for uninterrupted meditation and communion with God, until that searching trial of spiritual deadness fell upon him, which so many of God's saints have had to endure for a time. For five years he was in a 'state of darkness;' he had no sensible impression of the love of God, nay, there were hours when he began to doubt whether there was a God at all. It was at this time he sang:

Lost in darkness, girt with dangers,
Round me strangers,
Through an alien land I roam;
Outward trials, bitter losses,
Inward crosses,
Lord, Thou know'st have sought my home.

Sin of courage hath bereft me,
And hath left me
Scarce a spark of faith or hope;
Bitter tears my heart oft sheddeth,
As it dreadeth
I am past Thy mercies scope.

Peace I cannot find: O take me,
Lord, and make me
From this yoke of evil free;
Calm this longing never sleeping;
Still my weeping,
Give me hope once more in Thee.



Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf



He could obtain no help from outside; but at last one day, when he was on a journey to a neighboring city, he received such an internal manifestation of the goodness of God and the sufficiency of the Saviour, that all doubts and troubles vanished in a moment. Henceforward he had peace and joy, and an intense power of realizing the unseen which, combined with the experience he had lately gone through, gave him a wonderful faculty of touching and strengthening other hearts."

* * * * *

"People came to him from England, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland; sick persons would send for him, and he would pass hours or whole nights by their bedside; if he went into the neighboring country for rest, people would watch for him by the roadside, and carry him off to the nearest barn, where a congregation would immediately assemble. He had an immense correspondence, and new editions of his hymns and other religious works were constantly demanded. To his quiet temperament this incessant labor and absence of solitude was most uncongenial, but he accepted it willingly as his appointed task. 'I love most to be with the Father, but I am glad to be with the children,' he said. His intercourse with those who came to see him seems to have been marked by a most searching insight into character, yet by a gentleness and affectionateness, an anxiety to cherish even the faintest spark of spiritual life, which nothing could tire out."

"Tersteegen was a mystic of the purest type. In his earlier days, as he himself tells us, he laid too much stress on bodily exercises and violent emotions, but in later life he was singularly free from extravagance or intolerance. 'My religion is this,' he says, 'that as one reconciled to God by the blood of Christ, I suffer myself to be led by the spirit of Jesus, through daily dying, suffering, and prayer, out of myself and all created things, that I may live alone to God in Christ; and clinging to this my God by faith and love, I hope to become one spirit with Him, and through His free mercy in Christ to attain eternal salvation. And I feel myself to be of the same faith with every one who believes thus, of whatever class or nation or creed he may be.'"

One other German hymn remains to be considered in a final word; an Easter hymn, beginning:

122 Jesus lives! thy terrors now.

This hymn, translated by Miss Cox, was written by CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, a man of much distinction, numbering Goethe and Lessing amongst his pupils at Leipsic. His hymns are said, on competent authority, to have met the requirements of his time, to have won universal admiration, and to have speedily passed into the hymn books in use over all Germany, Roman Catholic as well as Lutheran.

In the account of the funeral of the Right Rev. Dr. Hopkins, first Bishop of Vermont, we read, "After the blessing of peace, the procession formed once more; and, as the body was lifted, the strains of the triumphant hymn, 'Jesus Lives,' were heard, every verse ending with an Alleluia."

In the account of the funeral of Dr. Edward Steere, third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa, we read:

"When in our places, the service was for a time drowned, as was also the sound of the organ, by the sobs and wailing of the densely packed congregation. At length we were able to get a comparative quiet, and the service proceeded. And so we laid the wise master-builder to rest within the temple that his love and skill combined to raise, and we returned home singing:

Jesus lives! no longer now.

Can thy terrors, death, appall us.

Jesus lives! by this we know

Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.

Alleluia!

This is the language of a sturdy faith, and so fitted for the burial service of sturdy Christian men. Such a man was Bishop Hopkins; such a man was Bishop Steere; such men were Luther and Rinkart and Gerhardt, and Gellert, and many others of whom the world was not worthy. Let us believe strongly as they believed, and then, in the darkest hour, we too can exultingly shout, Alleluia!

XV.

Isaac Watts
Philip Doddridge
James Montgomery
Horatius Bonar
Richard Baxter

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ISAAC WATTS.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my life let both united be ;
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

People of the living God,
I have sought the world, around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song :
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod :
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.
More of Thyself, Oh show me, hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord ;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power ;
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word.

HORATIUS BONAR.

My soul, bear thou thy part ;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love !
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise !

RICHARD BAXTER.



Isaac Watts



XV.

ISAAC WATTS,
PHILIP DODDRIDGE,
JAMES MONTGOMERY,
HORATIUS BONAR,
RICHARD BAXTER.

Our thoughts are next to pass to the consideration of a group of hymn writers who were what is called in England Nonconformists, that is, men who failed to conform to the doctrine, discipline and worship of the Church as by civil law established: Isaac Watts, Philip Doddridge, James Montgomery, Horatius Bonar, and Richard Baxter. Four of these five take rank amongst the largest contributors to our hymnal, having in all given us fifty-five of our hymns,—Montgomery twenty-one, Watts sixteen, Bonar ten, and Doddridge eight. With Richard Baxter, one of the first and one of the most representative of Nonconformists, they are certainly entitled to our cordial appreciation.

As a matter of course, we place Isaac Watts at the head of the group, inasmuch as, so far as modern hymnology is concerned, he was the first to blaze the way, and for that reason, among others, should be honored with the highest rank.

James Montgomery puts the case with still greater force when he says: "Dr. Watts may also be called the inventor of hymns in our language, for he so far departed from all precedent that few of his compositions resemble those of his fore-runners, while he so far established a precedent to all his successors that none have departed from it otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style

of expressing Christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged;" and then he goes on to speak of "the greatest name among hymn writers," adding, "we hesitate not to give that praise to Dr. Isaac Watts, since it has pleased God to confer upon him, though one of the least of the poets of this country, more glory than upon the greatest either of that or of any other, by making his 'Divine Songs' a more abundant and universal blessing than the verses of any uninspired penman that ever lived."

Lord Selbourne is more guarded, but still strong in his commendation when he writes: "No doubt his taste is often faulty, and his style very unequal; but, looking to the good, and disregarding the large quantity of inferior matter, it is probable that more hymns which approach to a very high standard of excellence, and are at the same time suitable for congregational use, may be found in his works than in those of any other English writer. Such are: 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross,' 'Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun,' 'Before Jehovah's Awful Throne' (which first line, however, is not his, but Wesley's), 'Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come,' 'My Soul, Repeat His Praise,' 'Why Do We Mourn Departing Friends,' 'There Is a Land of Pure Delight,' 'Our God, Our Help in Ages Past,' 'Up to the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes,' and many more. It is true that in some of these cases dross is found in the original poems mixed with gold; but the process of separation, by selection without change, is not difficult. As long as pure nervous English, unaffected fervor, strong simplicity, and liquid yet manly sweetness are admitted to be characteristic of a good hymn, works such as these must command admiration."

In this connection George Macdonald's estimate is worthy of attention. "Some of his hymns will be sung, I fancy, so long as men praise God together; for most heartily do I grant that of all hymns I know he has produced the best for public use; but these bear a very small proportion indeed to the mass of his labor. We cannot help wishing that he had written about the twentieth part. We could not have too much of his best, such as this:

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find."

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1674. His father was a man of ability and character; he himself was intellectually precocious. His opportunities for mental training were good and well improved. Poetry took hold of him when he was only seven years old, and devotional verse then began to grow. University life opened to him on condition that he should enter the ministry of the Established Church, but that his conscience forbade him to do. He became a Dissenting parson, and preached his first sermon on his twenty-fourth birthday. His pastoral care was halted from time to time by sickness; nevertheless, it was influential, and of decided value. In 1703 a violent fever brought him to the gate of death, which, however, swung backwards. Yet full recovery never came. Sir Thomas Abney became a faithful friend, and so a home of comfort and refinement opened to him, where he spent the remaining thirty-six years of a comparatively uneventful life. Increasing literary distinction was the chief thing that came to him, not only through his "*Horae Lyricae*," 1706-09, "*Hymns and Spiritual Songs*," 1707-09, "*Imitations of the Psalms of David*," 1719, and his "*Divine and Moral Songs for Children*," 1715, but also his "*Treatise on Logic*," his "*Elements of Geography and Astronomy*," his "*Philosophical Essays*," and his "*Improvement of the Mind*."

Under date of July 7, 1777, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote to a friend as follows:

"To the collection of English poets I have recommended the volume of Dr. Watts to be added; his name has long been held by me in veneration, and I would not willingly be reduced to tell of him only that he was born and died. Yet of his life I know very little and therefore must pass him in a manner very unworthy of his character, unless some of his friends will favor me with the necessary information; many of them must be known to you; and by your influence perhaps I may obtain some instruction. My plan does not exact much; but

I wish to distinguish Watts, a man who never wrote but for a good purpose. Be pleased to do for me what you can."

The result was an admirable essay from which I make three brief quotations: "As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book but in his mind that *orthodoxy* was *united* with *charity*."

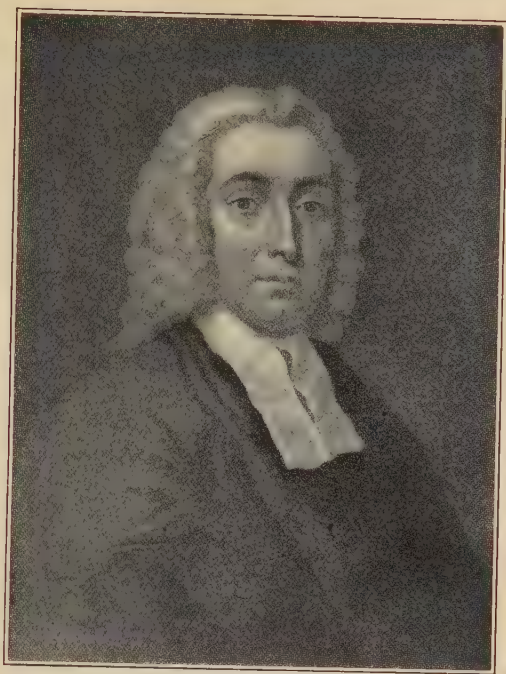
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"I have mentioned his treatises of theology as distinct from his other productions, but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works; under his direction it may be truly said, *Theologiae Philosophia ancillatur*, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction. It is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason is on a sudden compelled to pray." * * *

* * * "Few men have left behind such purity of character or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the Art of Reasoning and the Science of the Stars."

Of the hymns of Watts which still hold a place in our hymnal, the first lines are as follows:

- 27 Welcome, sweet day of rest.
- 86 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.
- 101 When I survey the wondrous cross.
- 141 We give immortal praise.
- 261 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
- 324 Joy to the world! the Lord is come.
- 353 My God, permit me not to be.
- 377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.



Philip Doddridge



- 392 Not to the terrors of the Lord.
- 418 O God, our help in ages past.
- 447 Come, let us join our cheerful songs.
- 468 From all that dwell below the skies.
- 473 Before Jehovah's awful throne.
- 498 How beauteous are their feet.
- 508 Am I a soldier of the cross.
- 678 There is a land of pure delight.

Of these sixteen hymns, all good, two are destined to be immortal: First, that favorite of Canon Liddon, John Bright, and of many other strong men, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and, second, that still greater hymn beginning, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

Of this latter hymn Matthew Arnold's estimate is especially noteworthy. On the last Sunday of his earthly life he attended the Presbyterian Church in Liverpool, of which Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was then pastor. "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" was sung. Arnold was observed after the service repeating to himself those sacred words, when he was led to speak of the hymn as the greatest in the English language. Nor was he wide of the mark. There is certainly no greater hymn. There may be a few others equally great, but there is not one that is greater.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was twenty-eight years younger than Isaac Watts, whom he held in high and reverent appreciation. As in the case of Watts, a university education was offered him on condition that he should become a clergyman of the Church of England, but declined, inasmuch as he preferred to enter a Nonconformist seminary. He was twenty years old when he preached his first sermon, and continued in ministerial service and in theological teaching, until he died thirty years afterwards, a good man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

As fairly descriptive, I copy a page or two from an article in the *North British Review*, as follows: "Much of the strength of Doddridge was his personal holiness. During the twenty years of his Northampton ministry, it was his endeavor to

‘walk with God.’ And it is a spectacle at once humbling and animating to mark his progress, and to see how that divinely-planted principle, which once struggled so feebly with frivolity and self-indulgence and the love of praise, had grown into a ‘mighty tree.’ Nor were his immediate hearers unaware of his personal piety and his heavenly-mindedness. They knew how unselfish and disinterested he was; how the husband of an heiress, to whom he had been guardian, made him a handsome present as an acknowledgment for losses sustained by an over-scrupulous administration of her property; and how all the influence which he possessed with noble and powerful personages was exerted only on behalf of others. They knew his pious industry, and how the hardest worker and the earliest riser in all their town was the great doctor whom so many strangers came to see and hear. They knew his zeal for God, and how dear to him was every project which promised to spread His glory in the earth; and how damping every incident by which he saw God’s name dishonored. And in listening to him they all felt that he was a man of God. And his readers feel the same. They are constantly encountering thoughts which they know instinctively could only have been fetched up from the depths of personal sanctity. The very texts which he quotes are evidently steeped in his own experience; and unlike the second-hand truisms, the dried rose-leaves, with which so many are content, his thoughts have a dew still on them, like flowers fresh gathered in fields of holy meditation. Even beyond his pathos there is something subduing in his goodness.

“Yet we would not tell our entire belief unless we added the power of prayer. Some may remember the prayer at the commencement of the *Rise and Progress*. ‘Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that this work may be completed and propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those that are yet unborn, and teach them Thy name and Thy praise, when the author has long dwelt in the dust. But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim but Thy sovereign grace, give him to be, in Thy almighty hand, the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul; and if it be but one, and that the weakest and meanest, it

shall be most thankfully accepted as a rich recompense for all the thought and labor this effort may cost.' And his secret supplications were in unison with this printed prayer. Besides other seasons of devotion, the first Monday of every month was spent in that 'solitary place,' his vestry; and, deducting the time employed in reviewing the past month, and laying plans for the new one, these seasons were spent in prayer and in communion with God. And none the less, for the accessory reasons already mentioned, it is our persuasion that the success of his ministry, and the singular good accomplished by his writings, are an answer to these prayers. The piety of Doddridge was as devout as it was benevolent; and to his power with God he owed no small measure of his power with men."

Of Doddridge's hymns used by us the first lines are:

- 47 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.
- 186 Ye servants of the Lord.
- 218 O happy day, that stays my choice.
- 231 My God, and is Thy table spread.
- 269 Fountain of good, to own Thy love.
- 417 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.
- 488 Triumphant Sion, lift thy head.
- 503 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, November 4, 1771, and died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854. His father was a Moravian minister. When he was six years old, he was sent to a Moravian school at Fulneck, where kindness found abundant expression, and love was an abiding principle. "Whatever we did," he afterwards said, "was done in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, whom we were taught to regard in the amiable and endearing light of a friend and brother."

An Easter service is thus described: "The next morning found us assembled at five o'clock in the chapel, joined by an immense crowd. The service opened with a voluntary on the organ,—the congregation arose, chanting as they walked, 'The Lord is risen indeed.' On reaching their places, the Litany

commenced, the responses to which were sung by the choir and congregation. On arriving at the part which refers to the church triumphant, we adjourned to the burial-ground, and there finished the service in the open air.

"Those only who have witnessed it, can form any notion of its solemnity. The congregation formed a circle, in the center of which was the officiating clergyman. The sun had just risen, and was lighting up that splendid scenery, and the mists of the night were rapidly rolling away. In the distance, covering the hill, were magnificent woods; over us the morning birds carolled their early matins and then soared away.

"It was in such a scene we offered this thrilling petition to heaven's God:

Minister.—'And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, and our sisters (here mentioning the names of those who had departed since the preceding Easter), who have entered into the joy of their Lord, and whose bodies are buried here; also with the servants and handmaids of our Church, whom Thou hast called home within this year; and with the whole church triumphant; and grant that we may faithfully rest with them in Thy presence from all our labors. Amen.'

Congregation.—

They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ their Saviour;
Our humble expectation is,
To live with Him forever.

"This verse was sung by the vast assembly, echoing along that beautiful valley, and mingling with the hum of bees, the ripple of the waters, the music of the wild bird, and, it may be, with the minstrelsy of unseen spirits. I have since witnessed the religious ceremonies of other bodies; and although it has been mine to minister at the altar of another communion, I must confess I have met with nothing so solemn, yet elegantly chaste, as these services of the Brethren's Church.

"While these scenes could hardly fail to have touched the most unappreciative, upon a child of lively and tender suscep-



James Montgomery



tibilities they awoke, like the winds sweeping over an air-harp, wild and mysterious music in the soul."

When he was twelve years old, Montgomery's father and mother set sail for the West Indies, bent upon missionary labor. He never saw them again. His school career was not successful. Listlessness, inactivity; these seem to have been its chief characteristics. So school was left behind, and an apprenticeship entered upon. From that he soon ran away. Concerning this experience he afterwards wrote: "Had I taken the right instead of the left-hand road to Wakefield, had I not crossed over, I knew not why, to Wentworth, and had not Joshua Hunt noticed me there, it is quite certain that not a single occurrence of my future being, perhaps not a single thought, would have been the same. The direction of life's after current would have been entirely changed, whether for the better or the worse, who can tell? I only know that I did wrong in running away."

Then came a comparatively brief residence in London, and afterwards a permanent settlement at Sheffield. This soon gave him work as an editor and the privilege of going to jail for some expression of opinion upon charges which he declared to be ridiculous as well as false. Emigration to the United States was urged upon him. His reply was: "In truth, I am not partial to America, and I believe I shall never emigrate thither till banished by imperious necessity; and God grant that moment may never arrive. I love England, with all its disadvantages, its cares, vexations, horrors,—perhaps my misfortunes themselves have only endeared me the more to my native island."

So for a long period of years he continued to be editor of the Sheffield *Iris*. When he gave up this work his solemn testimony was: "From the first moment that I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground. I have stood upon it through many years of changes, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave, when I shall no longer have a part in anything done under the sun. And this was my ground—a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or flood, to do what was right. I lay stress on the

purpose, not the performance, for this was the polar star to which my compass pointed, through the considerable 'variation of the needle.' "

When he was forty-three years old he sought and obtained readmission to the Moravian congregation at Fulneck, and afterwards engaged actively in the support of such organizations as the Bible Society, the Sunday School Union, and Missionary Societies of one kind and another. One of his biographers tells us: "From temperament and bodily infirmities, Montgomery was prone to look upon the dark side of all events; and his religious character, of course, partook in some measure of the same element; his soul struggled long in darkness and despair, and only slowly did he appropriate to himself the comforts of the Christian faith. In such a state of mind, wrestling with inward doubts, and lingering under the shadows of Sinai, the new religious organizations of the day, instinct with a social, active, and joyous Christian life, were precisely what was needed to draw off and strengthen his religious affections; and by giving him a work to do, enabled him to gain, through love to man, a more personal consciousness of love to the Redeemer of men."

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who visited him in 1842, is authority for the statement that Montgomery, though a Moravian, was "a constant worshiper in St. George's Episcopal Church in Sheffield."

Two of Montgomery's most popular hymns were written for missionary occasions, the one beginning:

288 O Spirit of the living God,

the other beginning:

323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

Two others are associated with the life to come, the one beginning:

675 Forever with the Lord,

the other beginning:

180 Who are these in bright array.

In the biography of Arthur Christopher Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, we read concerning his last hours at Hawarden, where he was visiting Mr. Gladstone: "The Lord's Prayer was beginning as they carried him out of church, and as they went down the path to the rectory they saw the spirit had passed without a word or a pang.

"They laid him on a wide sofa in the library, and tried, as they were bound to do, some remedies. After half an hour they ceased and went quietly out, leaving my mother alone with him.

"The knowledge of his passing had come back to the church. Mr. Stephen Gladstone told it in a few words, and gave out the appointed hymn; by a strange and beautiful coincidence, it was 'Forever with the Lord.'"

In the biography of Phillips Brooks we read: "It was a custom of Mr. Brooks through many years to speak in his sermons of eminent persons who had died, whether in Church or State. One of his favorite hymns was 'Who are These in Bright Array?' When he announced it, the people knew that he had lost some friend, or was about to commemorate the departure of some one known for distinguished services."

Our other hymns for which we are debtors to Montgomery (Hymn 235 is only partly his), begin:

- 30 To Thy temple I repair.
- 60 Angels, from the realms of glory.
- 93 Go to dark Gethsemane.
- 183 Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high.
- 233 According to Thy gracious word.
- 235 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless.
- 340 In the hour of trial.
- 402 Jerusalem, my happy home.
- 415 Call Jehovah thy salvation.
- 448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
- 474 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.
- 475 Magnify Jehovah's name.
- 476 Songs of praise the angels sang.

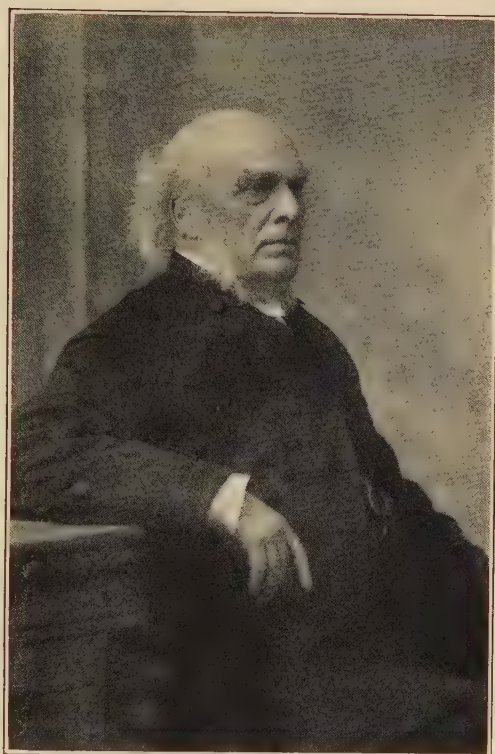
- 513 Oh, where shall rest be found.
547 Glory to the Father give.
561 When Jesus left His Father's throne.
649 Lord, forever at Thy side.

HORATIUS BONAR belonged to a family of prominence in Edinburgh, where he was born December 19, 1808, and died July 31, 1889. After graduation from the university of his native city he became minister of the North Parish (Church of Scotland), Kelso, November 30, 1837, joined the Free Church of Scotland May 18, 1843, and continued minister of that church, at Kelso. He was admitted minister of the Chalmers Memorial Church, Grange, Edinburgh, June 7, 1866, and chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland in 1883.

This is the short record of a long life full of joy and light and power.

The most interesting sketch of this saintly life known to me is contained in a sermon printed in a volume entitled "Horatius Bonar, D.D. A Memorial." From this I take a few extracts: "Beginning in Leith, the hymns were multiplied in Kelso. The first seems to have been, 'I Was a Wandering Sheep;' the second, 'I Lay My Sins on Jesus;' the third, 'A Few More Years Shall Roll.' Leith and Kelso children loved them. The children of Scotland and of England heard and loved them. Our sons in the colonies and our brothers in America heard and loved them. And now children and old people, too, on the continent of Europe, from Spain to Russia, find in them, as rendered into their own tongues, fitting utterance for their spiritual longings. Hymn succeeded hymn, and some of them are scattered over the globe in millions. Like the richest of our Scottish songsters, which 'Trills her thick warbled note, the summer long,' the singer ceased not to pour his lays. In joy they welled up, not without a shade of pathos in them, from the fountain of a thankful heart. In sorrow, as they flowed tenderly and touchingly, they assuaged the keenness of his woe.

"As he tells us, in that exquisite fragment of poetic autobiography, his preface to 'My Old Letters':



Horatius Bonar



Thou art the lute with which I sang my sadness,
 When sadness like a cloud begirt my way;
 Thou art the harp who strings gave out my gladness,
 When burst the sunshine of a happier day,
 Resting upon my soul with sweet and silent ray.

The sickle thou with which I have been reaping
 My great life-harvest here on earth; and now
 'Mid these my sheaves I lay me down unweeping,
 Nay, full of joy, in life's still evening-glow,
 And wipe the reaper's sweat from this toil-furrowed brow.

"A somewhat silent man in private life, and markedly reticent as to his own feelings and experiences, he had less to gain than many from human sympathy, in his unspoken heart-aches; so God gave him the solace of his ever-present lyre, which yielded sympathetic response to his lightest touch. He recognized, as years ran on, that his 'life-harvest' was being widely reaped by means of the same tuneful lyre."

* * * * *

"One cardinal feature of Dr. Bonar's hymns is that they are not merely sacred poems but hymns indeed. That is, they contain such expression of adoration, confession, aspiration as is fitting in the devout worshiper. And while they express they lend intensity to his thoughts. It needs no effort to interpret them; a child may understand them; they flow limpid as the mountain stream; yet they sparkle with the graces of imagination and with felicities of expression.

"The Church of God has not been slow to discover that they minister to her devotion and meet her spiritual need. Some of them are found scattered in the hymnals of all lands. Fifty years of sacred song give large opportunity for selection; and there are doubtless yet others of the hymns that will receive the stamp of general acceptance. They were written in very varied circumstances: sometimes timed by the numbers of the tinkling brook that babbled near him; sometimes attuned to the ordered tramp of the ocean, whose crested waves broke on the beach by which he wandered; sometimes set to the rude music of the railway train that hurried him to the scene of

duty ; sometimes measured by the silent rhythm of the midnight stars that shone above him.

"There are few honors on earth equal to that of giving harmonious, elevating, enkindling utterance to the deepest devotional thoughts of the children of God. A sermon does its work and passes. But a true hymn is sung, and sung, and sung again by souls humbled, animated, inspired by its breath, in countless assemblies of the faithful, in various lands, through many generations. *That* honor have not all the saints.

"The stir of strife did not suit Horatius Bonar. The din of controversy was distasteful to him, his weapons were not fashioned for such employ, and so he says :

In days of public strife, when, sharp and stinging,
The angry words went daily to and fro,
Friend against friend the polished missiles flinging,
Each seeking who could launch the keenest blow,
I went to thee, my harp, and bade thy numbers flow.

"When many a keen controversy of the nineteenth century shall be forgotten, 'I Lay My Sins on Jesus,' and kindred strains, shall utter and shall swell the devotion of God's united children. We are not all fitted for all work ; and that he felt himself. But which of us is fitted for *his* work ?

"It would be interesting to know the poet's preference and his judgment about his own hymns. One little guide to this we are enabled to contribute. When a friend one day said to him, 'My favorite among all our hymns is, "When the Weary Seeking Rest,"' he replied, 'I think that is my own favorite too ; it has less poetry in it than some of them, but I like it.' And well he might. Its swell and sweep of tearful compassion for sorrow under every form, and its successive bursts of passionate pleading on behalf of the sorrowing, may well give it a foremost place in the worship of the suffering sons of men. Perhaps the next in the poet's own esteem was, 'I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.' And on this point the judgment of the Church will hardly differ from the judgment of the author. Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, thought this hymn the finest in the English language.

"The breath of Dr. Bonar's poetry has wafted the message of salvation to many who do not hear it in sermons, or who might not welcome it in tracts or in ordinary books. The history would be voluminous and of tender interest, if it could be written, of the dark souls enlightened, the troubled souls comforted, the dying souls revived, by repeated or remembered verses of Horatius Bonar's hymns. One present at the funeral told Andrew Bonar that the hymn beginning 'I Hear the Words of Love,' had led him into clear light. How many others could bear such testimony!"

One of Dr. Bonar's hymns, used by us at times, is for the Holy Communion and begins:

219 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.

The first lines of his other hymns chosen for our hymnal are:

203 A few more years shall roll.
 431 O love that casts out fear.
 463 All praise to Him who built the hills.
 584 Go, labor on! spend and be spent.
 605 I lay my sins on Jesus.
 609 When the weary, seeking rest.
 617 Glory be to God the Father.
 632 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
 673 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

Concerning another saintly man of an earlier time George Macdonald has truly said: "In 1615 was born RICHARD BAXTER, one of the purest and wisest and devoutest of men—and no mean poet either. If ever a man sought between contending parties to do his duty, siding with each as each appeared right, opposing each as each appeared wrong, surely that man was Baxter. Hence he fared as all men too wise to be partisans must fare—he pleased neither Royalists nor Puritans. Dull of heart and sadly unlike a mother was the Church when, by the Act of Uniformity of Charles II, she

drove from her bosom such a son, with his two thousand brethren of the clergy."

Baxter's life was one of great literary activity and of rare pastoral fidelity. Kidderminster, where he labored for sixteen years, was transformed through his holy ministrations. At the Restoration he became, for a brief period, chaplain to Charles II, and was offered the bishopric of Hereford, but declined it. His conscience afterwards carried him into the Nonconformist ministry. He died in 1691.

For our day and time some parts of his writings seem like the clothing of the seventeenth century, a little out of date. Nevertheless, we can readily understand why Dr. Barrow should write, "His practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom confuted"; why Archbishop Usher should urge him to write more and more concerning spiritual things; and why Robert Boyle should say, "He was the fittest man of the age for a casuist, because he feared no man's displeasure, nor hoped for any man's preferment."

His was a life of struggle and hard vicissitude, as well as of heavenly communion. Out of the depths, looking up to glorious heights, he was led to sing:

665 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?



Richard Baxter



Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.



Henry Alford



XVI.

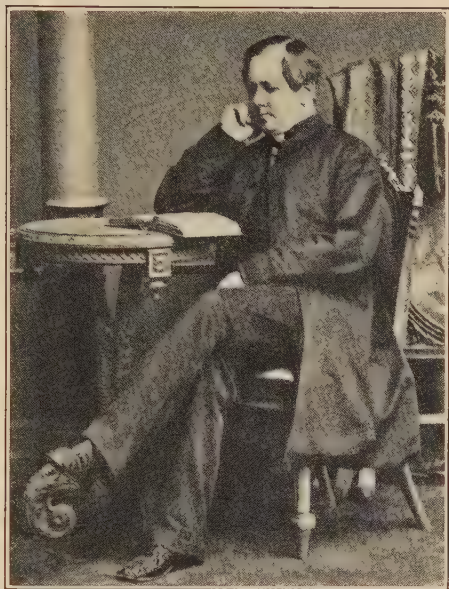
Henry Alford
Sir Henry Williams Baker
Sabine Baring-Gould
Edward Henry Bickersteth
John Ellerton
William Dalrymple MacLagan
John Samuel Bewley Monsell
Edward Hayes Plumptre
Arthur Penrhyn Stanley
Samuel John Stone
Godfrey Thring
Henry Twells

There is an ancient River,
Whose streams descend in light
From never-failing fountains
Beyond all earthly sight;
It ran through all the ages,
And wheresoe'er it flowed,
Up rose the Holy City,
The Lord's elect abode.

The River still is flowing,
But now with fuller stream;
And still the light is falling,
But now with brighter beam:
Of old the song of Moses
Soared as it swept along,
But now the name of Jesus
Is made its sweeter song.

Its radiance lights us onward,
Its chanting waters cheer;
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear;
For as the earth-clouds darken
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult
The stream of music flows.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.



Henry Williams Baker



XVI.

HENRY ALFORD,
SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER,
SABINE BARING-GOULD,
EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH,
JOHN ELLERTON,
WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN,
JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL,
EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE,
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,
SAMUEL JOHN STONE,
GODFREY THRING,
HENRY TWELLS.

The above-named twelve men form a group of clergymen of the Church of England to whom, in the matter of hymnody, we are much indebted. They were all born in the nineteenth century, and all are now dead, excepting only the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould and the Rt. Rev. Dr. MacLagan, and the latter has passed his eightieth milestone. Having served their own generation by the will of God, they have fallen asleep, with the good hope to cheer them that they will serve other generations also with their deathless songs.

HENRY ALFORD, the eldest of this group of gifted men, was born in London, October 7, 1810. His father was a clergyman, and his early training good. He won distinction at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1832. Among the friends of his youth he was privileged to number Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson. He was ordained in 1833,

and continued in ministerial service until 1871, when he died in the high position of Dean of Canterbury. He was a superior preacher, but his best work was done in the making of books, which carried his name and fame around the world. In the "Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare, an entertaining but not altogether admirable book, we may read, if we will, the following reference to a visit made to Dean Alford in his cottage in the Kentish hills: "He was more charming than ever, and more eccentric, never wearing stockings, and shoes only when he went out. * * * It was my last sight of this dear friend, with whom I have been more really intimate than with perhaps anyone else, in spite of the great difference in age and position. * * * His grave, in St. Martin's churchyard at Canterbury, is always a very sacred spot to me."

Mention of this sacred spot suggests the following from Dean Alford's biography:

"He had himself expressed a wish to be buried in St. Martin's churchyard. The spot chosen for his grave is beneath a yew-tree on the brow of the hill on the south side of the path which leads up from the lich-gate to the western door of the ancient church. At the distance of about half a mile to the west the towers of the Cathedral look down upon his tomb.

"Among his papers was found the following memorandum, which, of course, was carefully obeyed: 'When I am gone, and a tomb is to be put up, let there be, besides any indication of who is lying below, these words, and these only, *Deversorium Viatoris Hierosolymam Proficiscentis*, i. e., the inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem.'"

There is room for one other quotation, one of the most notable in all sacred literature, the most exalted utterance of his exalted life, namely, the words with which he concluded his great work on the New Testament Scriptures, referring first of all to the Book of the Revelation.

"I have now only to commend to my gracious God and Father this feeble attempt to explain the most mysterious and glorious portion of His revealed Scripture; and with it, this my labor of now four-and-twenty years, herewith completed. I do it with humble thankfulness, but with a sense of utter

weakness before the power of His word, and inability to sound the depths even of its simplest sentence. May He spare the hand which has been put forward to touch His Ark; may He, for Christ's sake, forgive all rashness, all perverseness, all uncharitableness, which may be found in this book, and sanctify it to the use of His Church, its truth, if any, for teaching; its manifold defect, for warning. My prayer is and shall be, that in the stir and labor of men over His word, to which these volumes have been one humble contribution, others may arise and teach, whose labors shall be so far better than mine, that this book, and its writer, may ere long be utterly forgotten."

When Henry Alford was twenty years old, he sent some hymns to the "Church Observer" and "Christian Guardian," which were duly published. When he was twenty-six years old, he issued a volume of "Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals throughout the Year, with some Occasional Hymns." Having begun well, he continued his interest in hymn writing until he died.

The first lines of our hymns received from him are as follows:

- 77 Thou, who on that wondrous journey.
- 193 Come, ye thankful people, come.
- 209 In token that thou shalt not fear.
- 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
- 426 We walk by faith, and not by sight.
- 523 Forward! be our watchword.
- 557 When in the Lord Jehovah's name.

In the life of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the eminent naturalist, the story of the birth of one of these hymns is told in an interesting way. From this it appears that the musical festivals then held at Canterbury from year to year were not models of beauty and precision. There was pressing need of change. Mr. Wood's biographer writes:

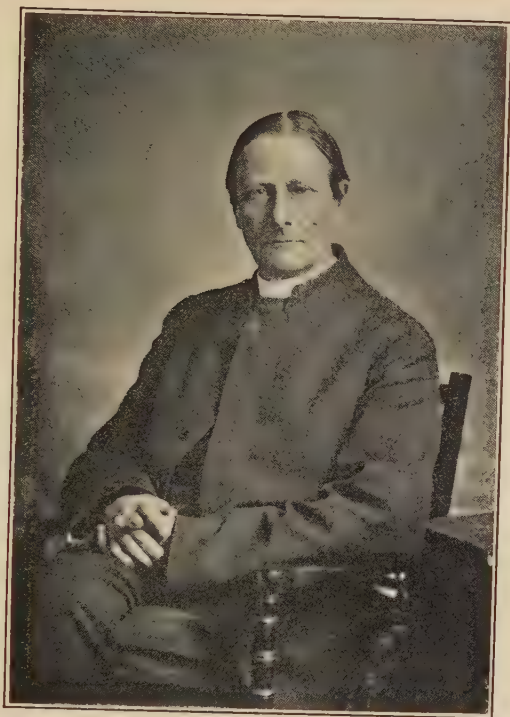
"In 1868 my father attended the festival, and was much shocked to see the slovenly, and even irreverent, behavior of

those who, of all men, should have known better. Walking up the center of the choir of the cathedral itself might be seen clergy, arrayed in full canonicals, carrying an ordinary tall hat in one hand, and with a gaily dressed lady on either arm." Think of it, what an amazing spectacle! "The alms at the festival service itself, instead of being presented at the altar, were deliberately and openly placed in a hat, and so carried off to the Chapter House. And all else was conducted on similar principles. * * *

"In the first festival which he conducted—that of 1869—he managed to secure a great accession of reverence from all concerned; and in that year, for the first time, the alms were duly and properly offered upon the altar by the present Bishop of Dover, who officiated.

"His next step was to arrange for a processional hymn—an undertaking in which he met with great opposition. Hitherto the surpliced portion of the choir, after robing in the Chapter House, had straggled hurriedly into the choir, mutely and untidily, and a great and impressive effect had been allowed to slip. Now my father wished for a systematic procession, singing some good and solid processional hymn.

"His chief difficulty in arranging for this lay in the attitude of the Dean (Dr. Alford), who, for a long time, could not be brought to see that ordinary decorum required an orderly procession, while such a procession was hardly possible unless it were permitted to sing upon the march. Neither could he agree for a while that the impressiveness of the effect was at all a thing to be desired. By dint of much perseverance, however, my father carried his point; and then incontinently followed up his victory by suggesting that the Dean himself should write a processional hymn for the occasion, and compose the music also. The Dean, at first, was a little overcome by the audacity of the proposal, but finally consented; and shortly afterwards my father received a very admirable hymn, with the Dean's compliments. This, however, good as it was, was by no means the kind of hymn which he wanted; and so he wrote off again to the Dean, pointing out that the hymn, while excellent in its way, was not at all adapted to be sung upon the



Sabine Baring-Gould



march. Would he kindly go into his cathedral, walk slowly along the course which the procession would take, and compose another hymn as he did so? The result was that grand hymn beginning, 'Forward be our watchword.'

"The effect of the hymn, when sung by the vast body of choristers, was almost overwhelming. From the time when the leaders of the procession emerged from the cloisters into the north aisle to that in which the last of the long stream ascended the steps of the choir, nearly half an hour elapsed. And throughout the whole of this time the glorious strains of Dean Alford's hymn were taken up again and again by fresh bodies of voices, each pair of choristers joining in the chorus as they reached a specified spot, and ceasing as they set foot on the last step of the ascent to the choir, and passed under the screen to their seats within. The effect of such a hymn, sung by such a body of voices, in such a building as the grand old Cathedral of Canterbury, was utterly beyond the power of words to describe. Scarcely a member of the congregation but was visibly moved, and long before the last of the five 'brigades,' into which the choristers were divided, had entered the choir, it was felt that no such festival had ever before been held within the walls of the stately Norman building."

Making particular mention of SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, and the distinguished and useful work done by him for the Church, Henry Twells' volume entitled "Sermons on Hymns, and Other Addresses," begins on this wise:

"In the year 1857 a company of clergy met together in a private room in the suburbs of London to consider the question of hymnology. At that time there were, at least, three hundred different hymnals in the Church of England, none of them very predominant among the others, and none of them, in the opinion of these clergy, altogether satisfactory. It was resolved at this meeting to compile a new hymnal, to be adopted by those present, and to be recommended to their friends.

"One of the leading features of this enterprise was to be the policy of the householder described by our blessed Lord, who brought out of his treasury things both new and old. The

existing books confined themselves almost entirely to modern hymns: Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, Montgomery, and many other writers, to whom the Church owes much, were laid under contribution, and there was generally added a selection from Tate and Brady's metrical Psalter. But the old Latin and Greek hymns, from the fourth century downward, though still extant, were practically ignored. The determination to include these with more recent productions gave rise to the now well-known title 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.'

"That band of compilers, painstaking and enthusiastic as they were, little anticipated the extent to which their efforts would affect the hymnology of the Church of England. Their chairman told me, many years afterwards, that if they could have been assured that this book would have been adopted in twenty churches besides their own, they would have been well satisfied and thankful. What was the result? From the first the popularity of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' was undoubted, and at every fresh revision and improvement (of which there have been three) it secured additional acceptance. It is now the hymnal of 15,000 churches and chapels of England and Wales, out of about 20,000. It is the hymnal of the army and navy. It is the hymnal generally adopted in the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It is the hymnal of overwhelming preponderance in the colonies. If I were to say that fifty million copies of it have been circulated, I know I should be a long way within the mark.

"The chairman of the original committee, to whom I have already referred, was Sir Henry Baker, at that time Rector of Monkland in Herefordshire. I had the privilege of knowing him. A greater lover of hymns or a greater expert in their history and merits I never met with. He was himself a hymn-writer of no slight merit. If I mention 'Oh, What if We are Christ's!' 'There is a Blessed Home,' 'Lord, Thy Word Abideth,' the baptismal hymn, 'Tis Done, That New and Heavenly Birth,' the wedding hymn, 'How Welcome Was the Call,' the Communion hymn, 'I Am Not Worthy, Holy Lord,' I know that many of you will feel grateful to the divine inspirer of his

song. But perhaps the best-loved hymn is his rendering of the twenty-third psalm, 'The King of Love My Shepherd Is.' Assisted by the sweet melody of Dr. Dykes, it has quite superseded Addison's version, at one time so widely adopted, 'The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.' And there is a very touching fact about it. When, in the year 1877, Sir Henry Baker passed into the paradise of perfect song, his last audible words were two lines from his own hymn. He was heard to murmur:

'And on His shoulders, gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.'"

Of SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER it is needful to say only that he was born in London, May 27, 1821; that he was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844; that he succeeded to the baronetcy in 1857, in which year he became Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, where he died, February 12, 1877. In the field of hymnology he was a great leader.

The first lines of his hymns and translations contributed to our hymnal are as follows:

- 52 Of the Father's love begotten.
- 99 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising.
- 102 O Sacred Head, surrounded.
- 199 O God of love, O King of peace.
- 234 I am not worthy, holy Lord.
- 282 Lord, Thy word abideth.
- 349 Out of the deep I call.
- 390 Oh, what, if we are Christ's.
- 412 The King of love my Shepherd is.
- 499 Almighty God, whose only Son.
- 640 My Father, for another night.
- 679 There is a blessed home.

Well may we heed his cry, as borne to us by the last stanza of our hymnal:

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe.

Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love:
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

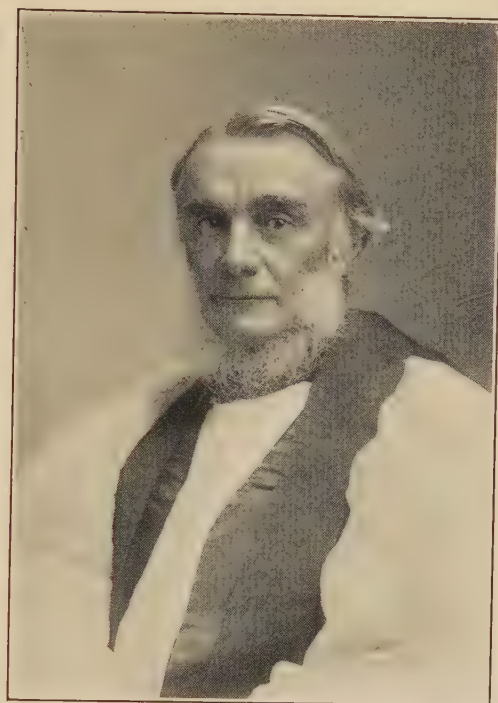
SABINE BARING-GOULD is one of the most versatile men of our day and generation. He is still a clergyman in active service in the parish where his forefathers ruled and slept. He is also himself squire and lord of the manor. As an author he is most remarkable, taking rank with the most varied and prolific writers of our time. Novels have leaped from his pen in quick succession, and biographies and histories, and poetry and curious myths. He wrote the "Lives of the Saints," in fifteen volumes, and "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," in two volumes. He has written also of "Yorkshire Oddities," and of all sorts of out-of-the-way men and things. In ordinary hands, the "Life of Robert Stephen Hawker" might have been a failure; in his hands, "The Vicar of Morwenstow" fairly gleams with winsomeness. His published sermons are notable. As a specimen of utterance, large and brave and full of charity, I select the following:

"If we were to take the religions of the world and spread them out before us, and tabulate their characteristics, we should be able to form a register of the corresponding wants of the human spirit.

"Every religion marks the existence of a want. And every reformation indicates the awaking, the assertion, of a new one.

"To bring this down to our own experience and our own days. How is it that England teems with sects? Simply because the Established Church does not meet every religious requirement of Christian souls. True wisdom would seek to make her bands elastic, and vary her methods to embrace and satisfy all, and not seek to stamp and stiffen and solidify her, as the martyr Geronimo was kneaded into a bed of concrete.

"Much better endow the Church of England with centripetal than with centrifugal force; and this can only be done by allowing to grow together in luxuriance objective worship



Edward Henry Bickersteth



and subjective mysticism; by giving to those who want on either side with full hand, instead of measuring to each in grudging pinches."

SABINE BARING-GOULD was born at Exeter, January 28, 1834, and was graduated at Cambridge. Of his hymns, four are very popular, and so, very frequently sung. They have been gladly admitted to our hymnal. One begins:

243 On the resurrection morning.

Another is the familiar children's hymn, beginning:

535 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh.

Another is his translation from the Danish of the great hymn of Bernhardt S. Ingemann, beginning:

521 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

While still another has attained to widest fame:

516 Onward, Christian soldiers.

As to the origin of this hymn, its author says: "It was written in a very simple fashion, without a thought of publication. Whit-Monday is a great day for school festivals in Yorkshire, and one Whit-Monday it was arranged that our school should join its forces with that of a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to another, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable, so I sat up at night resolved to write something myself. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the result."

And what a result! One that will go ringing down the ages.

Of this great hymn Dr. Charles S. Robinson has truly written:

"It has been taken up all over the world, and with either

Haydn's or Sullivan's music set to it, it constitutes the best marching hymn for children or adults known to this generation. It meets the American ideal, mechanically speaking, in that it is simple, rhythmical, lyric, and has a refrain at the end of each stanza. That has given to it an extensive popularity and use. The singing of great masses of children may be hated, as it once was in the temple at Jerusalem, by those that hate Christ; but it has prodigious power, and if it were stopped the very stones 'would immediately cry out.' "

As to EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, the following is taken from *The Guardian*:

"Edward Henry Bickersteth was born in Islington on January 25, 1825, and died in London May 16, 1906. His father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society and Rector of Watton, belonged to a North Country family, and was one of four brothers who became eminent in their generation. The others were Henry Bickersteth, Lord Langdale, John Bickersteth, Rector of Sapcote, and Robert Bickersteth, surgeon, of Liverpool. Never were father and son more fully imbued with missionary enthusiasm, and the one carried on the influence which the other had wielded to the end of his working days, a period of more than three-quarters of a century. The English Church owes a vast debt of gratitude to God for His gift of such advocates of foreign missions during three generations in Edward Bickersteth, of Watton; his son, Edward Henry Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter; and his grandson, Edward Bickersteth, Bishop of South Tokyo.

"Edward Henry Bickersteth was graduated at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1847 as Senior Optime, and in the Third Class of the Classical Tripos. He was, moreover, Chancellor's medallist three years in succession, a distinction which at that time was unique, thus giving evidence of the remarkable poetic faculty to which the Church in his own day was so much indebted. Ordained in 1848 to the curacy of Banningham, in Norfolk, he afterwards served for a short time at Tunbridge Wells, until he was appointed Rector of Hinton Martell in Dorset. In 1855 he became Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in

succession to the Rev. the Hon. J. T. Pelham, subsequently Bishop of Norwich. There he spent thirty years of incessant and most fruitful ministerial service, embracing in its scope not the parish alone, but the diocese, many parts of England, and the missionary world. He was called upon to address clergy, to take quiet days, to conduct parochial missions, and to speak for foreign missions—a cause which was a consuming passion with him. Nor were his interests confined to matters religious and ecclesiastical. He was deeply concerned in all movements—social, educational, and charitable—throughout his career. The poor and afflicted ever found in him a wise and sympathetic friend.

“He was one of a small committee of clergy appointed by Bishop Jackson in 1884-85 to organize the London Mission. His powers of influence and organization in this work marked him out for preferment, which came in January, 1885, when Mr. Gladstone appointed him Dean of Gloucester. But before his institution the offer was made to him of the see of Exeter, vacant by the translation of Dr. Temple to London. He was consecrated on St. Mark’s Day, 1885, and at sixty girded up his loins for the work of an episcopate which lasted for fifteen years. His gifts were of an order which is higher than that of intellectual brilliancy and organizing faculty, for spiritual power is, after all, the highest and most blessed of God’s gifts to His Church. All who met Bishop Bickersteth were impressed by his spiritual-mindedness. Thus did he win the way for his Master to the hearts and consciences of men. He ruled with zeal and diligence, with meekness of wisdom, winning victories by his gentleness and fairness, disarming prejudice and opposition by his single-mindedness.”

This also from the *London Times* is worthy of attention:

“Mr. Bickersteth’s long incumbency at Hampstead came to an end with his appointment in 1885 to the Deanery of Gloucester. But in a month or two Mr. Gladstone nominated him to succeed Bishop Temple in the see of Exeter. Such an appointment, coming from so ‘Anglican’ a premier, caused not a little surprise, though a moment’s consideration will suggest that the choice was to be taken in connection with the contem-

poraneous and complementary selection of Dr. King for Lincoln. It was at the consecration of these two in St. Paul's that Liddon preached the memorable 'manifesto' on the *esse* of Episcopacy, much of which would have gone like a knife to the heart of old Edward Bickersteth of Watton. But the reflections aroused by the proclamation of these views at the consecration of an Evangelical such as Dr. Bickersteth were not more remarkable than those which came to any mind that saw the contrast between him and his predecessor in the see. The superficial observer would say that the diocese had now 'honey' in place of 'the stony rock,' and would do wrong to both bishops. Every one knows by this time that, if there was some granite on the surface of Temple's personality, there was the rich loam of human kindness just beneath. But it has not, perhaps, been equally realized that Dr. Bickersteth was gifted with a certain faculty for getting his way by what Matthew Arnold called 'sweet reasonableness.' It is true that some corners of the diocese wanted a harder broom, that there were little but long-lived rebellions which a firmer hand would have quelled, and that each unit of diocesan organization was conscious in a moment of the departure to London of the great organizer to whose strong will they had so willingly submitted. But Devonshire recognized in Dr. Bickersteth a bishop with fatherly instincts, ready to spare the rod as long as any other expedient was left, and determined to see equal justice administered to all his children. Probably the only section of the diocese that was at all disappointed in him was that of the extreme Evangelicals, whose axes he omitted to grind. He found the eastward position at the Cathedral and took it, whereas Dr. Temple, even at St. Paul's, always celebrated at the north end. But Dr. Bickersteth disarmed criticism by the zeal with which he attended to the duties of his office, and by the unselfish and unobtrusive generosity with which he subscribed to diocesan funds and assisted the poorer members of his clergy. * * *

"He was the author of a considerable number of poems and volumes of sacred verse, marked by his own characteristic quality of sweetness rather than strength; of these the best



John Ellerton



known and the most ambitious was 'Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,' a poem in twelve books with a suggestion of Milton about it. He published it in 1866, and it has gone through several editions. Another undertaking of importance was the compilation of the 'Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer,' which has been adopted as the recognized hymn book of the Evangelicals. Issued in 1870, it was reprinted in 1876, and again in 1890. Its earlier editions contained the extraordinary solecism of a fourth verse to 'Lead, Kindly Light' from the editor's pen, written with the object of providing a 'happy ending' to Newman's immortal reverie. In the last edition the verse was relegated to the appendix. But the mistake, if mistake it must be held to be, was significant of the Bishop's whole character. A spirit of his sunny gentleness was ready for anything that would lighten the darkness of life and disseminate some of the simple-minded certainty which carried him through a long and active career."

The first lines of Bishop Bickersteth's hymns, as chosen for our hymnal, are:

- 85 O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.
- 210 Stand, soldier of the cross.
- 307 Almighty Father, hear our cry.
- 579 O brothers, lift your voices.
- 674 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin.

Of the origin of the last hymn, the good Bishop's son, the Rev. Dr. Bickersteth, Vicar of Leeds, has written as follows:

"On a Sunday morning in August, 1875, the Vicar of Harrowgate, Canon Gibbon, happened to preach from the text, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,' and alluded to the fact that in the Hebrew the words are 'peace, peace,' twice repeated, and happily translated in the 1611 translation by the phrase, 'perfect peace.' This sermon set my father's mind working on the subject. He always found it easiest to express in verse whatever subject was uppermost in his mind, so that when on the afternoon of that Sunday he visited an aged and dying relative, Archdeacon Hill, of

Liverpool, and found him somewhat troubled in mind, it was natural to him to express in verse the spiritual comfort which he desired to convey. Taking up a sheet of paper he then and there wrote down the hymn just exactly as it stands, and read it to this dying Christian.

"I was with my father at the time, being home from school for the summer holidays, and I well recollect his coming into tea, a meal which we always had with him on Sunday afternoons, and saying, 'Children, I have written you a hymn,' and reading us 'Peace, perfect peace,' in which, from the moment that he wrote it, he never made any alteration.

"I may add that it was his invariable custom to expect each one of us on Sundays at tea to repeat a hymn, and he did the same, unless, as frequently happened, he wrote us a special hymn himself, in which way many of his hymns were first given to the Church.

"It is not always noticed that the first line in each verse of 'Peace, perfect peace,' is in the form of a question referring to some one or other of the disturbing experiences of life, and the second line in each verse endeavors to give the answer. Some years later than 1875 an invalid wrote to my father pointing out that he had not met the case of sickness, which induced him to write two lines which appropriately can be added, but which he himself never printed in his own hymn book, so that I do not know how far he would wish them to be considered part of the hymn.

"The hymn has been translated into many tongues; and for years I doubt if my father went many days without receiving from different people assurances of the comfort which the words had been allowed to bring to them. The most touching occasion on which, personally, I ever heard it sung was round the grave of my eldest brother, Bishop Edward Bickersteth (of South Tokyo), at Chiselden, in 1897, when my father was chief mourner."

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

To JOHN ELLERTON our hymnal is greatly indebted. Charles Wesley outranks him in the number of hymns accepted, as also James Montgomery and John Mason Neale. He is equaled by Bishop How. All others are below him. This is largely owing to the fact that so many of his hymns were written for special days or occasions for which only a few hymns were available. His only "general" hymn is a translation, beginning:

462 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

Besides, there is an evening hymn, beginning:

23 Our day of praise is done.

A hymn for the Lord's day, beginning:

28 This is the day of light.

And another beginning:

32 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise.

A hymn for St. Paul's Day (150); for the Purification (154); for St. Matthias' Day (155); for St. Barnabas' Day (161); for St. Bartholemew's Day (168); for St. Simon and St. Jude's Day (173); for Infant Baptism (208); for the Burial of the Dead (242); for the Laying of a Corner-stone (292); for the Restoration of a Church (299); and for the Dedication of a Burial Ground (302). He has besides given us one hymn for teachers (587), and a processional hymn of power (517).

Of Canon Ellerton's hymns his biographer writes:

"Not all have as yet been incorporated into the great hymnals; some perhaps never will be, for they vary much in quality. Some, however, the Church, having once counted them among her jewels of praise, will keep and guard to the end. 'This is the Day of Light' will for many a year stand side by side with *Jam lucis orto sidere*, and Bishop

Ken's 'Awake, My Soul'; 'Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise,' has already taken such deep root wherever throughout Christendom English hymns are sung that its immortality is secured."

Concerning the hymn beginning, "Now the laborer's task is o'er," this is the testimony: "It has been sung, and will continue to be sung, at the grave-side of princes, divines, statesmen, poets, artists, authors, as well as of many a Christian laborer in human life." And where there has been no singing it has often been read with touching pathos as most appropriate for a funeral service in a Christian home.

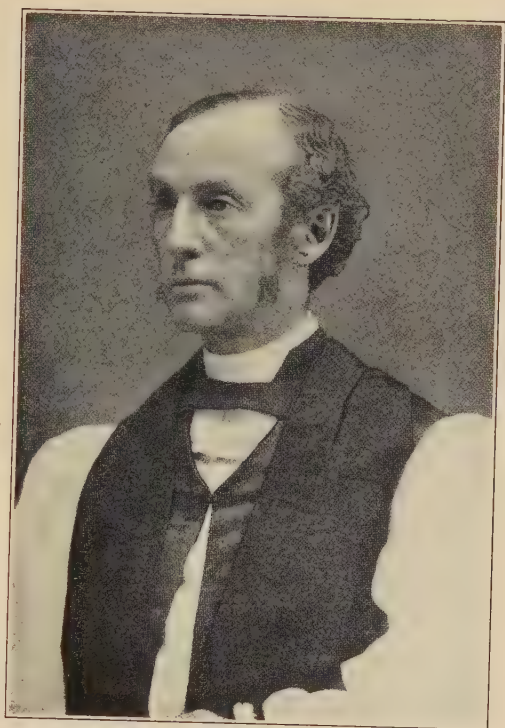
This hymn is not as widely used in America as it is in England. On that account, and by reason of its shining merit, it is here given in full.

242 Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.



William Dalrymple MacLagan



"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

How particularly appropriate that this hymn should have been sung at the burial of the great Earl of Shaftesbury! He was a *laborer* indeed.

JOHN ELLERTON was born in London, December 16, 1826, and died at Torquay, June 15, 1893. His early religious training was somewhat narrow, but enlargement came after he had entered Trinity College, Cambridge. For a time he was greatly helped by the writings of Frederick D. Maurice; he afterwards settled down to be a conservative Churchman, disliking partisan ways. His parochial work though large, was not commanding. Much of his time was given to literary labor, particularly to the preparation of those important hymnals, "Church Hymns" and the "Children's Hymn Book." He was a good man, well beloved, and so he passed away from earth,

The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, son of a Scotch physician, was born in Edinburgh, June 18, 1826. He first entered the army, serving for a while in India; but the higher call of the Lord came to him, so that, after graduation from St. Peter's College, Cambridge, at the age of thirty he entered the sacred ministry, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. With him capacity and advancement kept steady and even pace. He was a curate first in Paddington and afterwards in Marylebone, then Secretary to the London Church Building Society, then Rector of Newington, and then Vicar of Kensington. He was also an honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and a Prebendary in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. In 1878 he became Bishop of Lichfield. He now fills the exalted position of Archbishop of York.

The one volume by which he is best known, entitled, "Pastoral Letters and Synodical Charges addressed to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Lichfield," written, as he tells us, "amidst the incessant occupations of a busy life," is very attractive, revealing as it does the splendid characteristics of a gifted and noble Christian man. This book shows, first, a rare clarity of intelligence; second, an unusual sanity of judgment; third, great strength of leadership; and fourth, supreme consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the work of His Church on earth. With such an Archbishop, clergy and laity are blessed indeed.

He has printed but little, whether in prose or poetry, inasmuch as his daily practical tasks have been all-absorbing; but what he has written has been good and worthy.

Three of his hymns have found a place in our hymnal: one for St. Luke's Day, beginning:

172 What thanks and praise to Thee we owe;

another for All Saints Day, beginning:

175 The saints of God! their conflict past;

the third, for Confirmation, beginning:

213 Holy Spirit, Lord of love.

These words show a noble bishop in prayer and praise. Other words show him in exhortation. As a sample of such words, I give the two paragraphs, with which he concludes the last of his synodical charges;

"I know not how it is—whether it be that some great crisis or some great opportunity is at hand for the Church—or whether the coming of the Lord draweth nigh—but it seems to me that an overwhelming necessity is laid upon us at the present time to give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. From every side there seems to come the call to be up and doing, to labor and to strive according to His working which worketh in us mightily, to finish the work He has given us to do.

"The unuttered cry of thousands perishing for lack of knowledge; the half-conscious despair of men and women sitting in darkness and the shadow of death; the mute appeal of souls that are thirsting for the living God; the upturned faces of children hungering for the children's bread;—these meet us on every side, and their cry has entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth. They look to us for help; they claim our service, our sympathy, and our prayers. God give us grace to be faithful to our trust; never, for love of ease or love of self, to turn aside, or to grow slack, or to be weary in well-doing. The time is short, the night cometh, and then the dawning of the Everlasting Day."

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL was born in Londonderry, March 2, 1811, and was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. After his entrance upon the work of the Christian ministry, he was successively Chaplain to Bishop Mant, Chancellor of the diocese of Connor, Rector of Ramoan, Vicar of Egham, and Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford. In this latter position it fell to him to take part in the work of Church restoration. Whilst he was standing in the aisle below, some masonry in the roof gave way, from which death almost immediately resulted; and so before his time he went to his rest and his reward. Before his time? Ah, no! Neither before nor after. In God's good time, which is always best.

Of his work as a writer of hymns, the gifted author of the "Hymn-Lover" says: "Dr. Monsell deserves a very high place among our modern hymnists. His deep religiousness, his tenderness of spirit, his lyric nature, all combined to enable him to give the Church verses which have done much, and will probably do still more, to express and deepen her worshipping emotion."

His hymns in our hymnal are eight in number. Their first lines are:

- 46 O'er the distant mountains breaking.
- 285 Lord of the living harvest.
- 343 I hunger and I thirst.
- 347 Sinful, sighing to be blest.

- 436 Laboring and heavy laden.
 478 Holy offerings, rich and rare.
 505 Fight the good fight with all thy might.
 522 On our way rejoicing.

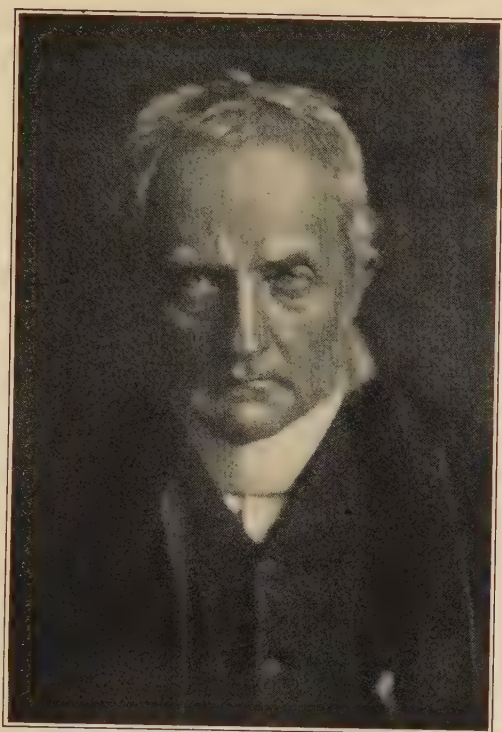
EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE was born August 6, 1821, and died February 1, 1891. His training at King's College, London, and at University College, Oxford, was thorough, and his rank as a scholar distinguished. He was a great lover of truth, as well as a preacher of many gifts; so that in more ways than one he won favor and renown. Step by step, he moved onward, until in 1881 he became Dean of Wells. His occupancy of that position is said to have been "ideal." But the man himself was greater than any position which he filled, whether as poet or preacher, pastor or professor. A fair estimate of his most noteworthy book is given by the Rev. Dr. William P. Lewis in "The Life to Come," as follows:

"I come now to the *Spirits in Prison*, and other studies in the *Life After Death* (1884) by the Dean of Wells, Dr. Plumptre. The spirit of the book may be judged from the fact that it is dedicated to the loved and honored memory of Frederick Denison Maurice. The sermon which gives it its title was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, April 30, 1871. Of course the text was, 'He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.' What the author of it says of 'Eternal Hope' is equally true of his own sermon. It was 'Epoch-making.' Not more truly did Schliemann excavate the ruins of Troy, or Petrie those of Thebes, than did this sermon disinter the buried Article of the Apostles' Creed, 'He descended into Hell.' Bishop Horsley is the only one I am aware of who had treated that text at all satisfactorily in the pulpit, and he was constrained by conventional trammels of interpretation which Dr. Plumptre cast off. The sermon is a revelation."

All honor to the memory of so great and good a man!

The first lines of Dean Plumptre's hymns are:

- 273 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
 424 O Light, whose beams illumine all.
 520 Rejoice, ye pure in heart.



Arthur Penrhyn Stanley



Of another Dean, ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, it is needful to write but little, so widespread is his fame. His "beautiful life" was declared by Phillips Brooks to have been "as perfect a picture of human living as the world has ever seen." "We shall not," so wrote he to his brother, "see another such interesting man in our day." Stanley's life is associated with Alderley and Norwich, with Oxford and Canterbury, but, most of all, with Westminster Abbey. He was a writer of great books; he was a preacher of great truths. For what he was and what he did, he owed much to his distinguished father, though he owed more to his highly gifted mother, who was,

Nobly plann'd
To warn, to counsel, to command.

He owed a great deal also to his noble wife, whose friendship with Queen Victoria is known all over the earth. In the story of his life we must not forget what he wrote of "the two Ash Wednesdays":

My Mother—on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart—
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

My Wife—when closed that fatal night,
My being turned once more to stone.
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And found myself again alone.
The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light.

Now that those scenes of bliss are gone,
Now that the long years roll away,
The two Ash Wednesdays blend in one,
One sad yet almost festal day;

The emblem of that union blest,
When lofty souls together rest,
Star differing each from star in glory,
Yet telling each its own high story.

Dean Stanley was born December 13, 1815, and died July 18, 1881. Thirteen of his hymns may be found in the "Westminster Abbey Hymn Book." The one, thankfully accepted by us, on the Transfiguration, begins as follows:

166 Lord, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE was born at Whitmore Rectory, in Staffordshire, April 25, 1839. He was trained in intellect and soul, first, by his accomplished father, and afterwards by strong teachers at the Charterhouse and at Pembroke College, Oxford. He was ordained September 21, 1862, by the great Bishop Wilberforce—for whom he had an almost unbounded admiration—and began ministerial work as a curate in Windsor. In this position he continued for eight years, when he turned his steps towards the metropolis, first as assistant to his father, and afterwards as his successor at St. Paul's Church, Haggerston, one of the most spiritually destitute places in the whole of East London. There he spent twenty years of abounding zeal and devotion, until in 1890 he was presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Rectory of All Hallows', London Wall, where he remained until death came to his release. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of power. Calls came to him to other fields of labor, one to a colonial bishopric, but these he resolutely declined. He must finish the work which, as he believed, had been given to him to do. The record is simple, but it is noble. It may seem commonplace; it is, nevertheless, remembered in the courts of heaven.

Four sonnets regarding the "Four Poets" of the nineteenth century whose influence upon him was greatest are here given as too valuable to be omitted:

WALTER SCOTT.

Master-Magician of that breezy Spring
Ere my first decade died—when life awoke
Within me of the Mystic world, and broke
In such illuming flashes as still fling
Light on my soul—in bugle-calls that ring
Still in mine ears! thy wand it was whose stroke
As swift in power as April's on the oak,
Stirred all my life to rich imagining.
Oh glamour not of love or ladies' eyes,
But of the stream, the mountain, and the glen,
Of war-horse champing, clash of armoured men,
And song that, like its subject, never dies!
Master-Romancer, not supreme to-day,
Power yet was thine which cannot pass away.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Then with the early summer came the zest
For food not meet for babes—for old-world lore
Ere "Pan was dead"—for fervent thought to soar
Where sang "The Seraphim"—or, in anxious quest,
To plunge through deep seas at the soul's behest,
And find with beating heart and bated breath
How knowledge is by suffering, life by death—
White Pearls of truth 'neath Ocean's darkling breast,
Aurora, from thine hand the summer long
I drank the "Wine of Cyprus:" with thine eyes
I saw from "out the depths" to the clear skies,
And heard thy voice sing true the spheric song.
More than our "England's Sappho" is thy due:
Earth's Sovereign Poetess, as great as true.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ere this, and in the fuller year, there fell
On mind and soul made ready long ago—
Receptive ground for such an overflow,
Nile-like, of grace from Mystic hills—a spell
Of power made sweet by music's miracle,
That showed stern truth, high duty, steeped i' the glow
Of such fair trust my restless heart below
' Answered far Heaven at last with "All is well."

I swear, O Poet, by thy "Voices" twain,
 By souls that cannot prove and yet believe,
 By Love and Duty, by Saint Agnes' Eve,
 By Arthur, Galahad, Gareth, and their train,
 Thou art the Master-Prophet of this age:
 Its sweetest music-maker, surest sage.

JOHN KEBLE.

"The richest glow sets round th' autumnal sun:"
 And so about the later year there grew
 A light of holier influence, deeper hue,
 Than that which fell so fresh on life begun,
 Or that the radiant summer ever won,
 A light which brought, with all things fair and new,
 That spiritual City clear in view
 Where the true life begins "when life is done."
 Priest-Poet,—Phosphor of the Light of Light,
 "Sun of my soul"—still is the singing sweet
 Of those high Poets, beautiful their feet
 Still on the hills which darken toward the night,
 But thy deep voice is tenderest in mine ear,
 Nearest thy saintly presence and most dear.

His hymns, used by us, are four in number. Their first lines are:

82 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.
 262 Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet.
 491 The Church's one foundation.
 585 O Thou before Whose presence.

Three passages from his "Memoir," by F. G. Ellerton, are appended as of special interest:

"Whatever the flaws to be found in some of Stone's hymns, their positive merits are very considerable. Their fire and ardor, their tenderness and reality of devotion, are conspicuous. The two hymns especially by which he has come to be chiefly known as a hymn writer are worthy representatives of the two great types of hymns—'The Church's One Foundation' of the objective hymns, the hymns which sing of the glory of God and of His great purposes for mankind, 'Weary of Earth' of those of a subjective order, the hymns of personal devotion, in



Samuel John Stone



which the soul pours itself out before its Maker. Both classes have their prototypes in the Psalms, and no better praise could be given to these two hymns than to say they breathe much of the spirit of the Psalmists. In 'The Church's One Foundation' we seem to hear the accents of him who wrote—

'God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed :
God shall help her, and that right early.'

"In 'Weary of Earth' there is the same cry of self-abasement which has its most perfect expression in the *Miserere*. * * *

"So these two hymns represent the two great aspects of the Church—the Church as seen in her pastoral relation, in her cure of souls; and the Church as St. Paul and St. John saw her, the 'Jerusalem which is above * * * the mother of us all,' 'the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.' 'Weary of Earth' has whispered its message of hope and of healing in the ear of many a laboring and heavy-laden soul, while the ringing lines of 'The Church's One Foundation' have kindled an ideal of the Church in ten thousands of hearts all over the world. They caused the Bishop of Nelson to apostrophize their author in these terms:

'Now in the desert, now upon the main,
In mine and forest, and on citied plain;
From Lambeth's towers to far New Zealand coast,
Bard of the Church, thy blast inspires the host.'

The hymn will remain his best visible monument. * * *

"One night in the middle of November he was told that the morning star was shining with exquisite beauty, and, getting up, he looked at it with the greatest joy and delight, reciting the words of Jephthah's daughter from 'The Dream of Fair Women'—

"'Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
' Toward the morning star.'

And he kept repeating the words 'Glory to God' at intervals, sometimes loud and sometimes low, until the end, which came rapidly and peacefully a few days later, on Monday, November 19, 1900. Only the day before, which was the Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, he had been to All Hallows' for the last time. On the very day of his death he had written two letters, one of which contained the following words: 'Sometimes I am in such pain that I can neither write nor dictate; at others, as now, I am just able to write "with mine own hand." But whether at the worst or the best in a bodily state, you will rejoice with me to hear that, spiritually, I am not only in patience but in joy of heart and soul.' Miss Yonge's 'Hearts-ease' was afterwards found on his table lying open at the second chapter, his spectacles upon the page. On the table at the other side of his chair, within reach of his hand, was his favorite copy of Tennyson, well used and full of many notes. The summons had come quickly at the last. A few hours of unconsciousness, and one more Carthusian had answered *Adsum*.

"The funeral took place four days later, on Friday, November 23d. The first part of the service was taken at All Hallows' by the Bishop of Stepney. Half an hour or more before the service began a little bird flew in at one of the windows of the church, and in the perfect stillness trilled for a moment or two what fancy might deem the farewell dirge of the beasts and birds for the poet and lover of nature. It was an incident which Stone himself would have dearly loved. The little church was presently crowded with a sorrowful congregation, where, besides his relations, old friends and old curates, together with numbers from his two London parishes, and many others who had felt his influence in various ways, were held in the bonds of a common and heartfelt grief. The strains of 'The Church's One Foundation' rang out, and as the congregation took up the words the walls of the little church seemed to fall away and the gloom of the November day to disperse as they sang of

'union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.'

"Never before, one would suppose, although the hymn has been sung by no less than millions of Church people in all lands—alike at Lambeth conferences and in mud-walled African villages, at great cathedral festivals and in tiny country churches, by Archbishop Benson and a party of workingmen in his private chapel, and at open-air services in the slums—never did it fall on the ear with more moving and inspiring meaning than when it was sung as his requiem over the coffin which held all that was mortal of its author.

"The contrast of feeling was startling on passing from the church into the street. It was high noon in the city, and the funeral procession came out into the midst of the swarming press of hurrying feet. The business men remained arrested for a moment by the unusual sight, and then the human tide surged on as before.

"A little later the mourners met again at Norwood, where the service at the graveside was said by one of his old curates. The cemetery at Norwood lies, as it were, between the country and the town, just beyond the roar of London, which had become so dear to him, in a spot from which there is a wide prospect of the Surrey Hills. His grave is marked by a tall Iona cross."

In the realm of hymnology GODFREY THRING is best known as the compiler and editor of "The Church of England Hymn Book," one of the four collections of hymns most widely used in our Mother Church. Of this hymnal Dr. Julian writes: "Its literary standard is the highest among modern hymn books, and its poetical merits are great. * * * For practical Church use from the doctrinal standpoint which it holds, it will be difficult to find its equal and impossible to name its superior."

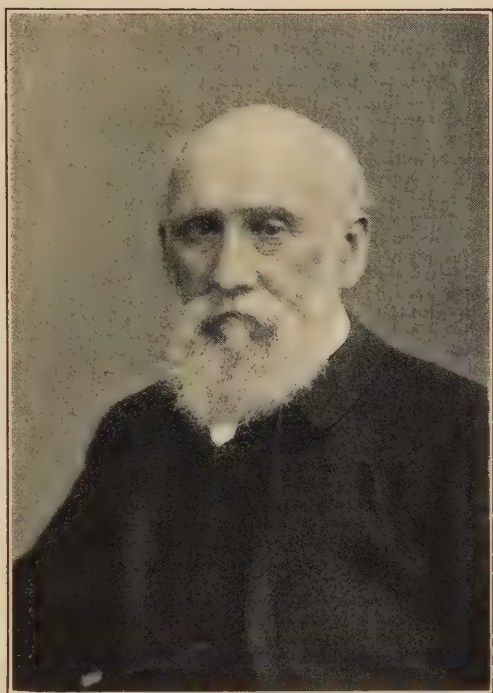
Godfrey Thring, brother of the famous Edward Thring, the great schoolmaster of Uppingham, was born at Alford in Somersetshire, March 25, 1823. A few sentences from his brother's biography may bring before us clearly the surroundings of his early life.

"The old manor house in which he was born, commonly known in the family as 'The Cottage,' has now disappeared. It was close beside the ancient village church, and was occupied by his father as the rectory until 1830, when, on the death of the grandfather, he removed to the family mansion, Alford House, a short distance off. Here Thring and his brothers and sisters grew up under the mingled influences of what was at once an affluent English country house and a strictly managed English rectory. * * *

"The village contained only a small farming population, and as country houses and rectories are not very close together in rural Somerset, in the life at Alford there was something of that isolation which not infrequently makes for individuality of character in those brought up subject to its influences. But as the five brothers of the family were not widely separated in age, there was within the home itself abundant material for a cheerful boy life.

"Other companionship was not entirely wanting. The most intimate holiday playmates of the boys were their cousins of the Hobhouse family, whose seat, Hadspen, is but a few miles distant from Alford. These cousins were also to win distinction for themselves in various walks of life. They included the present Lord Hobhouse, of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; Bishop Hobhouse, formerly of the diocese of Nelson, New Zealand; and the late Archdeacon Hobhouse, of Bodmin, in the diocese of Cornwall. * * *

"It is, however, to his parents that we must look for the most powerful of the early influences which molded Thring's character. But the respective influences of father and mother were in strong contrast. It was said by a keen and competent observer of men who knew John Gale Thring (the father) intimately, that he applied to the small details of family and parish government abilities which might have made him a great statesman or a great general. His own early desire had been to enter the army, but he took orders in deference to the strong wish of his mother. The duties thus assumed were not, perhaps, entirely congenial to him, but they were discharged with conscientious care and fidelity. * * *



Godfrey Thring



"If his teaching was sound his rule was rigid. He was a man of strong and unbending will, and none had better reason to know this than his own family. His domestic government was not only strict—it was autocratic and exacting. To the children who left home the wish to escape from paternal authority was, it may be suspected, a strong impulse to vigorous exertion in making for themselves an independent place in the world. The children who remained at home knew little relaxation of this authority even when they were much beyond the period of youth. 'The fact that the Thrings as boys and young men did not revolt against their father's arbitrary interference with the details of their daily life always seemed to me a striking proof of the depth and sincerity of their Christianity,' was said by an intimate friend and relative who saw much of the home life at Alford in the early days. 'Just, but hard,' is the description given by another."

The childhood was rugged; so there was no lack of strength in the manhood. It had been better, however, if there had been more gentleness in the training, even though thereby sentimentality had been excluded from his hymnal with a less unsparing hand.

Balliol College, Oxford, was his Alma Mater. His services as curate of various parishes for twelve years followed his graduation, after which he became Rector of Alford-with-Hornblotton. In 1876 he was preferred as prebend of East Harptree in Wells Cathedral. A glimpse of his subsequent life is given us in a passage from a letter of his more renowned brother, under date of November 16, 1882.

"Be sure that no painting, no art work you could have done, by any possibility could have been so powerful for good, or given you the niche you now occupy. As long as the English language lasts, sundry of your hymns will be read and sung, yea, even to the last day, and many a soul of God's best creatures thrill with your words. What more can a man want? Very likely if you had had all that old heathendom rammed into you, as I had, and all the literary artist slicing and pruning, and been scissored like me, you would just have lost the freshness and simple touch which make you what you are. No, my

boy, I make a tidy schoolmaster and pass into the lives of many a pupil, and you live on the lips of the Church. So be satisfied. And what does it matter, if we do the Master's work?" He died September 13, 1903, after fourscore years of earthly life and service.

To Prebendary Thring we owe thirteen of our hymns, the first lines of which are:

- 8 The radiant morn hath passed away.
- 25 Hail! sacred day of earthly rest.
- 62 From the eastern mountains.
- 133 Hear us, Thou that broodedst.
- 271 O God of mercy, God of might.
- 274 Thou to whom the sick and dying.
- 276 O Thou, Who madest land and sea.
- 290 Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray.
- 310 O Mighty God, Creator, King.
- 318 Jesus came, the heavens adoring.
- 356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.
- 519 Saviour, blessed Saviour.
- 574 Grant us, O our heavenly Father.

HENRY TWELLS was born at Ashted, Birmingham, March 13, 1823, and died at Bournemouth, January 19, 1900. He was a graduate of Cambridge, a preacher of power, a builder of churches, a helper of parochial missions, a defender of country parsons, and altogether a friendly and wholesome sort of man. He died as he lived, in quietness and peace. His biographer tells us that shortly before his death he asked for the gathering of his household and the singing of the hymn 466, "Now Thank We All Our God," and 657, "When All Thy Mercies, O My God."

His own hymns are sung wherever the English language is spoken, notably the familiar one beginning:

- 14 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay.

May its prayer be ours!

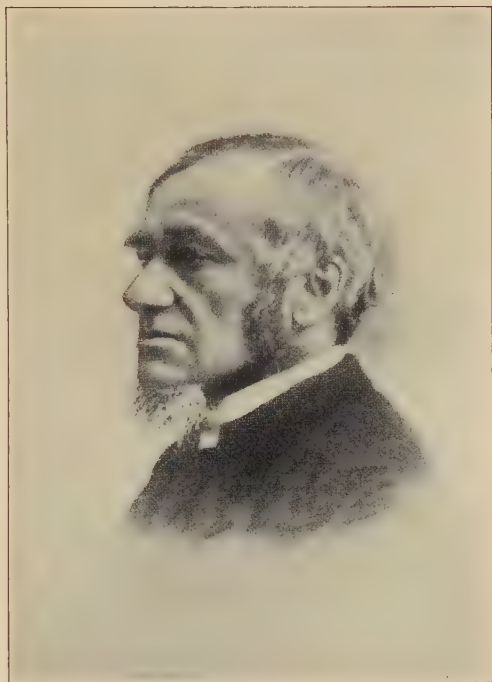
O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.



Henry Twells



XVII.
Fragments Gathered Up

With the music of psalms the shepherds and ploughmen cheered their toil in ancient Palestine; and to the same music the Gallic boatmen kept time as they rowed their barges against the swift current of the Rhone. A psalm supplied the daily grace with which the early Christians blessed their food; and the same psalm was repeated by the communicants as they went to the Lord's table. St. Chrysostom fleeing into exile; Martin Luther going to meet all possible devils at Worms; George Wishart facing the plague at Dundee; Wicliffe on his sick-bed, surrounded by his enemies; John Bunyan in Bedford gaol; William Wilberforce in a crisis when all his most strenuous efforts seemed in vain, and his noble plans were threatened with ruin—all stayed their hearts and renewed their courage with verses from the psalms. The Huguenots at Dieppe marched to victory chanting the sixty-eighth psalm; and the same stately war-song sounded over the field of Dunbar. It was a psalm that Alice Benden sung in the darkness of her Canterbury dungeon; and the lips of the Roman Paulla, faintly moving in death, breathed their last sigh in the words of a psalm. The motto of England's proudest university is a verse from the Psalms; and a sentence from the same book is written above the loneliest grave on earth, among the snows of the Arctic Circle. It was with the fifth verse of the thirty-first psalm that our Lord Jesus Christ commended his soul into the hands of God; and with the same words, St. Stephen, St. Polycarp, St. Basil, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Huss, Columbus, Luther, and Melancthon—yea, and many more saints of whom no man knoweth—have bid their farewell to earth and their welcome to heaven.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

XVII.

FRAGMENTS GATHERED UP.

There are many fragments of hymnody which must remain ungathered by this volume. Only the more conspicuous can it attempt to pick up. Of these, much the most noteworthy is "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Of all hymns in our language this is the most generally popular. Concerning it Dr. Julian's words are not too strong: "No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp upon the English-speaking world."

In this connection the following letter, from Oliver Wendell Holmes to Harriet Beecher Stowe, will be read with interest:

"A thousand thanks for all the trouble you have taken to copy the poem. It is a beautiful poem and a precious autograph. In an article published many years ago in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, I think—its title was 'Hymnology'—'Rock of Ages' was set down as the best hymn in the English language. I recognize its wonderful power and solemnity. If you asked me what is the secret of it, I should say that of all the Protestant hymns I remember it is richest in material imagery. We think in getting free of Romanism we have lost our love of image-worship, but I do not think so myself. Thirty years ago I remember seeing a great gilt cross put on top of the steeple of a Baptist meeting house in Pittsfield, and since that time you know how symbolism has come into the Episcopal Church and overflowed it into the Congregational and other denominations.

"The imagination wants help, and if it cannot get it in pictures, statues, crucifixes, etc., it will find it in words. That, I believe, is the reason why 'Rock of Ages' impresses us more

than any other hymn,—for I think it does. It is the Protestant *Dies Irae!*

‘Quid sum miser tunc dicturus’—
‘Could my tears forever flow’—

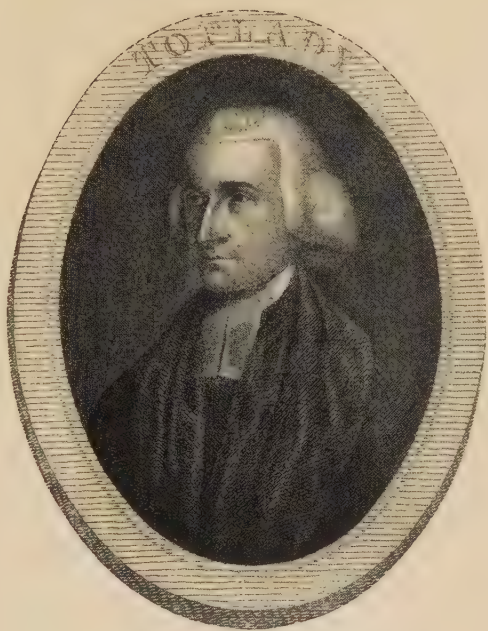
the utter helplessness of the soul and its passionate appeal are common to both. Our hymn has more of hope and less of terror, but it is perfectly solid with material imagery, and that is what most of us must have to kindle our spiritual exaltation to its highest point.”

In one of his “Sermons on Hymns,” Henry Twells has this to say: “From time to time attempts have been made by magazines of large circulation to tell the relative popularity of hymns. This they have done by requesting their readers to forward them lists of their favorite hymns, in order of merit, and by carefully reckoning up the votes. I have seen the results of three such competitions. One in a Church of England magazine, one in a Nonconformist, and one circulating indiscriminately among Churchmen and Nonconformists. The verdicts, as might have been expected, differ. Churchmen are very fond of some hymns of which Nonconformists are ignorant, and Nonconformists value others which Churchmen have failed to notice. But there was one hymn at the top of all three lists, ‘Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.’ And it is just as great a favorite, if not more so, in the United States of America as in England and her colonies.

“There are two things which make this fact more noticeable, and perhaps at first sight a little strange. The first is, that it was one of the outcomes of a fierce and embittered controversy between two good men of the eighteenth century, Augustus Montague Toplady and John Wesley.”

* * * * *

“The other noticeable thing is that the poetic merits of this hymn are not high. If we could suppose it to come for the first time before a hymnal committee of the present day, without its grand history and its traditional acceptance, it would stand no chance of inclusion. The bad rhymes alone,



Augustus Montague Toplady



'blood' and 'flowed,' 'cure' and 'power,' 'dress' and 'grace,' would keep it out. And yet there it is; not only in almost every hymnal, Church and Nonconformist, but probably more often sung than any other metrical composition, sacred or secular. It could not have attained such a position without having exceptional qualities well worthy of careful attention.

"My brethren, I believe its leading feature to be this: That it does express the absolute dependence of the soul upon its Saviour in a way that has commended it to countless thousands, and will doubtless commend it to countless thousands more. It is among hymns what the fifty-first psalm, 'Have Mercy, O Lord, after Thy Great Goodness,' is among psalms; it varies the sense of sin, it puts into simple words the yearning for pardon, of which every true penitent has constant experience. Let that fierce controversy between Toplady and Wesley be forgotten; let the bad rhymes be overlooked; our parents and grandparents loved this hymn; our children shall love it; we, attached members of the Church of England, take it as a bequest from a Nonconformist, who, we doubt not, with all his faults, has found in the 'Rock of Ages' his safe and never-ending dwelling-place."

The following is the hymn as originally written:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for Sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for Dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy Judgment-Throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Concerning this hymn in this form, a capable American critic has said: "Toplady had a streak of real poetry in him, and it comes out in 'Rock of Ages,' spite of the horrible rhymes, the doubtful anatomy, and the basis of false doctrine; *e. g.*, you can no more 'cleanse' from 'power' than make 'power' rhyme with 'cure.' This our compilers of 1871-74, in a spasm of misdirected zeal for original texts, tried to do, with results in retarding the Church's educating work which can (luckily) never be measured. The comparatively good form it bears now is due to the beneficent tinkering of Thomas Cotterill and James Montgomery. If ever a gem needed cutting and polishing, it was this."

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, the author of this hymn of world-wide renown, was born November 4, 1740, and died August 11, 1778. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. It seems strange that his greatest hymn should have been written at the close of a fierce controversial pamphlet, "Discharged as from a Catapult," against John Wesley. But the times were stern, and his nature most intense. This was so in living, and in dying also. Witness the following story of his last earthly hours: "His death was happy and triumphant, as his life had been holy and devoted. When, in answer to his inquiries, his doctor informed him that his pulse was getting weaker, he replied, with a smiling countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching. And, blessed be God! I can add, that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory.' He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world. 'Oh,' said he, 'how this soul of mine longs to be gone. Like a bird imprisoned in its cage, it longs

to take its flight. Oh! that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest forever.' ”

Shortly before his death, waking from a slumber, he said: “Oh, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?” And when blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding, so that he could still think with clearness, he broke out, with rapturous delight, “And what is most of all, in His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!” Less than an hour before his departure, he said: “It will not be long now before God takes me, for no mortal can live” (and he burst into tears of unutterable joy as he spoke), “no mortal can live after the glories God has manifested to my soul.”

In this connection Ray Palmer's words may well be quoted:

O Rock of Ages! since on Thee
By grace my feet are planted,
'Tis mine in tranquil faith, to see
The rising storm, undaunted;
When angry billows round me rave,
And tempests fierce assail me,
To thee I cling, the terrors brave,
For Thou canst never fail me;
Though rends the globe with earthquake shock,
Unmoved Thou stand'st, Eternal Rock!

Within Thy clefts I love to hide,
When darkness o'er me closes;
There peace and light serene abide,
And my still heart reposes;
My soul exults to dwell secure
Thy strong munitions round her;
She dares to count her triumph sure,
Nor fears lest hell confound her;
Though tumults startle earth and sea,
Thou changeless Rock, they shake not Thee!

From Thee, O rock once smitten! flow
Life-giving streams for ever;
And whoso doth their sweetness know,
He henceforth thirsteth never;

My lips have touched the crystal tide,
 And feel no more returning
 The fever, that so long I tried
 To cool, yet felt still burning;
 Ah, wondrous Well-Spring! brimming o'er
 With living waters evermore.

On that dread day when they that sleep
 Shall hear the trumpet sounding,
 And wake to praise, or wake to weep,
 The judgment-throne surrounding;
 When wrapt in all-devouring flame,
 The solid globe is wasting,
 And what at first from nothing came
 Is back to nothing hasting;
 E'en then, my soul shall calmly rest,
 O Rock of Ages! on Thy breast.

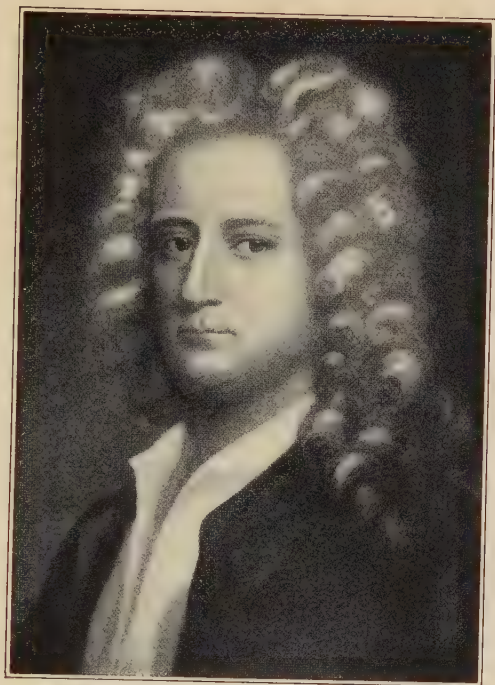
Concerning "Rock of Ages" and its renowned author, the following, from a Church paper, written by B. Wistar Morris, Bishop of Oregon, is worthy of preservation:

"Toplady is often spoken of as a Nonconformist, as he was an uncompromising Calvinist.

"But I happen to have in my possession abundant evidence of his being a clergyman of the English Church, when he wrote this hymn.

"A copy of the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* lately contained the following letter of Sir W. H. Wills, M.P., written to Dean Lefroy, of the English Church, on this subject as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Dean:* Reading with much interest your very appropriate sermon at the Temple Church, I was struck with one reference of yours which I am sure you will pardon me for correcting. You allude to the hymns which were specially valued by my old chief, Mr. Gladstone, "Rock of Ages," "Holy, Holy," etc., and you add "Toplady, the Nonconformist, Heber the Anglican prelate," etc. May I say that Toplady was clerk in holy orders, and never a Nonconformist minister? For some years he was curate in sole charge of my parish of Blagdon, on the Mendips, about eight miles from Wells, and four miles from Wrington, where Hannah More long resided at Barley Wood.



Joseph Addison



“Toplady was one day overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm in Barrington Coombe, on the edge of my property—a rocky glen running up into the heart of the Mendip range—and there, taking shelter between two massive piers of our native limestone rock, he penned the hymn, “Rock of Ages.””

As to this latter statement, Dr. Julian has recently written:

“Toplady was curate at Blagdon from April, 1762, to April, 1764. This gives some twelve years or more from the alleged circumstances of its composition to the printing of the first stanza in 1775, and of the full hymn in 1776 in the *Gospel Magazine*. To this element of delay in the printing of the hymn we must add that it was used by Toplady, not as an illustration of a providential deliverance in immediate danger in a thunderstorm, but as an argument against John Wesley’s doctrine of the possibility, if not certainty, of absolute holiness in man. Its title—‘A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World,’ is clear evidence of Toplady’s object in first printing the hymn.

“From another source we are informed that the tradition concerning its composition in Blagdon during Toplady’s residence there from 1762 to 1764, and during a thunderstorm, was old and widespread. We have put this to the test, and find that the alleged composition, as so fondly believed in, was never heard of in the parish until the advent of Dr. John Swete as rector in 1850, that is, seventy-five years after its first stanza appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*. Our witness is the schoolmistress who was teaching in the parish school when Dr. Swete came to the parish and who is still (1907) alive. Dr. H. B. Swete, now Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, who was curate to his father at Blagdon from 1858 to 1865, cannot trace the tradition beyond his father’s statement. Beautiful as the tradition is, we must have clearer and more definite information concerning it before we can accept it as an undoubted fact.”

Toplady’s other hymns, in our hymnal, begin thus:

- 355 Saviour, whom I fain would love.
- 643 Inspirer and hearer of prayer.

Hezekiah Butterworth writes of EDWARD PERRONET as "the author of the most inspiring and triumphant hymn in the English language." That hymn is, in full, as follows:

450 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stems of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

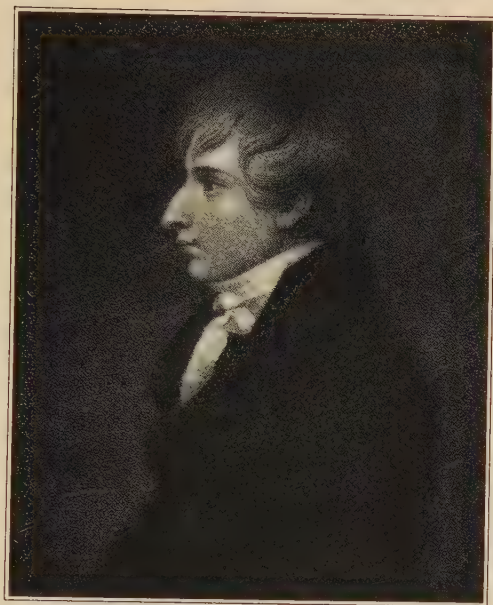
Let every kindred and every tongue
That bound creation's call
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

The best way to tell the story of Perronet's life and labors seems to be to borrow from a volume entitled "The Epworth Singers and Other Poets of Methodism," by the Rev. S. W. Christophers, published in England a third of a century ago. The extract is somewhat long, but it is worthy of a careful reading.

"While the trained staff of college Methodists went out from Oxford, distributing themselves hither and thither, according to their several gifts, each in his own line, and all with a holy purpose, every tuneful genius exercising his talent and all singing to the same Divine Name, they were met almost at every turn by auxiliary forces coming from outlying parishes of the land, prepared, amidst their parochial duties, by the same awakening and sanctifying spirit, for aiding in the diffusion of Gospel truth and grace. Some of them were tuneful souls; and 'every one' of these 'had a psalm' as well as a 'doctrine' and a 'tongue.' It seemed as if, from every point, God had chosen evangelists who could be song-masters as well as preachers. The whole land was to be taught to sing as well as to watch and pray. One of the early poetic companions of the Wesleys was in the Methodist Chapel in London one evening when John Wesley was preaching. The preacher saw him, and, without asking consent, announced that he would preach there on the next morning at five o'clock. Wesley had long wished to hear him preach, and now he thought he had secured an opportunity. The preacher, thus announced, would not say nay, lest he might disturb the public worship; and because, too, he could not well seem to oppose Mr. Wesley's wish. At five o'clock in the morning he was in the pulpit, believing, of course, that Wesley would be somewhere among his hearers. After singing and praying, he said that as he had been called before them contrary to his own wish, his consent to preach never having been asked, and that as he had done violence to his own feelings in deference to Mr. Wesley, and was now expected to preach, weak and inadequate and unprepared as he was, he should give them the best sermon that ever had been delivered. Then opening the Bible, he read our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and without a single word of his own in the way of note

or comment, he closed the service with singing and prayer. The effect was deeply impressive. This was Edward Perronet, the brother of Charles, and the son of the Reverend Vincent Perronet of Shoreham, between whose family and the Wesleys there were close bonds of Christian affection.

“‘Mr. Perronet,’ says Charles Wesley, in a letter to a friend, ‘joins in hearty love and thanks for your kind concern for him. He grows apace, is bold as a lion, meek as a lamb, and begins to speak in this Name to the hearts of sinners.’ A proof of his boldness and meekness in the service of his Divine Master was seen on October 15, 1746. ‘It was past eight,’ says Charles Wesley, ‘when we came to Pinkridge. * * * We were hardly set down when the sons of Belial beset the house, and beat at the door. I ordered it to be set open, and immediately they filled the house. I sat still in the midst of them for half an hour. Edward Perronet I was a little concerned for, lest such rough treatment at his first setting out should daunt him; but he abounded in valor, and was for reasoning with the wild beasts before they had spent any of their violence. He got a deal of abuse thereby, and not a little dirt, both which he took very patiently.’ A week after this the same journal records, ‘I set out with Edward Perronet, and reached Newcastle by Saturday noon. On Sunday my companion was taken ill of a fever. We prayed for him in strong faith, nothing doubting. Monday and Tuesday he grew worse and worse. On Wednesday the smallpox appeared; a favorable sort. Yet on Thursday evening we were much alarmed by the great pain and danger he was in. We had recourse to our never-failing remedy, and received a most remarkable answer to our prayer. The great means of his recovery was the prayer of faith. A fortnight from this recovery I was sensible,’ says Wesley, ‘of the hard frost in riding to Burnup Field; but did not feel it while calling a crowd of sinners to repentance. At my return I found Edward Perronet rejoicing in the love of God.’ This cheerful spirit of the young poetic evangelist was kept up, for his Methodist friend and companion in travel put a jotting in his note book about three years afterward: ‘I set out for London with my brother and



Henry Kirke White



Ned Perronet. We were in perils of robbers, who were abroad, and had robbed many the night before. We commended ourselves to God, and rode over the heath singing.' The happy trio could, each and all, write hymns as well as sing them. Perronet's poetic talent was faithfully consecrated to his Divine Master's service, and was so exercised as to furnish holy excitement to a tuneful adoration of the glorified Redeemer from every following generation of spiritual Christians. * * * His mortal course came to an end in Canterbury, January 2, 1792, and he departed crying, 'Glory to God in the heights of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! And into His hands I commend my spirit!'"

THOMAS KELLY belonged to a somewhat later date. A few words concerning him may well be taken from Miller's "Singers and Songs of the Church." "This hymn writer was the only son of Judge Kelly, of Kellyville, near Athy, Queen's County, Ireland. He was educated at Portarlinton and Kilkenny, and afterwards passed with honors through the Dublin University. Being designed for the bar, he entered at the Temple, and while in London enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Edmund Burke.

"Before being called to the bar, his reading of Hutchinson's 'Moses' Principia' led him to study Hebrew, and this led him to the use of Romaine's edition of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance, and subsequently to inquire about Romaine's evangelical doctrines. While studying the Gospel doctrine he became convinced of sin, and was filled with great anxiety about his state before God. To remove his distress, he made attempts at self-reformation, practiced asceticism, and put his life in jeopardy by fasting. But at length he had peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ, by that way of 'justification by faith' of which he became afterwards so firm and faithful an advocate.

"In conjunction with several others as evangelical as himself, he was ordained a minister of the Established Church in 1792. The Gospel was preached in few churches in Ireland

at that time; but Mr. Kelly was encouraged in his evangelistic purposes by the visit of Rowland Hill to Ireland in 1793. For a time the young evangelical clergymen gave the Sunday afternoon lectures at St. Luke's Church, in Dublin, till their success awakened the opposition of the rector. Then afterwards they preached on Sunday morning at the Episcopal Church, at Irishtown; but the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Fowler, on hearing of the new doctrine, summoned Mr. Kelly and his companions before him; and having reproved them, issued a decree closing the Dublin pulpit against them."

He died at the advanced age of eighty-six. His last words were, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

One of the hymns of Thomas Kelly, translated into many languages and sung all over the globe, begins:

646 Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Hear us ere the hour of rest:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

The first lines of his other hymns, as used by us, are:

100 We sing the praise of Him who died.
125 Hark! ten thousand voices sounding.
130 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious.
264 Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them.
372 The Head that once was crowned with thorns.
449 Who is this that comes from Edom.

The fame of JOSEPH ADDISON has gone around the earth, chiefly by reason of his literary grace and power. He was born May 1, 1672, and died June 17, 1719. Of him it was written:

He taught us how to live; and oh, too high
The price of knowledge! taught us how to die.

We make use of three out of the five hymns which he wrote. The first lines of two of these are:

- 464 The spacious firmament on high.
659 The Lord my pasture shall prepare.

The other, his best hymn, first appeared August, 1712, in the *Speciator*. In the essay, to which it was appended, he was led to say: "If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Any blessing we enjoy, by what means soever derived, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies."

This hymn begins:

- 657 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

To a man who, as a poet, was still more illustrious than Addison, though not half so good a man, we owe one of the most stirring of our hymns, which begins:

- 487 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

ALEXANDER POPE, its author, was born May 21, 1688, and died May 30, 1744. He lived in the days when the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member, was fed upon Latin hymns. Had he lived in the days of Frederick W. Faber or Edward Caswall, his first gift of song might have been more largely used for the edification of the faithful and the glory of our God. The hymn used by us is taken from a sacred poem of one hundred and seven lines entitled "The Messiah."

A word of high appreciation must here be given to two men who were hymn writers of distinction, one of them pos-

sessed of the poet's intuition, the other of the statesman's grasp and power, born in the same year, 1785.

The story of HENRY KIRKE WHITE has often been told, and has touched many hearts. He was born to a shining intellectual inheritance, amidst surroundings of poverty. Through one struggle and another he made his way to St. John's College, Cambridge, but death soon laid him low. Byron sang of him in melodious measure, and Southey helped to spread his fame abroad. For a time he was a skeptic in religion, but the clear shining of the Bright and Morning Star soon came to him, and then he wrote that well-known hymn which had a place in our hymnal of 1874, beginning:

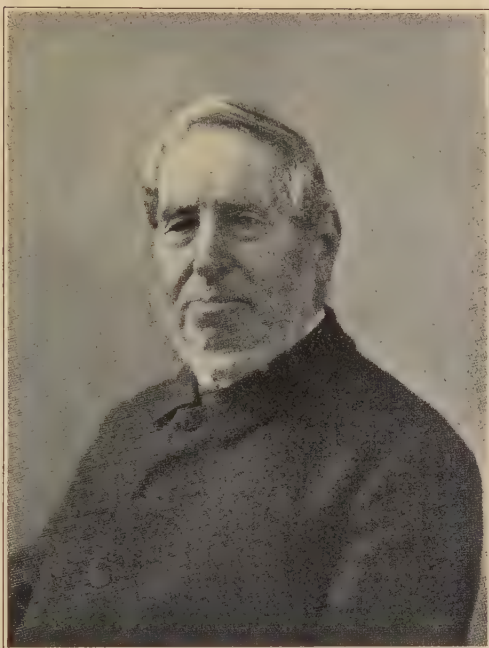
When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Another of his hymns, added to and greatly changed, remains to us, of which I quote the first stanza:

506 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

SIR ROBERT GRANT had a different history. His father was a member of Parliament for Inverness, and a director of the East India Company, a "canny Scotchman," attracting to himself both wealth and power. The son, after his graduation at Cambridge, practiced the profession of the law, also became a member of Parliament, and afterwards a Privy Councillor, and Governor of Bombay.

Apparently Grant lived in the sunshine, whilst White lived in the gloom. Yet not really so. The sunshine and the gloom came to both alike, the sadness and the joy. Deep religious experiences blessed the man who was rich and the man who was poor. Though poverty ordinarily brings the greater blessings, God is no respecter of persons. We rejoice to find His light



Samuel Francis Smith



shining everywhere—upon the high and the low, the rich and the poor together.

I give the first stanza of one of Sir Robert Grant's hymns, and a splendid hymn it is:

459 Oh, worship the King, all glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Another of his hymns is the familiar Litany hymn beginning:

89 Saviour! when in dust to Thee.

Still another of his hymns has, for many of us, sacred associations with loved ones gone before, having been sung in our American Communion from 1827 to 1894. The reason for its omission from our present hymnal is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that it is better adapted to personal use than to the worship of the great congregation.

I quote it as found in our older hymnals:

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

A word must also be written concerning WILLIAM CHAT-
TERTON DIX, who was born in 1837, and died in 1900. He
was a business man who lived near to his Divine Master, else
no such hymns had ever risen from his soul as have moved the
hearts of tens of thousands of the saints.

I give the first stanza of one of these hymns:

437 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

The first lines of others of his hymns are:

65 As with gladness men of old.
191 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.
212 The cross is on our brow.
368 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
539 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.
594 Only one prayer to-day.

A word also concerning the hymns of one of our great
Church leaders, WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, Bishop of Albany.

Bishop Doane has written a hymn for Holy Matrimony, which would have delighted the heart of Queen Victoria, beginning:

239 To Thee, O Father throned on high.

He has also written that splendid hymn of praise and prayer, which is the first of the "General" hymns of our collection. I give one stanza:

311 Ancient of days, who sittest, throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

And now a word as to two of our hymns for "National Days." Of these, much the most generally popular begins:

196 Our fathers' God! to Thee.

This hymn as we have it, is the workmanship of three men. One stanza, the first, is taken from "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which was written by DR. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, a Baptist minister of distinction who wrote many hymns, amongst them that stirring missionary hymn beginning:

252 The morning light is breaking.

The other stanzas were the joint workmanship of two Unitarian ministers, DR. CHARLES T. BROOKS and DR. JOHN S. DWIGHT.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is a great hymn. It has been urged, however, that it best suits the "rocks and rills" of New England, rather than the broad prairies and rivers of the great West, and is not, therefore, sufficiently "national." Perhaps that is one of the reasons why it has not been accepted by us, as generally used; for ours is a national Church. If such be the case, a remedy will be at hand in the years to come, when a movement—now unnecessary and undesirable—will have been carried for changes in our hymnal, in the suggestion that

Dr. Smith's exceedingly popular and patriotic hymn shall be enlarged so as to include Dr. Henry Van Dyke's stanzas, and thus to make the whole hymn read :

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O Land beyond compare,
Thee I love best.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.



William White



Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

The last hymn of majestic strength which we mention,—of patriotism also,—was written by one of our own clergy, the Rev. DANIEL C. ROBERTS, who has ministered to one of our congregations, St. Paul's, Concord, N. H., for nearly thirty years. This hymn was first sung on July 4, 1876, in a little parish in Vermont. It was again sung in New York at the great celebration of the Centennial of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. It was used as a Processional hymn at the great Bi-Centenary of Trinity Church, New York, and more recently (1907) under the leadership of the Oratorio Society of the Metropolis at the Peace Congress at Carnegie Hall. This hymn begins:

194 God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

A final word only as to one of the greatest of all our hymns—great in its associations, great in its simplicity, great in its spiritual power—the only hymn still remaining in our hymnal which was sung by our forefathers in the Jamestown Colony established three centuries ago, the only hymn sung continuously in our churches from that day to this.* Its author was a Scotchman, a clergyman, for a time an exile for conscience' sake in Frankfurt and in Geneva. His name was

*To make sure of the entire accuracy of the above statement, inquiry was made of our foremost hymnological expert, the Rev. Professor Frederic M. Bird. His reply was as follows: "No. 470 (ver. Ps. 100, probably W. Kethe, 1560-61) is the oldest English hymn in our book. I recall but one other, a fragment, from 'Sternhold & Hopkins,' as used anywhere in many years. I could not say the only one sung 300 years ago, for No. 403, 'O Mother Dear,' is in substance part of the long piece by 'F. B. P.,' 1601 or earlier. To this one of our tune books says: 'D. Dickson, 1583,' D.D., was born that year, and did some tinkering, as did many others, of this original."

WILLIAM KETHE, and the date of the publication of his rendering of the One Hundredth Psalm was 1560. The tune to which it has been sung by many millions of people, and around which so many memories cling, was of still earlier date, the work of Louis Bourgeois, editor of the French Geneva Psalter of 1551.

With this grand old hymn I close this chapter :

470 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.



William Croswell Doane



XVIII.
Historical and Hortatory

No fragment of the glorious temples at Jerusalem has survived the lapse of time; but the imperishable hymns of the Jewish worship rule the hearts of men with more than their pristine power, and still continue to inspire and elevate the conduct and devotions of successive generations of mankind. Fathers of the early Church, like Origin, Athanasius and Jerome, Basil, Ambrose and Augustine—apostles of British Christianity, such as Columba, Cuthbert, Wilfrid, Dunstan and Bede—mediæval saints, like Bernard, Francis of Assisi, or Thomas of Villanova—statesmen, like Ximenes, Burghley and Gladstone—have testified to the universal truth and beauty of the Psalms. With a psalm upon their lips died Wyclif, Hus, and Jerome of Prague, Luther and Melancthon. Philosophers, such as Bacon and Locke and Hamilton; men of science, like Humboldt and Romanes; among missionaries, Xavier, Martyn, Duff, Livingstone, Mackay and Hannington; explorers, like Columbus; scholars, like Casaubon and Salmasius; earthly potentates, Charlemagne, Vladimir Monomachus, Hildebrand, Louis IX, Henry V, Catherine de Medicis, Charles V, Henry of Navarre, and Mary Queen of Scots—have found in the Psalms their inspiration in life, their strength in peril, or their support in death.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.



We Praise Thee, O God

XVIII.

HISTORICAL AND HORTATORY.

In addition to eighty-four psalms in metre, selected from the "New Version" of Tate and Brady, the "Proposed Book" of 1786 contained fifty-one "Hymns suited to the Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and other Occasions of public Worship, to be used at the discretion of the Minister." Some of these hymns were not well chosen, as, for example, the one beginning:

Hark, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul;
'Tis gone—but where? There's none who knows,
Save God alone, to whom it goes.

It is not to be wondered at that the proposed hymnal should have shared the fate of the "Proposed Book" itself, never winning any substantial recognition.

The Prayer Book of 1789 contained the "Whole Book of Psalms in Metre," with twenty-seven hymns, more carefully selected. Of the psalms authorized in this, the first accepted Prayer Book of the American Church, the first lines of those still in use by us are these:

- 351 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 469 With one consent let all the earth.
- 471 Oh, praise ye the Lord.
- 472 O come, loud anthems let us sing.
- 479 Oh, with due reverence let us all.
- 480 For Thee, O God, our constant praise.
- 493 Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear.
- 500 To bless Thy chosen race.
- 648 To Sion's hill I left my eyes.
- 655 No change of time shall ever shock.
- 662 Let me with light and truth be blest.

Of the twenty-seven hymns, the first lines of those still in use are:

- 54 While shepherds watched their flocks by night.
- 231 My God, and is Thy table spread.
- 377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
- 456 Thou, God, all glory, honor, power.
- 464 The spacious firmament on high.
- 657 When all Thy mercies, O my God.
- 659 The Lord my pasture shall prepare.

Three of these hymns are by Addison, two by Tate and Brady, one by Watts, and one by Doddridge.

In 1808 thirty were added to the twenty-seven already approved, making fifty-seven in all. Of these thirty additional hymns, those still in use begin as follows:

- 2 Awake, my soul, and with the sun.
- 18 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.
- 27 Welcome, sweet day of rest.
- 47 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes.
- 86 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.
- 132 Our Lord is risen from the dead.
- 283 Father of mercies, in Thy word
- 287 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear.
- 451 To our Redeemer's glorious name.
- 473 Before Jehovah's awful throne.
- 498 How beauteous are their feet.

In all, then, we are using eleven psalms and eighteen hymns out of the one hundred and fifty psalms and the fifty-seven hymns authorized for use by the General Convention of 1808.

Of the discussions of that convention Bishop White afterwards wrote: "On the subject of the hymns sanctioned by this convention, much was said, as well out of doors as in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. Some members of that body had contemplated the matter previously to the meeting,

and had pressed it with great earnestness. The author of these remarks acknowledges that it was with pain he saw the subject brought forward. This was not because he doubted either of the lawfulness of celebrating the praises of God in other strains than those of David, or of the expediency of having a few well-selected hymns for the especial subjects of the evangelical economy; which can no otherwise be celebrated in the psalms, than in an accommodated sense. Nevertheless, there is so little of good poetry except the scriptural, on sacred subjects; and there was so great danger of having a selection accommodated to the degree of animal sensibility affected by those who were the most zealous in the measure, that the discretion of adopting it seemed questionable. It was, however, yielded to by the bishops, under the hope that the selection of a few, and those unexceptionable, although some of them, perhaps, are not to be extolled for the excellence either of the sentiments or of the poetry, might prevent the unauthorized use of the compositions which no rational Christian can approve of. The matter, however, was executed with too much haste. The bishops had merely time to give a cursory reading to the hymns proposed; the result of which was the acceptance of them, with the exception of one hymn, containing a verse that seemed a little enthusiastic. In lieu of this, they proposed another hymn, which was admitted. They who were the most zealous for the measure had pressed for the admission of about two hundred."

Instead of two hundred, they obtained thirty. The matter, however, did not rest in peace. Bishop White tells us concerning the General Convention of 1823: "On the subject of the psalms and hymns, a joint committee was appointed, consisting of the presiding Bishop, Bishop Hobart, and Bishop Croes, the Rev. William Meade, the Rev. Samuel F. Jarvis, D.D., the Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, the Rev. Jackson Kemper, the Rev. Samuel Turner, D.D., the Rev. Richard S. Mason, the Hon. Kensey Johns, the Hon. Robert H. Goldsborough, John Read, Esq., Edward J. Stiles, Esq., Tench Tilghman, Esq., Francis S. Key, Esq., and Peter Kean, Esq."

Of the General Convention of 1826, when the number of hymns was enlarged to two hundred and twelve, Bishop White

afterwards wrote (in his "Memoirs") that there had been many meetings of the hymnal committee during the three years interim, and great pains bestowed upon the work. He also wrote, in further explanation of the situation: "Within the memory of the author of this work there has taken place a most remarkable change, in reference to the subject now noticed. When he was a young man, and in England, and even when he was there fifteen years after, he never, in any church, heard other metrical singing than what was either from the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, or from that of Tate and Brady. In this country it was the same; except on Christmas day and Easter Sunday, when there were the two hymns now appropriate to those days,—which was strictly rubrical,—they being no more than passages of scripture, put into the trammels of metre and rhyme. Of late years, in England, an unbounded license has taken place in this respect; and even an archbishop of York had given his sanction to a collection of hymns, made by one of his clergy. The like liberty has crossed the ocean to this country, in a degree.

"Let not the remark be misconstrued. The present writer has no leaning to the theory of those who consider all singing, except of David's Psalms, as irreverent and irreligious. On the contrary, he is in favor of the opinion, for the introducing of some hymns, expressly recognizing events and truths peculiar to the New Testament. Still, whether it be the effect of mature judgment or that of feelings excited during the earliest of his years within his recollection, he declares that in respect to the ordinary topics of prayer, of praise, and of precept, he finds no compositions so much tending to the excitement of devotion as what we have in the Book of Psalms; and, as they are the effusions of inspiration, he ought to be excused for his reluctance to doubt of the correctness of his theory.

"As chairman of the committee, he hopes his advice had some effect towards checking the multiplicity deprecated by him, although not to the extent desired."

The two hundred and twelve hymns, authorized by the General Convention of 1826, together with the one hundred and twenty-four selected psalms, set forth by the General Con-

vention of 1832, were bound up with the Book of Common Prayer until the year 1871.

Meanwhile dissatisfaction was spreading, and good men looked for a brighter hymnological day. The dawning of that day came with the early spring of 1857, when a self-constituted committee began an admirable work. This committee consisted of Bishops Alonzo Potter and George Burgess, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Bowman, Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Howe, Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Coxe, and Mr. Francis (afterwards Rev. Dr.) Wharton, then a professor in Kenyon College.

The last meeting of this committee was held in the summer of 1859. Their collection, called "Hymns for Church and Home," was first printed for private circulation, and afterwards distributed gratuitously to the members of the General Convention which met at Richmond in the following October. A "Joint Committee on Metrical Psalmody and Hymnody" was appointed at that convention, consisting of Bishops A. Potter, Bowman, Burgess, Hopkins, and Whittingham, and the Rev. Drs. Howe, W. B. Stevens, A. C. Coxe, J. C. Talbot, C. W. Andrews, and W. A. Muhlenberg.

At the Convention of 1862 this committee was somewhat changed and thereafter consisted of Bishops Burgess, Whittingham, A. Potter, H. Potter, Talbot and Stevens, and the Rev. Drs. Howe, Coxe, Young, Muhlenberg, and Wharton, with Professor Henry Coppée and President Samuel Eliot. Instruction was given the committee "to prepare and report to the next General Convention a body of additional hymns, and to revise the psalms and hymns bound up with the Prayer Book."

The action of the Convention of 1865 was more pronounced. Sixty-five hymns were approved for use, and a commission of bishops appointed to set forth additional hymns. This commission consisted of Bishops Whittingham, Burgess, Williams, Potter, Stevens and Coxe.

Action was taken by the Convention of 1868 allowing the use in any diocese, after license by the bishop, of any hymns "from the volume entitled 'Hymns for Church and Home' or from that entitled 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.'" The com-

mission on the revision of the psalms in metre and the hymns, as appointed, consisted of Bishops Clark, Bedell and Coxe, Rev. Drs. (afterwards Bishops) Huntington and Howe, and Mr. H. E. Pierrepont.

The reports of this committee, as made to the General Conventions of 1871 and 1874, cannot fail to be read with interest even to-day. They speak of the difficulties of the undertaking; of the labor performed; of the opposition aroused. It is evident that their work met no little captious criticism. But the good sense of the Church's representatives prevailed, and the hymnal of 1871 was authorized, to be slightly modified and improved in 1874. It was at the latter date that the following was adopted: "*Resolved*, That the House of Bishops desires here to place upon record their sense of the singular zeal and assiduity of the Joint Committee in the laborious task confided to them; of the sound discretion which they have exhibited; and of their patience and kindness in considering objections, and in endeavoring to meet the wishes of the Church."

In 1886 a new committee was appointed, with the thought uppermost that a new hymnal should be provided. This committee made its first report in 1889. This report is so admirable in method and statement, that it is here reproduced.

REPORT OF THE HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

The hymnal revised is herewith offered to the General Convention by the committee appointed for this work.

The leading principles which have guided the committee in the compilation of the book are these:

1. To conform the contents and the arrangement of the Hymnal to the Book of Common Prayer.

2. To provide for the present needs and demands of the Church in her public worship and her increased activities, as the conditions have changed within the last twenty years.

3. To provide so fully for hymns in the various departments of Church life and work as to make unnecessary the purchase of additional books for special occasions.

4. To meet the necessities not merely of the larger city

parishes, but to include hymns which would satisfy the wants of smaller and remote missions and the needs of individual souls for the deepening, cultivation, and expression of their personal devotion.

5. To include, as far as possible, the expression of the varying schools of theological thought and phases of religious feeling in the Church.

6. To place as many as possible of the hymns for the various seasons under the heading of "general," where they can readily be found by means of the first-line references, and where yet they will naturally come into use throughout the year.

The committee has had constantly in mind three canons by which to test the value of a hymn:

(a) That while undoubtedly one object of a hymn is to rouse devotional feeling, as indicated by the Apostolic injunction, "Speaking to one another in psalms and spiritual songs," and as abundantly illustrated by the texture of the Psalter; yet *expression* rather than *impression* should be the chief characteristic of a good hymn as a direct utterance of prayer or praise to God.

(b) That it was the duty of a committee to criticise every hymn, and to present only such as come up to the recognized standards of the best authorities in hymnology, without too much regard to the prejudices or the associations of the past, or to the passing popularity of the present, based, both of them, upon the insecure and insufficient ground of sentiment; and also to dis sever the actual merits of each hymn from the accident of an attractive tune, which often sings into favor words quite unmeaning and unworthy of use.

(c) That while, other things being equal, a return to the original form of a hymn is desirable, it is perfectly legitimate, when the authors are not named in connection with the hymns, to change the language of a hymn which the Church chooses to adopt as part of its public worship.

Dr. Martineau, in the preface to his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," argues for this liberty in the following language, on which the committee is content to rest this claim:

"In common with earlier Christians who turned the Psalter

to their use, Watts altered David, and Wesley altered Watts: Jeremy Taylor, as well as Tate and Brady, was corrected by Bishop Heber; George Herbert by Bishop Horne; and the Moravian hymns appear in their successive editions with various transformations. In the absence of this liberty there could be no literature of devotion common to Christendom. The whole hope of any gathering together of Christians in a comprehensive 'City of God' depends on a gradual falling away of transitory from permanent emblems in the *sacra* transmitted from the past; and they can never be sifted out and lay bare the imperishable residuum unless each communion is free to take what it can from the life of the rest, and so test the real range of possible sympathy."

The increased number of hymns is due to the actual need of meeting the exigencies, emergencies, and diversities already alluded to, and is justified by the size of those hymnals which have secured the largest use.

The writing of this preface brings to an end the work of the committee, whose only further duty is to present the report to the body which appointed it. And it brings to an end an association of much labor, of mutual counsel and concession, of earnest interest and high aims, clouded by only two events: the removal from very valuable service to our American Church of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, who brought most cultivated taste and thought to our labors; and, to us, the far sadder removal, to the rest of Paradise, of our beloved brother, Albert Zabriskie Gray, in whom a character of most intense devoutness lent consecration to his ripe scholarship, his rich poetic feeling, and his rare and exquisite taste.

W. C. DOANE, D.D., Bishop of Albany,
Chairman.

H. W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*

Final action was taken in 1892, when, after wise and careful consideration, our present hymnal was adopted. A few attempts have been made to secure slight changes since then, but without success.

For a last word of history nothing can be found elsewhere which is quite so well expressed, and so entirely true, as that which Dr. Tiffany has written in his "History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," as follows:

"The Convention of 1892, which completed the revision of the Prayer Book, adopted also a hymnal, compiled by a committee of singular culture and ability, under the leadership of Bishop W. C. Doane, of Albany, who both by paternal heritage and native poetic gifts was fitted to be its chairman.

"Lacking space for a fuller treatment of the history of the hymnal, there are a few names especially which must be gratefully associated with it. Apart from Dr. Muhlenberg, whose service has been before mentioned in this relation, the first is that of Bishop George Burgess, of Maine, who was one of the best literary scholars the Church has ever known, and who brought his wide culture and distinct poetical talent to bear upon the subject between the years 1857 and 1865. His influence was marked and salutary. Another name is that of the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, a co-laborer with Bishop Burgess, and a poet likewise, who, by his 'Christian Ballads' has set the church bells chiming in many a household, and who has bestowed a goodly heritage upon the Church in his own noble hymns, which at times, as in that on the Church, vibrate with a lyric ring akin to Campbell's, and again, as in that on Christ's humility, recall the meditative sweetness of Keble. With these two poet prelates, Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania, associated his ample learning and cultivated taste; and in this last hymnal, compiled under the supervising care of Bishop Doane, all previous efforts have found their fitting culmination. As regards both prayer and praise, the Church in this last decade has been amply endowed for a reverent and glowing service to Almighty God."

"Suffer briefly some final words of exhortation:"

I. In the life of Robert Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, we read: "After dinner on Sundays there was a custom, handed down from Acton and Sapcote traditions, and continued long after the elder children at Ripon had left the parental roof,

on occasions when they returned for a Sunday at home. Everyone, including any guests who might be present, was asked in turn to repeat a hymn, beginning with the youngest and ending with the Bishop himself. By this means my father took care that, from their earliest days, the minds of his children should be stored with a rich treasury of all that was best in English hymnody. Keble's 'Christian Year,' Mrs. Alexander's 'Hymns for Little Children,' Kemble's and Mercer's collections, Lord Selborne's 'Songs of Praise,' 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and the 'Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer,' were all brought into constant requisition; but of the hymns which my father used to repeat himself, none were oftener on his lips than Toplady's matchless 'Rock of Ages,' 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past,' a short hymn of which his own father was the author, beginning, 'Heaven Is Our Promised, Purchased Home,' and (especially in later years) 'Jesu, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.' The same custom of repeating hymns after dinner on Sunday prevailed in the house of my father's life-long friend, Mr. Henry Thornton."

In many Christian homes this custom might to-day be followed with much advantage.

II. The apostle St. James declares: "Behold we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the endurance of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." The brightest pages in the stories of Washington and Lincoln are those which tell of their endurance. The same is true of all other renowned heroes of the earth. It is equally true of many uncrowned men, who lived in obscurity or fought on unseen battle-fields, "of whom the world was not worthy." Of one maker of hymns, also a writer of sermons, it is recorded: "To think, to compose, was an unfailing delight to him, the treasures from which he drew his thoughts seemed inexhaustible; but to *write* was an agony which no words could fully utter. Hardly was he seated at his desk before he was assailed by the rending, suffocating pangs of his cruel disease. As the work went on, the anguish grew, until the intolerable agony compelled him to fling himself on the floor, where he lay, patiently and steadfastly enduring the

pressure of his great pain. No sooner was the fierce spasm past than he rose, seated himself once more at his desk, and resumed his labor till seized by another intolerable spasm. And thus the day would wear on, labor and anguish alternating many times; until at last, utterly exhausted by the weary conflict, he would lie still and prostrate on the ground."

This is one story; there are many others like it. How true is Shelley's utterance:

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

The best of our hymns tell of heavenly light and strength afforded to struggling souls. Hence their power.

III. The stamp of truest catholicity, the catholicity of the heart, is upon our hymnal. It has welcomed words of celestial song from writers belonging to the historic churches. It has clasped to its heart the lays of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans; nor in doing so, has it failed to find a place for the "Quaker" poet, Bernard Barton, the "Irvingite," E. W. Eddis, and the "Plymouth Brother," J. G. Deck. If a motto were needed for "The hymnal revised and enlarged, as adopted by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-two," it might well be, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

IV. St. Paul declares: "I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the Spirit and I will sing with the understanding also." So, with the Spirit and with the understanding in happy unison, let us devoutly cry:

492 One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword, Love:
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.



Saint Cecilia

XIX.
Biographical Notes

XIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.*

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, educated in Paris, afterwards (about 1130) becoming a monk in the Abbey of St. Victor, where he passed the whole of his subsequent life. Archbishop Trench calls him "the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages."

ALLEN, REV. JAMES, born in Yorkshire 1734; died 1804. Josiah Miller writes of him as "a zealous and useful itinerant preacher." He became an Inghamite, then a Sandemanian, and finally built an independent chapel of his own, where he ministered up to the time of his death.

ALLEN, OSWALD, born in Westmoreland 1816. Lived for a time at Glasgow, afterwards returning to his early home, where he became a banker. He died in 1878. His best known hymn is *To-day Thy mercy calls us*.

AMBROSE, ST., one of the great Fathers of the Western Church. Born in Gaul 340. Educated in Rome; afterwards becoming a distinguished lawyer in Milan. In the midst of dangerous strife in the Church, he was designated by the voice of a child as Bishop, immediately baptized and consecrated, within a week, when he was thirty-four years old. His subsequent career was brilliant and mighty. He was great as a theologian, and great as a leader of men. In sacred music he began the work which St. Gregory afterwards completed.

ANATOLIUS, one of the famous Greek hymn writers, who lived probably about the eighth century. His only hymn in our present hymnal is the one widely known through Neale's translation, *The day is past and over*.

*Dr. Bodine's last months and weeks—almost to the last day—were given to this book, and death overtook him with this chapter not entirely finished.

ANDREW, ST., OF CRETE, born in Damascus in 660. Became a monk in Jerusalem; raised to the Archiepiscopate of Crete by the usurper, Philippus Bardesanes; was for a time heretical, but returned to the faith of the Church. He died near Mitylene in 732. Author of *Christian! dost thou see them*, widely known through Neale's translation.

AUBER, HARRIET, born in London 1773. A writer of devotional poetry and other verses. She led a quiet and secluded life, and was much beloved, until her death in 1862.

BAKEWELL, REV. JOHN, an English Wesleyan preacher of earnestness and distinction. Born 1721; died 1819. Author of *Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus*.

BARBAULD, ANNA L., *née* AIKIN, born in England 1743; died 1825. The wife and daughter of dissenting ministers.

BARTLETT, REV. FRANKLIN W., D.D., a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Born at Towanda, Pa., 1843. Was graduated at Union College; afterwards rector of various parishes, and a Professor in Williams College. Now living in Rockport, Mass.

BARTON, BERNARD, born in London 1784; died at Woodbridge 1849. A merchant and banker, commonly known as the "Quaker Poet."

BATEMAN, HENRY, born 1802; died 1872. An English timber merchant, who wrote many hymns for children.

BAYNES, REV. ROBERT H., born in Wellington, Somerset, 1831; died 1895. An Oxford graduate, ordained 1855; appointed Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral, and in 1880 Vicar of Holy Trinity, Folkestone; much interested in sacred poetry.

BEADON, REV. HYDE W., born in 1812; died in 1891. A Cambridge graduate, ordained in 1836; afterwards Vicar of Latton; Honorary Canon of Bristol, and Rural Dean. One of the editors of the *Parish Hymn Book*.

BEDDOME, REV. BENJAMIN, D.D., an eminent Baptist minister. Born in Warwickshire 1717; died in Gloucestershire 1795. A writer of many hymns, commended by such able men as James Montgomery and Robert Hall.

BESNAULT, ABBE, a priest of St. Maurice, Sens, in 1726, and one of the contributors to the *Cluniac Breviary* 1686, and the *Paris Breviary* 1736.

BETHUNE, REV. GEORGE W., an eminent minister of the Reformed Dutch Church. Born in New York 1805; died in Florence, Italy, 1862. He won a reputation for great eloquence both in Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and was much admired as a popular lecturer. He was also esteemed as a man of much godliness. *It is not death to die* is his best known hymn.

BLOMFIELD, see Gurney.

BODE, REV. JOHN E., born 1816; died 1874. An Oxford graduate, ordained in 1841. He was Bampton lecturer in 1855.

BORTHWICK, JANE, born at Edinburgh 1813; died 1897. She is best known by her translations from the German in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*; author of *Hasten the time appointed*.

BOTTOM, REV. F., D.D., born in Derbyshire 1823. Removed to the United States in 1850, where he became a Methodist preacher. His wife has a national reputation in America as President of the King's Daughters. He has a son in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He died 1894.

BOURDILLON, MARY, *née* COTTERILL, daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England. Born 1819.

BOWRING, SIR JOHN, LL.D., born 1792; died 1872. He was editor of the *Westminster Review*, Member of Parliament, and held several important government positions. He knew many languages, and was a voluminous writer and translator; most of his hymns are confined to Unitarian hymn books, but several are very widely used.

BRADLEY, REV. EDWARD A., D.D., a prominent clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church, ministering to various parishes in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, Long Island, and New York. His last work was done as assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, in charge of St. Agnes' Chapel. He was a member of the Committee on the Hymnal.

BRADY, REV. NICHOLAS, D.D., born 1659; died 1726. He was a Prebendary of Cork, Chaplain to the King, and afterwards Incumbent of Stratford on Avon. He was one of the authors of the *New Version* of the Psalter.

BRIDGES, MATTHEW, born 1800; died 1893. Educated in the Church of England, but afterwards conformed to the Church of Rome.

BRIGHT, REV. WILLIAM, D.D., born 1824. An Oxford graduate, ordained in 1848. In 1868 became Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

BROOKS, REV. CHARLES T., a Unitarian minister. Born at Salem, Mass., 1813; died 1883 at Newport, R. I. A Harvard graduate, who ministered to various churches in New England.

BROWN-BORTHWICK, REV. ROBERT, born at Aberdeen 1840. After graduation from Oxford in 1865, he was Vicar of All Saints', Scarborough, where he died in 1894.

BRYANT, WILLIAM C., born in Massachusetts 1794; died 1878. Educated at Williams College. He practiced at the Bar, but devoted most of his life to literary work; one of the great American poets.

BUCKOLL, REV. HENRY J., born 1803; died 1871. One of the masters of the famous school at Rugby, where he was for a time associated with Dr. Thomas Arnold; much interested in hymnology.

BULLOCK, REV. WILLIAM, D.D., born 1798; died 1874. For many years a missionary of the S. P. G., and afterwards Dean of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM H., a Unitarian, born in Connecticut 1812; died in Brooklyn in 1871. Active in laboring for much needed reforms.

BURNS, REV. JAMES D., born 1823; died 1864. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he became Free Church minister of Dunblane. He afterwards took charge of Presbyterian churches in London and at Funchal, Madeira.

BYROM, JOHN, born at Manchester 1691; died 1763. A Cambridge graduate, who earned his living by teaching shorthand before he succeeded to the family estates. His best known hymn is *Christians, awake! salute the happy morn.*

CAMPBELL, ROBERT, a Scotch lawyer, born 1814; died 1868. Originally a Presbyterian, afterwards attaching himself to the Scotch Episcopal Church. He gave much time to Christian labors among the poor; he finally became a Roman Catholic; best remembered as a translator of Latin hymns.

CANITZ, FRIEDRICH R. L., FREIHERR VON, born at Berlin, 1654; died 1699. Appointed baron by the emperor, Leopold I. Dr. Arnold writes of him as "a man distinguished alike by genius and worldly distinctions and by Christian holiness." He was the author of *Come, my soul, thou must be waking*, well known through Buckoll's translation.

CARLYLE, REV. JOSEPH D., born 1758; died 1804. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and afterwards Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CAWOOD, REV. JOHN, born in Derbyshire 1775; was graduated at Oxford in 1801; died 1852. He wrote *Hark! what mean those holy voices*.

CENNICK, REV. JOHN, born 1718; died 1755. He labored zealously with the Wesleys and Whitefield, but finally became a minister of the Moravian Church. His best known original hymn is *Children of the heavenly King*.

CHANDLER, REV. JOHN, born in Surrey 1806; died 1876. Was graduated at Oxford in 1827 and ordained 1831. His translations of ancient hymns have given him a wide reputation.

CHATFIELD, REV. ALLEN W., born at Chatteris 1808. Was graduated at Cambridge in 1831, taking a first-class in classical honors; ordained in 1832; a translator of hymns from the early Greek Christian poets.

CHESTER, HENRIETTA M., née Goff, the wife of a man prominent in English educational affairs. Married 1856.

CHORLEY, HENRY F., born in Lancashire 1808. Educated in Liverpool; afterwards on the staff of the *London Athenaeum*. He died in 1872.

CLARKE, REV. SAMUEL C., born in 1821. An Oxford graduate. After his ordination he continued in faithful labor in Devon and in Exeter, until his death in 1903.

CODNER, ELIZABETH. Miller in his *Singers and Songs of the Church* writes concerning her that she "modestly courts

obscurity; but her hymns and her little books entitled 'The Missionary Ship,' 'The Bible in the Kitchen,' etc., are deservedly known and valued."

COFFIN, CHARLES, born 1676; died 1749. Principal of the college at Beauvais, and Rector of the University of Paris. In 1727 he published some of his hymns in Latin, the larger part of which afterwards appeared in the *Paris Breviary*. One of his hymns is *On Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry*. (Translation by Chandler.)

COGHILL, ANNA L., *née* WALKER, born in Staffordshire 1836. Lived for a time in Canada, where she wrote *Work for the night is coming*. Married in 1884.

COLLINS, REV. HENRY, a clergyman of the Church of England, who entered the Roman communion in 1860.

COLLYER, REV. WILLIAM B., D.D., born 1782; died 1854. An eminent English Congregationalist, who preached the gospel with much zeal and power.

CONDER, JOSIAH, born 1789; died 1855. An English Congregationalist, eminent as a publisher and editor.

COOKE, REV. WILLIAM, born near Manchester 1821. A Cambridge graduate, ordained in 1834. He afterwards ministered in London and Suffolk, and in 1854 was made an Honorary Canon of Chester; joint editor with William Denton of the Church Hymnal.

COOPER, REV. EDWARD, born 1770; died 1833. Was rector in Staffordshire; author of several volumes of published sermons.

COPPÉE, HENRY, eminent as a professor of English literature, first President of Lehigh University; a Churchman of distinction, serving frequently as a deputy to the General Convention of the Church.

COSIN, RT. REV. JOHN, D.D., born 1594; died 1672. A Cambridge graduate. He became Prebendary of Durham Cathedral, and afterwards rose to distinction. He suffered much through the Puritans; but after the Restoration he became Dean, and afterwards Bishop of Durham.

COTTERILL, JANE, *née* BOAK, born 1790; died 1825. Mother of the Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh.

COTTERILL, REV. THOMAS, born 1779; died 1823. A Cambridge graduate. He became Incumbent of Lane End, Staffordshire, and Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield.

COX, FRANCES E., born at Oxford 1812; died 1897. A successful translator of hymns from the German, one of which is *Jesus lives! thy terrors now*.

CROSSWELL, REV. WILLIAM, D.D., born 1804; died 1851. A Yale graduate, ordained in 1829. He was afterwards rector of Protestant Episcopal churches in Auburn, N. Y., and Boston, and published a volume of poems.

CUMMINS, JOHN J., born in Cork 1795; died 1867. In 1834 he moved to London and was for many years a director of the Union Bank of Australia. He was a diligent student of the Bible and theology.

DARBY, REV. JOHN N., born 1800; died 1882. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained to the ministry, but allied himself with the Plymouth Brethren, and translated the Bible into French and German.

DAYMAN, REV. EDWARD A., born in Cornwall 1807; died 1890. A graduate and tutor of Oxford. He afterwards became Proctor of the University, and Honorable Canon of Bitton in Sarum Cathedral. He was joint editor, with Lord Nelson and Bishop Woodford, of the *Sarum Hymnal*.

DECK, JAMES G., born 1802; died 1884. Educated for the army; an officer in the Indian service. He afterwards became a member of the sect known as the Plymouth Brethren. In 1852 he settled in New Zealand; his best known hymn is *O Lamb of God, still keep me*.

DENTON, REV. WILLIAM, born 1815; died 1888. An Oxford graduate. He afterwards became Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate, London; joint editor with Canon Cooke of the Church Hymnal.

DEXTER, REV. HENRY M., D.D., born 1821; died 1890. Educated at Yale and Andover; became a Congregational minister in New Haven and Boston, and afterwards editor of the *Congregationalist*.

DICKSON, REV. DAVID, born in Glasgow 1583; died 1663. A professor in the University of Edinburgh. His version of *O mother dear, Jerusalem* is well known.

DOBREE, HENRIETTA O. DE LISLE, born 1831; died 1894. Originally a member of the Church of England, she became a member of the Church of Rome.

DOWNTON, REV. HENRY, born in Shropshire 1818; died 1885. A Cambridge graduate. He was ordained in 1843, and afterwards ministered on the Isle of Wight, in Chatham and Geneva.

DRAPER, REV. BOURNE H., born 1775; died 1843. A well-known English Baptist Pastor; author of *Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim*.

DRYDEN, JOHN, born 1631; died 1701. Buried in Westminster Abbey; one of the most distinguished of English poets.

DUNCAN, MARY, *née* LUNDIE, born in England 1814; died 1840. A devoted wife and mother, and a great help to her husband in his parish work.

DWIGHT, REV. JOHN S., son of the famous Timothy Dwight; born 1813; died 1893. For many years he was editor of a journal of music.

EASTBURN, REV. JAMES W., born in London 1797. He removed to New York whilst still a lad; a graduate of Columbia College. He was ordained in 1818; was for a time rector of the parish in Accomac, Va.; his labors were cut short by an early death. He was a brother of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts.

EDDIS, EDWARD W., born 1825. A member of the Catholic Apostolic Church founded by Edward Irving; the compiler of a hymnal for use by that body.

EDMESTON, JAMES, born in England 1791; died 1867. Eminent as an architect, and widely known as a writer of hymns. He was first an Independent, and afterwards a lay-worker in the Established Church. Three of his hymns have found a place in our hymnal.

ELLIOTT, EMILY E. S., born at Brighton 1836; died 1897. A near relative of Charlotte Elliott.

ELVEN, REV. CORNELIUS, born 1797; died 1873. For half a century a successful and beloved pastor of the Baptist Church at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. Author of the hymn, *With broken heart and contrite sigh*.

EVANS, REV. ALBERT E. An Oxford graduate, he was ordained in 1864; after much service of various kinds, he died in 1896. His best known hymn is *Lo! the voice of Jesus*.

FAWCETT, REV. JOHN, D.D., an English Baptist minister of distinction. Born 1740; died 1817. After seven years of faithful service, he was called in 1772 from Wainsgate to a church in London. He accepted the call, made everything ready, preached his farewell sermon, and was about to start to his new home, when the manifested attachment and tears of his people turned his course. It is said that his well-known hymn, *Blest be the tie that binds*, was written at that time. His degree of D.D. came to him from Brown University, Providence, R. I.

FINDLATER, SARAH, née BORTHWICK, a sister of Jane Borthwick; born 1823. Associated with Miss Borthwick in the translation of hymns from the German.

FORTUNATUS, VENANTIUS H. C., born in Italy about 530; died 609. He labored chiefly in Gaul; became Bishop of Poitiers; a hymn writer of distinction.

FRANCIS, REV. BENJAMIN, born in Wales 1734; died 1799 at Sodbury, where he had ministered to a Baptist congregation for forty-two years.

GELLERT, CHRISTIAN F., born 1715; died 1769. Educated at Leipsic.

GIBBONS, REV. THOMAS, D.D., an English Congregational minister. Born 1720; died 1785. The friend and biographer of Isaac Watts.

GILMORE, REV. JOSEPH H., a Baptist minister; professor in the University of Rochester. Born in Boston 1834. His familiar hymn, *He leadeth me*, was written immediately at the close of a lecture in the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

GISBORNE, REV. THOMAS, a Cambridge graduate, who became a Prebendary of Durham. Born 1760.

GREGORY, REV. JOHN G., born 1827. Educated at Cambridge; became rector of a church on the Isle of Wight, and held incumbencies at Birmingham, Chelsea, and Brighton.

GRIGG, REV. JOSEPH, an English Presbyterian minister. Born 1728; died 1768. His early life was spent in poverty,

At the age of twenty-five he was able to give up mechanical labors and give himself entirely to religious pursuits. His hymn writing began whilst he was still a boy; the author of *Jesus, and shall it ever be*.

GRISWOLD, RT. REV. ALEXANDER V., D.D., born in Connecticut in 1776; died 1843. After a rectorship at Bristol, R. I., he was in 1811 consecrated Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, which then embraced all of New England excepting Connecticut. He was pre-eminent for wisdom and sanctity; one of the lights of the American Church; author of the well-known hymn, *Holy Father, great Creator*.

GURNEY, REV. ARCHER T., born in 1820; died 1887. He was for a time a lawyer, but was ordained in 1849; well known as Chaplain of the Court Church, Paris.

GURNEY, DOROTHY F., *née* BLOMFIELD, born at Finsbury Circus 1858. A granddaughter of the late Bishop Blomfield of London. Her hymn for Holy Matrimony, *O perfect Love, all human thought transcending*, was written for her sister's marriage in 1883.

GURNEY, REV. JOHN H., born 1802; died 1862. A Cambridge graduate, who afterwards became Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral.

HAMILTON, REV. JAMES, D.D., born 1814; died 1896. He was educated in Scotland; a Presbyterian minister, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London; a popular writer, and a preacher of much distinction.

HAMILTON, REV. JAMES, born 1819. A Cambridge graduate, ordained in 1845; afterwards became Incumbent of St. Barnabas', Bristol, and Vicar of Douling.

HAMMOND, REV. WILLIAM, born 1719; died 1783. Educated at Cambridge. He afterwards joined, first, the Calvinistic Methodists; and, in 1745, the Moravian Brethren.

HARBAUGH, REV. HENRY, D.D., born in Pennsylvania in 1817; died 1867. Living as a boy on a farm, he worked his way through the college at Mercersburg; afterwards entering the ministry of the German Reformed Church, and becoming professor of theology. He is best known by his books upon the *Heavenly Home*.

HARLAND, REV. EDWARD, born 1810; died 1890. An Oxford graduate, who afterwards became Vicar of Colwich and Prebendary in Lichfield Cathedral; author of the *Church Psalter Hymnal*.

HART, REV. JOSEPH, born 1712; died 1768. A Nonconformist minister of much earnestness.

HASTINGS, THOMAS, Mus. Doc., born 1784; died 1872. Meeting obstacles on the frontier in early life, he developed much character; he afterwards conducted a religious journal. In 1832 he went to New York, where for nearly forty years he was a great musical leader; his life was one of activity and much usefulness.

HAVERGAL, REV. WILLIAM H., born 1793; died 1870. An Oxford graduate, who in 1845 became Honorary Canon in Worcester Cathedral. He was much interested in music, and helpful in many ways to his distinguished daughter, Frances Ridley Havergal.

Haweis, REV. THOMAS, born 1732; died 1820. A Cambridge graduate. He first practiced medicine, but later took Holy Orders. Author of *O Thou from whom all goodness flows*.

HAWKINS, REV. ERNEST, born 1802; died 1868. Educated at Oxford. He entered the ministry, and afterwards became Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Canon of Westminster. He was much interested in the work of missions.

HAWKS, ANNIE S., an American Baptist, born 1835; died 1872. In this latter year her touching hymn, *I need Thee every hour*, was written.

HEATH, REV. GEORGE, an English Presbyterian minister. He published a volume of hymns from which the stirring words, *My soul be on thy guard*, are taken. Died in 1822.

HENSLEY, REV. LEWIS, born 1824; died 1905. An honored graduate of Cambridge. He was ordained in 1851, and afterwards served in the ministry with zeal and success. His stirring Advent hymn, *Thy kingdom come, O Lord*, is from a volume of his published poems.

HERNAMAN, CLAUDIA F., née IBOTSON, born 1833. Married to an English clergyman prominent as Inspector of Schools.

HODGES, REV. GEORGE S., born 1827; died 1899. A Cambridge graduate, afterwards Vicar of Stubbings; best known by his hymn, *Hosanna we sing like the children dear*.

HOLME, REV. JAMES, born 1801; died 1882. A Cambridge graduate, afterwards ordained to the sacred ministry.

HOLMES, OLIVER W., LL.D., the son of a Unitarian minister. Born 1809; died 1894. A Harvard graduate, who after practicing medicine in Boston became a Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University; widely known as a writer charming and distinguished. The degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

HOPKINS, REV. JOHN H., born 1820; died 1891. A son of the first Bishop of Vermont, he was a man of earnest character and much distinction; best known as editor of the *Church Journal* for many years, which under his care became a great power in the Church. He afterwards became Rector of Christ Church, Williamsport, Pa.

HURN, REV. WILLIAM, born 1754; died 1829. He resigned an army commission to enter the ministry of the Church of England, in which Church he became Vicar of Debenham Suffolk; leaving that Church he became pastor of a Congregational chapel, where he served until his death.

INGEMANN, BERNHARDT S., born 1789; died 1862. A poet of eminence, and professor of the Danish language and literature in Zealand, Denmark. His hymn, *Through the night of dark and sorrow*, is widely known through Sabine Baring-Gould's translation.

IRONS, REV. WILLIAM J., D.D., an Oxford graduate, ordained in 1835; one of the parishes afterwards held by him was formerly held by his father's friend, John Newton. Born 1812; died 1883. Was Bampton lecturer in 1870, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral; his rank as a hymn writer is very high.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, ST., one of the Fathers of the Greek Church, and one of the greatest of her poets; he labored in the eighth century. Having retired to the monastery of St. Sabas, near Jerusalem, he lived there until extreme old age.

JOHNSON, REV. SAMUEL, born 1822; died 1882. A graduate of Harvard in arts and theology. He was for a dozen years pastor of a free church in Lynn, Mass.

JOSEPH, ST., THE HYMNOGRAPHER, a native of Sicily, who in early life lived as a slave in Crete, having been captured by pirates. Being freed, he established a monastery in Constantinople; the most voluminous of the Greek hymn writers.

KEEN, ———, a man who has been kept from obscurity only by his name; probably author of the well-known hymn, *How firm a foundation*.

KING, REV. JOHN, known as the author of the hymn, *When His salvation bringing*; a Cambridge graduate; Incumbent of Christ Church, Hull. Born in 1789; died 1858.

LAURENTI, LAURENTIUS, in 1864 he was cantor and director of the music at the Cathedral Church at Bremen; his best known hymn begins: *Rejoice, rejoice, believers*.

LEESON, JANE E., born 1807; died 1882. A gifted English authoress, whose best known hymn begins: *Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep*.

LELAND, REV. JOHN, an American Baptist minister. Born 1754; died 1841. Rev. F. M. Bird writes of him: "His influence seems to have been equaled by his peculiarities. We hear of his 'restless activity and roving disposition;' his 'mad devotion to politics,' wherein he had much local and temporary weight; his 'ready wit and endless eccentricities;' as also of his high character." His best known hymn is *The day is past and gone*.

LITTLEDALE, REV. RICHARD F., an English clergyman of a somewhat advanced type; a thinker and writer of great vigor. He was born in Dublin 1833; died 1890. His university course in Dublin was distinguished. Dr. Littledale's publications amount to more than fifty, embracing chiefly subjects theological, historical, liturgical, and hymnological.

LLOYD, WILLIAM F., born in 1791; died 1853. Connected actively with Sunday-school work in England for many years, and the author of many useful publications.

LOWENSTERN, MATTHAUS A., born in Silesia 1594; died 1648. He rose to much distinction in secular affairs; his best known hymn, *Lord of our life and God of our salvation*, was translated into English by Philip Pusey, brother of the Rev. Dr. Edward B. Pusey.

LUKE, JEMIMA, *née* THOMPSON, born 1813 at Islington; died 1906. She was much interested in religious work. It is said that her famous hymn, *I think when I read that sweet story of old*, was written in a stage-coach in 1841.

MACKAY, MARGARET, born in Scotland in 1802. Married to a distinguished officer of the English army; best known by her hymn, *Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep*.

MACKELLAR, THOMAS, born 1812; died 1899. A member of a great type foundry firm of Philadelphia, and an elder of the Presbyterian Church. He was diligent in business, and at the same time much interested in the work of the Lord.

MADAN, REV. MARTIN, born in 1726; died 1790. He began life as a lawyer, but was profoundly affected by a sermon by John Wesley, which turned his course. His hymnological labors were employed in altering and expanding the work of others, in which he was most successful.

MALAN, REV. HENRI A. C., born at Geneva 1787; died 1864. Much impressed by the religious teaching of the eminent Scotchman, Robert Haldane, and afterwards becoming a great Swiss Evangelical leader; earnest and godly. His hymns were set to his own melodies.

MANT, RT. REV. RICHARD, D.D., born in Southampton 1776. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he rose to distinction in the Church, finally becoming Bishop of Dromore. He was also Bampton lecturer, his published works are many. In hymnology he is best known by his translations from the Latin.

MARRIOTT, REV. JOHN, born 1780; died 1825. His religious work was done in Warwickshire and Exeter; educated at Rugby and Oxford. His hymn, *Thou whose almighty word*, was written for missions.

MARTIN, REV. HENRY A., born 1831. Educated at Eton and Oxford. His best known hymn begins; *Sound aloud Jehovah's praises*.

MASON, REV. JOHN, a man eminent for religious earnestness and consecration. Richard Baxter calls him "the glory of the Church of England," and says concerning him: "The frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his deportment so humble

and obliging, his discourse of spiritual things so weighty, with such apt words and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish." He died in 1694.

MAUDE, MARY F., *née* HOOPER, born 1819. Her husband was an English clergyman, so that she naturally was much interested in religious service. Her best known hymn, *Thine forever, God of love*, was written for her class in a Sunday-school on the Isle of Wight, and has found great favor as a Confirmation hymn.

MAXWELL, MARY H., born 1814; died 1853. An American hymn writer, whose hymns were first published in New York 1849. The best known of her hymns begins: *Saints of God, the dawn is brightening*. It is a patriotic hymn realizing the situation;—*Broad the shadow of our nation, Eager millions hither roam*.

MIDLANE, ALBERT, born on the Isle of Wight, in 1825, and continuing there as a business man for the remainder of his life; much interested in Sunday-school work, and the author of many hymns.

MILMAN, REV. HENRY H., born 1791; died 1868. Graduated at Oxford with high honor. He was a writer of note, and successively Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Canon of Westminster, and Dean of St. Paul's.

MITCHELL, ELIZABETH H., *née* ROLLS, an English woman, born 1833. Her hymn, *King of glory, Saviour dear*, is a hymn for children.

MONOD, REV. THEODORE, born in Paris 1836. Educated for the ministry in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa.; for many years a pastor in Paris. His hymn, *Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow*, is most touching.

MONROE, REV. EDWARD, born 1815; died 1866. He was educated at Oxford, and ordained in 1837; his best known hymn is the *Story of the Cross* (hymn 106).

MOORE, THOMAS, born in Dublin 1779; died 1852. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin; read at the Middle Temple for the Bar, and held a post in the English government for a brief period. He was one of the best known poets; the title given to his hymn, *Come, ye disconsolate*, is *Relief in Prayer*.

MOTE, REV. EDWARD, born 1797; died 1874. An English Baptist minister, best known by his hymn, *My hope is built on nothing less*, the chorus of which came into his mind whilst he was one day walking the streets of London. That chorus is the stirring one: *On Christ the solid Rock I stand, All other ground is sinking sand*. Bishop Bickersteth calls this a grand hymn of faith; Josiah Miller puts it in the class with Miss Elliott's *Just as I am*.

MOULTRIE, REV. GERARD, born in Rugby rectory in 1829; died in 1885. An Oxford graduate, he afterwards became Vicar of Southleigh and Warden of St. James College. His hymns include translations from the Greek, Latin, and German; his best known hymn is the familiar processional hymn, *We march, we march to victory*.

NEELE, HENRY, born 1798; died 1828. A London lawyer. Under the pressure of work his mind gave way, and he died sadly by his own hand.

NELSON, HORATIO, 3d Earl Nelson, born 1823. Educated at Eton and Cambridge. He assisted in the publication of the *Sarum Hymnal*.

NICOLAI, REV. PHILIPP, D.D., a popular and influential Lutheran preacher, born 1556. Educated at Erfurt and Wittenberg; died 1608, in Hamburg, while pastor of St. Katherine's Church.

NOEL, CAROLINE M., born in London 1817; died 1877. She was a great sufferer, and many of her verses were the outcome of days of pain; best known by her hymn, *At the name of Jesus*.

NOTKER, ST., born in Switzerland about 840; died 912. Educated at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gall, where he became one of the foremost brethren. He was an accomplished musician, and the first important writer of sequences.

OAKLY, REV. FREDERICK, D.D., born 1802; died 1880. Educated at Oxford. He became Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral and minister at Margaret Chapel, London. Afterwards he entered the Roman Catholic Church; widely known through his translation of the *Adeste fideles*.

OLIVERS, THOMAS, born in England 1725; died 1799. His early life was spent in wretchedness and poverty; he worked as a shoemaker, and his youth was one of ungodliness, but was changed through a sermon preached by Whitefield. He afterwards became an evangelist, working with John Wesley; widely known as the author of *The God of Abraham praise*.

ONDERDONK, HENRY W., D.D., born 1789; died 1858. Educated at Columbia College. He afterwards became Bishop of Pennsylvania, and was a member of the committee that compiled the American Prayer Book Collection, to which he also contributed.

OSLER, EDWARD, born in England 1798. A surgeon, who afterwards became a writer and editor; assisted in the publication of the *Mitre Hymn Book*.

PARR, HARRIET, born in England 1828; died 1900.

PHILLIMORE, REV. GREVILLE, born 1821; died 1884. He was an Oxford graduate, ordained in 1843; worked in Gloucestershire, Henley-on-Thames, and Ewelme; and was one of the editors of the *Parish Hymn Book*.

POLLOCK, REV. THOMAS B., born 1836; died 1896. Graduated with honor at Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained in 1861, and ministered in London, Leek, and Birmingham; a most successful writer of metrical Litanies, three of which have found a place in our hymnal.

POTT, REV. FRANCIS, born 1832. Educated at Oxford, and ordained 1856. His best known original hymn is, *Angel voices ever singing*; his translations have been very successful.

POTTER, REV. THOMAS J., born 1828; died 1873. In 1847 he joined the Roman Catholic Church, and afterwards took Holy Orders. He was a writer, and for many years a professor in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin.

POWELL, REV. THOMAS E., born 1823. An Oxford graduate, ordained in 1846; afterwards Vicar of Bisham.

PRENTISS, ELIZABETH, née PAYSON, born in Portland, Me., 1818; died 1878. A well-known writer, married to the Rev. George L. Prentiss.

PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS C., a prominent and prolific writer of sacred Latin poetry, born in Spain 348. A lawyer and judge.

Realizing his worldliness and folly, he retired into poverty and private life. Died probably 413. Author of *Earth has many a noble city*, which is made familiar by Caswall's translation.

PRYNNE, REV. GEORGE R., born 1818; died 1903. Educated at Cambridge, and ordained in 1841, he became Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth; author of the popular hymn, *Jesu, meek and gentle*.

PUSEY, PHILIP, born 1799; died 1855. Brother of the famous Dr. Pusey.

RAWSON, GEORGE, an English lawyer, born 1807; died 1889. A Congregationalist, who wrote many excellent hymns. He assisted in the compilation of the Leeds Hymn Book.

REED, REV. ANDREW, D.D., a Congregational minister, born in London 1787; died 1862. His degree was conferred by Yale. He was the founder of several orphan asylums, and the author of *Spirit Divine, attend our prayer*.

ROBINSON, REV. GEORGE W., born in Cork 1833; died 1877. A Congregational minister who worked in Dublin and in Brighton; educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in New College, London.

ROBINSON, REV. RICHARD H., born 1842. Educated at Kings College, London. He was ordained 1866, and held various charges; in 1884 became Incumbent at Blackheath; the author of *Holy Father, cheer our way*.

ROBINSON, REV. ROBERT, born of lowly parentage in 1735; died 1790. Poverty preventing his studying for the ministry, he was apprenticed to a barber, but gave much time to reading; was influenced by Whitefield and Wesley. He finally entered the ministry, serving among the Methodists, then among Independents, and afterwards among Baptists; a prolific writer on theological subjects.

RODIGAST, REV. SAMUEL, born in Germany 1649. A graduate of the University of Jena, and afterwards on the faculty. He became Rector of the Greyfriars Gymnasium, Berlin, where he died 1708.

RORISON, REV. GILBERT, LL.D., born 1821; died 1869. Educated at the Glasgow University. He was first a Presbyterian, but afterwards joined the Scottish Episcopal Church, and was ordained in 1843.

RUSSELL, REV. ARTHUR T., born 1806; died 1874. Educated at Cambridge, and ordained 1829. He was considered an able writer on religious subjects, and also left many good hymns.

RYLAND, REV. JOHN, D.D., born 1753; died 1825. The son of a Baptist minister, with whom he became co-pastor at Northampton in 1781. He was afterwards President of the Baptist College in Bristol, and one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society.

SANTEÜIL, CLAUDE DE, born in Paris 1628; died 1684. A good writer of Latin hymns and a contributor to the *Paris Breviary* and the *Cluniac Breviary*.

SANTEÜIL, JEAN BAPTISTE DE, born 1630; died 1697. A Canon of St. Victor, Paris. He was the younger brother of Claude, and also contributed to the *Paris Breviary* and the *Cluniac Breviary*.

SCHAFF, REV. PHILIP, D.D., LL.D., born in Switzerland 1819; died 1893. Studied at the Universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin; afterwards professor in the German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., and in Union Seminary, New York. He wrote or edited various standard histories and encyclopedias, and had an extensive knowledge of hymnology.

SCHENCK, REV. HEINRICH T., born 1656; died 1727. Educated at the Pædagogium at Giessen, and at the University. He was afterwards a Master at the former institution, and then ordained Town preacher.

SCHMOLCK, REV. BENJAMIN, born 1672; died 1737. After completing his studies at Leipsic, he returned to help his father, a Lutheran pastor in Silesia, and in 1701 was ordained as his assistant. He was a popular and useful preacher, and his devotional books and hymns carried his fame all over Germany.

SCOTT, REV. THOMAS, born 1705; died 1775. After a short ministry at Lowestoft, he removed in 1734 to Ipswich as pastor of the Presbyterian meeting in Nicholas Street Chapel; author of the hymn, *Angels, roll the rock away*.

SEAGRAVE, REV. ROBERT, born 1693. Educated at Cambridge. Having been ordained he entered earnestly into the movement carried on by the Wesleys and Whitefield, and issued

numerous pamphlets; also preached at Whitefield's Tabernacle. His best known hymn is *Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings*.

SEARS, REV. EDMUND H., D.D., born in Massachusetts 1810; died 1876. Educated at Union College and Cambridge Theological School; nominally a Unitarian, but in theology a Swedenborgian.

SHIPTON, ANNA, born 1815; died 1901.

SHIRLEY, HON. WALTER, born 1725; died 1786. A friend of Whitefield and the Wesleys, and Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon.

SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM, born 1759; died 1829. In early life a shipwright in the dockyard in Kent. He was afterwards a clerk in the Bank of England and secretary to the Committee of the Treasury; a director of the London Missionary Society.

SMITH, CAROLINE L., *née* SPRAGUE, born in Salem, Mass., 1827; died 1886. Married to the Rev. Charles Smith, a Congregational minister. She is best known by her hymn, *Tarry with me, O my Saviour*.

SMITH, REV. JOSEPH D., born 1816. A Congregational minister in Dublin. He also did evangelistic work in England and Ireland; published a number of tracts and gospel hymns.

SMITH, REV. SAMUEL F., born in Boston 1808; died 1895. A Harvard graduate; editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, and a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Americana*. He wrote many hymns, and aided in the preparation of the Baptist collection, the *Psalmist*.

SMITH, REV. WHARTON B., born 1848. Educated at Kings College, London, and Trinity College, Dublin; ordained 1871, and afterwards Chaplain to the Bishop of Grahamston.

SMYTTAN, REV. GEORGE H., born in England about 1822; died 1870. Educated at Cambridge, and ordained 1848; best known by his hymn, *Forty days and forty nights*.

STAMMERS, JOSEPH, born 1801; died 1885. A London lawyer; best remembered by his hymn, *Breast the wave, Christian*.

STOWELL, REV. HUGH, born in the Isle of Man 1799; died 1865. An Oxford graduate, ordained 1823. He became Honorary Canon in Chester Cathedral, and afterwards Chaplain to

the Bishop of Manchester and Rural Dean of Eccles; a popular and effective preacher, whose best known hymn is, *From every stormy wind that blows*.

SYNESIUS, a Greek writer, born about 375 in Cyrene; died 430. Of illustrious descent. He was distinguished for his eloquence and philosophy, and in 410 was made Bishop of Ptolemais.

TATE, NAHUM, born in Dublin 1652; died 1715. One of the authors of the *New Version* of the Psalter. He moved to London, and there became Poet-laureate in 1692.

TAYLOR, REV. THOMAS R., born 1807; died 1835. Educated in Bradford and Manchester; became a Congregational minister in Sheffield, and was the author of the popular hymn, *I'm but a stranger here*.

THEODULF OF ORLEANS, probably born in Italy; brought to France by Charles the Great about 781; became Bishop of Orleans, and afterwards Abbot of Fleury. In the reign of the Emperor Louis he was suspected of connection with a political plot, and imprisoned at Angers, where he died about 821. His most famous hymn is, *All glory, laud and honor*, widely known through Neale's translation.

THOMAS OF AQUINO, a learned and saintly Dominican monk who lived in the thirteenth century; a voluminous writer of great ability. His best known hymn is, *O Saving Victim, opening wide*, made familiar by Caswall's translation.

THOMAS OF CELANO, driven from Celano in 1223 by Frederick II, he became a monk at Assisi in the lifetime of St. Francis, whose biographer he was; died about 1255. He was probably the author of the *Dies irae*.

THRUPP, DOROTHY A., born in London 1779; died 1847.

THRUPP, REV. JOSEPH F., born in 1827; died in 1867. Educated at Winchester and Cambridge, where he took many honors. He was ordained 1852, became Vicar of Barrington, Cambridge, and was select preacher before the University in 1865; was also a member of the Board of Theological Studies. He contributed to *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible* and to the *Speaker's Commentary*.

TOKE, EMMA, *née* LESLIE, daughter of the Bishop of

Kilmore, born at Belfast 1812; died 1878. Married to the Rev. Nicholas Toke; authoress of *Thou art gone up on high*.

TOURNEUX, REV. NICHOLAS LE, born of poor parents at Rouen 1640; died 1686. Educated at the Jesuits' College in Paris. He was admitted to priests' orders by special dispensation, though under canonical age, and later became Prior of Villiers sur Fere; wrote for the *Paris Breviary* and the *Cluniac Breviary*.

TURTON, W. H., a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers; published several volumes of hymns 1880-1883.

TUTTIETT, REV. LAWRENCE, born 1825; died 1897. Educated at Christ's Hospital and Kings College, London; having abandoned the medical profession, he was ordained in 1868. He was vicar in Warwickshire, Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Scotland, and Prebendary in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth; author of *Go forward, Christian soldier*.

WALKER, see Coghill.

WALWORTH, REV. CLARENCE A., born 1820; died 1900. A graduate of Union College, and admitted to the Bar. He studied for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but became a Roman Catholic priest; one of the founders of the Paulists in the United States.

WARE, REV. HENRY, D.D., born 1794; died 1843. Was graduated at Harvard with high honors, and ordained in 1817. He was co-pastor with Emerson in Boston, and professor at the Cambridge Theological School; ranks high as a hymn writer among Unitarians.

WEISSEL, GEORG, born in Königsberg 1590; died 1635. He studied at the university there and also at Wittenberg and Leipsic; one of the important hymn writers of Prussia.

WHATELY, REV. RICHARD, D.D., born 1787; died 1863. Educated at Oxford, and Bampton lecturer in 1822; became Archbishop of Dublin. His connection with hymnody is slight.

WHITFIELD, REV. FREDERICK, an English clergyman, born 1829; died 1904. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin.

WHITING, WILLIAM, born in London 1825. For several years Master of the Winchester College Choristers' School; known chiefly by his hymn, *Eternal Father, strong to save*.

WIGLESWORTH, ESTHER, born in Middlesex 1827; died 1904. Matron of the Magdalen Asylum, Streatham; wrote hymns for children.

WILLIAMS, HELEN M., an English woman, born 1762. She became known as a writer of strong republican sympathies, and was imprisoned by Robespierre in Paris. She died in Amsterdam 1827.

WILLIAMS, REV. ISAAC, born 1802; died 1865. Educated at Harrow and Oxford, where he won the prize for Latin verse; was intimate with Keble. He was ordained in 1829, and afterwards became Newman's curate at St. Mary's, Oxford. As a devotional writer he stands very high.

WILLIAMS, REV. WILLIAM, born 1717; died 1791. Ordained deacon in 1740. He was known as the Sweet Singer of Wales, and held in great esteem as a preacher; widely known through his hymn, *Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah*.

WOLCOTT, REV. SAMUEL, D.D., born in Connecticut 1813; died 1886. He was for a time a missionary in Syria.

WOODFORD, REV. JAMES R., D.D., born 1820; died 1885. He graduated with honor at Oxford, was ordained 1843, and afterwards became Vicar of Leeds, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and in 1873 Bishop of Ely. He was one of the editors of the *Parish Hymn Book*.

WOODHOUSE, REV. CHARLES G., born 1835; died 1876. An Oxford graduate who ministered in the diocese of Hereford.

XX.
Indices

XX.

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